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THE POETICAL WORKS

OF

Ix·K9

JOHN MILTON.

EDITED BY

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

WITH IMAGINATIVE ILLUSTRATIONS BY

J. M. W. TURNER, ESQ. R. A.

53645

Is not each great, each amiable Muse
Of classic ages in our MILTON met!
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as Chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven sublime!

THOMSON.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

LONDON:

JOHN MACRONE, ST. JAMES'

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ADVERTISEMENT.

At the close of a Work, which has, during its publication, been the object of his unceasing care and anxiety, the publisher trusts to be forgiven, if he intrudes himself for a moment to return thanks for the generous assistance with which he has been favoured in an undertaking, which circumstances have happily rendered to him a "labour of love."

To endeavour to remedy that which has been well denominated by the first literary authority in England, "a disgraceful defect in literature"—the want of such an edition, as, he flatters himself, the present will be found—to restore Milton's

lofty poems to their original purity; bringing them, by means of luminous critical and explanatory notes, within the comprehension of his humblest countryman, and at a price which will enable all to become possessed of them;—in fine, to do justice to the fame of the greatest epic poet of any age or country, by removing the prejudices which party zeal and hate had heaped on his memory;—was pronounced a bold, if not an impracticable undertaking. That the publisher has been enabled to achieve all this, and bring the work to a triumphant close, (although at an outlay, which must, in the event of failure, have been ruinous) will ever be to him a source of the proudest gratulation. That he has done so, he has the collective testimony of the press, without a single exception,—of an already extensive and daily increasing circulation,—of many distinguished friends, whose expressions of approbation, and still more substantial aid, he regrets he is not permitted to acknowledge more openly.

He takes, however, this opportunity of expressing his general obligations to his reviewers, as well as to those whose private applause is equally gratifying. To the venerable and highly-endowed Editor, Sir Egerton Brydges, for his unwearied labour, research, and assiduity—to the Laureate, but for whose kindly encouragement and countenance, it is probable the issue would not have been contemplated—to the classical taste and research of Mr. James Boaden, by whom the text has been diligently collated and revised from every existing edition, and whose critical sagacity has enabled him to detect many glaring errors in the established readings—to Mr. Allan Cunningham, for his pleasant traditionary notes on 'Comus'—to Mr. Turner, whose imaginative genius has never been more brilliantly displayed than in his illustrations of Milton—to the Engravers, whose innate conception of the beauties of this great painter has long stamped them as the first artists in the kingdom—to Mr. Valpy, from whose well-known

classic press the work has proceeded, and from whose personal attention it has so largely benefited—to each and all the publisher can but offer his gratitude:—any encomium from him would be idle impertinence.

With these advantages; enriched by all that scholarship, art, beauty of materials, and elegance of exterior can bestow; this (it may without presumption be named) FIRST COMPLETE AND PERFECT EDITION OF THE POETICAL WORKS OF MILTON is ushered to public approbation and patronage.

3, SAINT JAMES'S SQUARE,
November, 1835.

TO

CHANDOS LEIGH, ESQ.

IN RESPECT FOR HIS GENIUS, TALENTS, AND AMIABLE DISPOSITION:

IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE HONOURABLE TESTIMONY OF HIS GRANDMOTHER,

LADY CAROLINE LEIGH,

AND IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE KIND CIVILITIES RECEIVED FROM HIS FATHER,

THIS VOLUME OF MILTON

IS DEDICATED BY

THE EDITOR.

My task, I hear, is done. No call on me
Remains, my mighty labour to conclude.
In sickness, in calamity, in age,
And destitution;—in a foreign clime,
I have gone through my work of sanctity;
Though sometimes by my fear or toil subdued:
And sometimes, dazzled by the heavenly page,
I have sunk lifeless at its rays sublime.
Oft did I pause, and oft despondent turn'd
Ere yet I enter'd on the dread career;
But fitfully the flame within me burn'd:
Yet now and then a spirit to mine ear
Came; and thus said, as by a voice from Heaven:—
"Follow thy youthful vow, and thou shalt be forgiven!"

Geneva, October, 1835.

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THE TEMPTATION ON THE PINNACLE OF THE TEMPLE . . } J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. F. BACON.

He said, and stood:
But Satan, smitten with amazement, fell.
PARADISE REGAINED. BOOK IV.

THE DEATH OF LYCIDAS. — 'Vision of the guarded Mount.' } J. M. W. TURNER, R. A. W. MILLER.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS,

A

MONODY.

PRELIMINARY NOTE

ON

LYCIDAS.

MR. EDWARD KING.

THIS poem first appeared in a Cambridge collection of verses on the death of Mr. Edward King, fellow of Christ's college, printed at Cambridge in a thin quarto, 1638. It consists of three Greek, nineteen Latin, and thirteen English poems.

Edward King, the subject of this Monody, was the son of Sir John King, knight, secretary for Ireland, under queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. He was sailing from Chester to Ireland, on a visit to his friends and relations in that country: these were, his brother, Sir Robert King, knight; and his sisters, Anne wife of Sir George Caulfield Lord Clermont, and Margaret abovementioned, wife of Sir George Loder, chief justice of Ireland; Edward King, bishop of Elphin, by whom he was baptized; and William Chappel, then dean of Cashel, and provost of Dublin college, who had been his tutor at Christ's college, Cambridge, and was afterwards bishop of Cork and Ross, and in this Pastoral is probably the same person that is styled "old Damœtas," v. 36. when, in calm weather, not far from the English coast, the ship, a

very crazy vessel, "a fatal and perfidious bark," struck on a rock, and suddenly sunk to the bottom with all that were on board, not one escaping, August 10, 1637. King was now only twenty-five years old: he was perhaps a native of Ireland.

At Cambridge he was distinguished for his piety, and proficiency in polite literature: he has no inelegant copy of Latin iambics prefixed to a Latin comedy called 'Senile Odium,' acted at Queen's college, Cambridge, by the youth of that society, and written by P. Hausted, Cantab. 1633, 12mo. I will not say how far these performances justify Milton's panegyric on his friend's poetry, v. 9.

> Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
> Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

This poem, as appears by the Trinity manuscript, was written in November, 1637, when Milton was not quite twenty-nine years old.—T. Warton.

In the Latin poetical paraphrase of 'Lycidas' by William Hog, (the translator also of 'Paradise Lost') dated 1694, there is an English address to the reader; giving a brief account of the subject of the poem. It is there said, that "some escaped in the boat, and great endeavours were used in that great consternation to get Mr. King into the boat, which did not prevail: so he and all with him were drowned, except those only that escaped in the boat." And yet, in the monumental inscription prefixed to the Collection of Verses on Mr. King's death, it is related, "Navi in scopulum allisa, et rimis ex ictu fatiscente, dum alii vectores vitæ mortalis frustra satagerent, immortalem anhelans, in genua provolutus oransque, una cum navigio ab aquis absorptus, animam Deo reddidit."

Dr. Newton has observed that 'Lycidas' is with great judgment made of the pastoral kind, as both Mr. King and Milton had been designed for holy orders and the pastoral care, which gives a peculiar propriety to several passages in it.—Todd.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Dr. Johnson's censure of the 'Lycidas' is so extraordinary, and so tastelessly malignant, that it is impossible to pass it over without some discussion. Whatever principle of poetry we adopt, it is absolutely indefensible. We know that the critic had little feeling for the higher orders of poetry; but his captious objections to this composition could only proceed from blind prejudice and hatred. He had probably talked in this way from an early stage of his literary career, and was now ashamed to retract.

Whatever stern grandeur Milton's two epics and his drama, written in his latter days, exhibit; by whatever divine invention they are created; 'Lycidas' and 'Comus' have a fluency, a sweetness, a melody, a youthful freshness, a dewy brightness of description, which those gigantic poems have not. It is true that 'Lycidas' has no deep grief; its clouds of sorrow are every where pierced by the golden rays of a splendid and joyous imagination: the ingredients are all poetical, even to single words; the epithets are all picturesque and fresh; and the whole are combined into a splendid tissue, as new in their position as they are radiant in their union. The unexpected transitions from

one to the other at once surprise and delight: they are like the heavens of an autumnal evening, when they are lighted up by electric flames. The contrasts of sorrow, and hope, and glory, keep us in a state of mingled excitement to the end: the imagery never flags: though it blazes with the most beautiful forms of inanimate nature, and all sorts of pastoral pictures; yet the whole are by some spell or other made intellectual and spiritual: they do not play merely upon the mirror of the fancy.

When Johnson said that of this poem "the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing," where was his apprehension of beautiful language, and where his ear?

Take any line as a specimen:—

> Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.

Or this passage:—

> But, O, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
> Now thou art gone, and never must return!
> Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
> With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
> And all their echoes mourn:
> The willows, and the hazel copses green,
> Shall now no more be seen
> Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.

Compare any of Pope's descriptions, so lauded by Johnson, with these lines.

Johnson says that the rhymes of 'Lycidas' are ill-arranged, and too distant from each other: I know not that they are ever so; but if this is the case in one or two instances, they are in general most musically and happily placed.

The occasional allusions to the heathen mythology, by way of illustration or allegory, were never before prohibited

or blamed by any critic; and are only censured here from a mere resolve to find fault.

The caviller contends that here is no grief, for grief does not deal in imagery or remote allusions; but, as Warton observes, if there is not deep grief, there is rich poetry. Milton's genius lay in strength and sublimity, not tenderness. This was one of a set of academical verses written to glorify the deceased, and fix his memory upon the list of fame; and by what other possible means could Milton have effected it with equal success?

In what way would the critic have expressed his sorrow? Johnson was no more remarkable for tenderness than Milton: his gravity was gloom, not tenderness. Milton saw in the death of the virtuous and accomplished an elevation to a higher and happier sphere of existence; Johnson beheld death with anxiety, doubt, and fear: Milton exulted; Johnson sighed, trembled, and was despondent: the thought paralysed Johnson; it cheered and irradiated Milton. Thus it supplied them with opposite figures and modes of expression.*

That prime charm of poetry, the rapidity and the novelty, yet the natural association of beautiful ideas, is pre-eminently exhibited in 'Lycidas,' where the sudden transitions to contrasted images and sentiments keep the mind in a state of delightful ferment;

> And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
> A melancholy grace.

It strikes me, that there is no poem of Milton, in which the pastoral and rural imagery is so breathing, so brilliant,

* Tickell's 'Elegy on Addison' is probably the model which Johnson would have chosen. Tickell is solemn, and sometimes tender; but he has none of Milton's richness and illumination.

and so new, as in this: the tone which has most similitude to it, is that of some descriptive passages of Shakspeare, whose simple brightness and modulation of words seem always to have dwelt on Milton's memory and ear.

But though strength was Milton's characteristic, there are many passages, many turns of thought and expression, in this poem, which are not wanting in tenderness, in pathetic recollections, and tearful sighs; in that sort of grief, which, let Johnson say what he will, belongs to true poetry: in grief neither factitious nor gloomy, but genuine, though hopeful; and mingled with rays of light, though melancholy.

Perhaps I should be inclined to say more on this exquisite and inimitable Elegy; but I must forbear, lest those remarks should run to an extent disproportioned to its length.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody, the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637; and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their highth.

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,[1]
I come to pluck your berries[2] harsh and crude;
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:[3]
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.[4]
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.[5]

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy[6] excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.[7]
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill;
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both,[8] ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,[9]
We drove afield;[10] and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,[11]
Battening our flocks[12] with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.[13]
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.
But, O, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,[14]
With wild thyme and the gadding vine[15] o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,[16]
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;—
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
Where were ye,[17] Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous druids, lie;
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high;[18]
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream.[19]
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse[20] herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,[21]
(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,[22]
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,[23]
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"[24]
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears:[25]
"Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world,[26] nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,[27]
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove:
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."
O, fountain Arethuse,[28] and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea:
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,[29]
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:[30]
They knew not of his story;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,[31]
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,[32]

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,[33]
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim,[34] and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
Ah! who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge?[35]
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake:
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain;
The golden opes, the iron shuts amain:
He shook his mitred locks,[36] and stern bespake:—
How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such, as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold![37]
Of other care they little reckoning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest!
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes[38] of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,

Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing sed:[39]
But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.[40]
Return, Alpheus; the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams;[41] return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use[42]
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star[43] sparely looks;
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,[44]
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureat herse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me![45] Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,

Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;[46]
Or whether thou, to our moist vows[47] denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,[48]
Where the great vision of the guarded mount[49]
Looks toward Namancos[50] and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more,[51] woful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor:
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might[52] of Him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.[53]
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,[54]
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.[55]
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more:
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good[56]
To all that wander in that perilous flood.
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray;[57]
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,[58]
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay:[59]
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.[60]

NOTES ON LYCIDAS.

[1] VERSE 2. *Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere.* Newton has supposed, that Milton, while he mentions Apollo's laurel, to characterise King as a poet, adds the myrtle, the tree of Venus, to show that King was also of a proper age for love. We will allow that King, whatever hidden meaning the poet might have in enumerating the myrtle, was of a proper age for love, being now twenty-five years old: and the ivy our critic thinks to be expressive of King's learning, for which it was a reward. In the mean time, I would not exclude another probable implication: by plucking the berries and the leaves of laurel, myrtle, and ivy, he might intend to point out the pastoral or rural turn of this poem.—T. WARTON.

The opening of this poem always struck me as singularly beautiful. There is a sort of felicity in this combination of poetic words, which cannot be defined.

[2] Ver. 3. *I come to pluck your berries,* &c. This beautiful allusion to the unripe age of his friend, in which death "shatter'd his leaves before the mellowing year," is not an-

tique, I think, but of those secret graces of Spenser. See 'Shep. Cal.' Jan. ver. 37. The poet there says of himself, under the name of Colin Clout, "All so my lustful leafe is drie and sere."—RICHARDSON.

Milton had most probably in his mind a passage in Cicero 'De Senectute,' where the death of young persons is compared to unripe fruit plucked with violence from the tree, and that of old persons to fully ripe mellow fruit that falls naturally: "Et quasi poma ex arboribus, cruda si sint, vi avelluntur; si matura et cocta, decidunt; sic vitam adolescentibus vis aufert, senibus maturitas."—DUNSTER.

[3] Ver. 5. *Mellowing year.* Here is an inaccuracy of the poet: the "mellowing" year could not affect the leaves of the laurel, the myrtle, and the ivy; which last is characterized before as "never sere."—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 11. *And build the lofty rhyme.* A beautiful Latinism. Hor. 'Ep.' I. iii. 24. "Seu condis amabile carmen." And 'De Arte Poet.' v. 436. "Si carmina condes."—NEWTON.

Todd here cites a passage from Spenser's 'Ruines of Rome,' st. 25. I see little similitude.

[5] Ver. 14. *Melodious tear.* For song, or plaintive elegiac strain, the cause of tears.—HURD.

[6] Ver. 18. *Coy.* The epithet "coy" is at present restrained to person: anciently it was more generally combined. Our author has the same use and sense of "coy" in the 'Apology for Smectymnuus:'—"Thus lie at the mercy of a coy flurting style, to be girded with frumps and curtall gibes," &c.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 22. *My sable shroud.* Mr. Dunster has little doubt that Milton here means the "dark grave;" *shroud*

being the Miltonic word for recess, harbour, hiding-place: yet he has overlooked the passages in Sylvester, which occasioned, in my opinion, the introduction of "sable shroud" into Milton's Monody. And, first, Sylvester uses the precise expression, though with a different meaning, in his 'Bethulian's Rescue,' lib. iv. p. 991. edit. 1621.

> Still therefore, cover'd with a sable shroud,
> Hath she kept home, as to all sorrow vow'd.

But in Sylvester's translation of 'Du Bartas,' ed. supr. p. 114. we find,

> O happy pair! upon your sable toomb
> May mel and manna ever showring come.

And what farther confirms me in the application of tomb or grave to Milton's text, is a passage from a funeral Elegy of Sylvester, edit. supr. p. 1171.

> From my sad cradle to my sable chest,
> Poore pilgrim I did finde few months of rest. TODD.

I cannot think that, applied to Lycidas, "shroud" means tomb, as Todd supposes, because Sylvester so used it, in reference to a different case.

[8] Ver. 25. *Together both*, &c. From the regularity of his pursuits, the purity of his pleasures, his temperance, and general simplicity of life, Milton habitually became an early riser: hence he gained an acquaintance with the beauties of the morning, which he so frequently contemplated with delight, and has therefore so repeatedly described in all their various appearances: and this is a subject which he delineates with the lively pencil of a lover. In the 'Apology for Smectymnuus,' he declares, "Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring, in winter often before the sound of any bell awakens men to labour or devotion; in summer, as oft as the bird that first rouses, or not much tardyer, to read good authors,"

&c. 'Prose Works,' i. 109. In 'L'Allegro,' one of the first delights of his cheerful man is to hear the "lark begin his flight." His lovely landscape of Eden always wears its most attractive charms at sun-rising, and seems most delicious to our first parents "at that season prime for sweetest scents and airs." In the present instance, he more particularly alludes to the stated early hours of a collegiate life, which he shared "on the self-same hill," with his friend Lycidas at Cambridge.—T. WARTON.

This is a beautiful note of T. Warton, characteristic of that amiable critic and poet, and such as few others, if any, could have written.

[9] Ver. 26. *Under the opening eyelids of the morn.* Perhaps from Thomas Middleton's 'Game at Chesse,' an old forgotten play, published about the end of the reign of James I. 1625.

> Like a pearl
> Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn
> Upon the bashful rose. T. WARTON.

The "eyelids of the morning" is a phrase of sublime origin. See Job iii. 9. "Neither let it see the dawning of the day," or, as in the margin, "the eyelids of the morning." See also chap. xli. 18. And Sophocles, 'Antigone,' v. 103. —TODD.

[10] Ver. 27. *We drove afield.* That is, "we drove our flocks afield." I mention this, that Gray's echo of the passage in the 'Church-yard Elegy,' yet with another meaning, may not mislead many careless readers. "How jocund did they drive their team afield!"—T. WARTON.

Gray seems to have had every expression of Milton by heart.

[11] Ver. 28. *Her sultry horn.* "We continued together till noon," &c. The gray-fly is called by the naturalists, the gray-fly, or trumpet-fly; and "sultry horn" is the sharp hum of this insect at noon, or the hottest part of the day.

But by some this has been thought the chaffer, which begins its flight in the evening.—T. WARTON.

[12] Ver. 29. *Battening our flocks.* To "batten" is both neutral and active, to grow or to make fat. The neutral is most common. Shakspeare, 'Hamlet,' a. iii. s. 4.

> Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
> And batten on this moor? T. WARTON.

[13] Ver. 31. *His westering wheel.* Drawing toward the west. So, in Chaucer's 'Troil. and Creseide,' b. ii. 905.

> The sonne
> Gan westrin fast and dounward for to wrie. NEWTON.

[14] Ver. 39.

Thee, shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves, &c.

The passage most similar, in all its circumstances, to the present, is, in the opinion of Mr. Dunster, the lamentation for Orpheus in Ovid, 'Met.' xi. 43.

> Te mœstæ volucres, Orpheu; te turba ferarum,
> Te rigidi silices, tua carmina sæpe secutæ
> Fleverunt sylvæ; positis te frondibus arbos. TODD.

[15] Ver. 40. *The gadding vine.* Dr. Warburton supposes, that the vine is here called "gadding," because, being married to the elm, like other wives, she is fond of gadding abroad, and seeking a new associate. Tully, in a beautiful description of the growth of the vine, says, that it spreads itself abroad, "multiplici lapsu et erratico." 'De Senectute.'—T. WARTON.

[16] Ver. 45. *As killing as the canker to the rose.* The whole context of words in this and the four following lines is melodious and enchanting.

[17] Ver. 50. *Where were ye?* This burst is as magnificent as it is affecting.

[18] Ver. 54. *Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high.* In Drayton's 'Polyolbion,' Mona is introduced reciting her own history; where she mentions her thick and dark groves as the favourite residence of the druids. For the druid-sepulchres, in the preceding line, at Kerig y Druidion, in the mountains of Denbighshire, he consulted Camden's 'Britannia.'—T. WARTON.

[19] Ver. 55.

Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream.

In Spenser, the river Dee is the haunt of magicians. Merlin used to visit old Timon, in a green valley under the foot of the mountain Rauranvaur in Merionethshire, from which this river springs. 'Faerie Queene,' 1. ix. 4. The Dee has been made the scene of a variety of ancient British traditions. The city of Chester was called by the Britons the "fortress upon Dee;" which was feigned to have been founded by the giant Leon, and to have been the place of king Arthur's magnificent coronation: but there is another and perhaps a better reason, why Deva's is a "wisard" stream. In Drayton, this river is styled the "hallowed," and the "holy," and the "ominous flood." In our author's 'Vacation Exercise,' Dee is characterised, "ancient hallow'd Dee," v. 91. Much superstition was founded on the circumstance of its being the ancient boundary between England and Wales: and Drayton, in his Tenth Song, having recited this part of its history, adds, that, by changing its fords, it foretold good or evil, war or peace, dearth or plenty, to either country. He then introduces the Dee, over which king Edgar had been rowed by eight kings, relating the story of Brutus. Milton appears to have taken a particular pleasure in mentioning this venerable river. In the beginning of his first Elegy, he almost goes out of his way to specify his friend's residence on the banks of the Dee; which he describes with the picturesque and real circumstance of its tumbling

headlong over rocks and precipices into the Irish sea. But to return home to the text immediately lying before us. In the midst of this wild imagery, the tombs of the Druids, dispersed over the solitary mountains of Denbighshire, the shaggy summits of Mona, and the wisard waters of Deva, Milton was in his favourite track of poetry. He delighted in the old British traditions and fabulous histories: but his imagination seems to have been in some measure warmed, and perhaps directed to these objects, by reading Drayton; who, in the Ninth and Tenth Songs of his 'Polyolbion,' has very copiously enlarged, and almost at one view, on this scenery. It is, however, with great force and felicity of fancy, that Milton, in transferring the classical seats of the Muses to Britain, has substituted places of the most romantic kind, inhabited by Druids, and consecrated by the visions of British bards; and it has been justly remarked, how coldly and unpoetically Pope, in his very correct pastorals, has on the same occasion selected only the "fair fields" of Isis, and the "winding vales" of Cam: but at the same time there is an immediate propriety in the substitution of these places, which should not be forgotten, and is not I believe obvious to every reader. The mountains of Denbighshire, the isle of Man, and the banks of the Dee, are in the vicinity of the Irish seas where Lycidas was shipwrecked. It is thus Theocritus asks the nymphs, how it came to pass, that, when Daphnis died, they were not in the delicious vales of Peneus, or on the banks of the great torrent Anapus, the sacred water of Acis, or on the summits of mount Ætna: because all these were the haunts or the habitation of the shepherd Daphnis. These rivers and rocks have a real connexion with the poet's subject.—T. Warton.

Here is another note of T. Warton, which combines a thousand charms of poetry, history, and taste.

[20] Ver. 58. *What could the Muse*, &c. See 'Paradise

Lost,' b. vii. 37. of Orpheus torn in pieces by the Bacchanalians:—"Nor could the Muse defend her son." And his murderers are called "that wild rout," v. 34. Calliope was the mother of Orpheus. Lycidas, as a poet, is here tacitly compared with Orpheus. They were both victims of the water.—T. WARTON.

[21] Ver. 70.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise, &c.

These noble sentiments, Mr. Warton has observed, Milton afterwards dilated or improved in 'Paradise Regained,' b. iii. 24, &c.—TODD.

No lines have been more often cited, and more popular than these; nor more justly instructive and inspiriting.

[22] Ver. 74. *And think to burst out into sudden blaze.* He is speaking of fame. So in 'Paradise Regained,' b. iii. 47:—"For what is glory but the blaze of fame," &c.—T. WARTON.

[23] Ver. 75.

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears.

In Shakspeare are "the shears of Destiny" with more propriety, 'King John,' a. iv. s. 2. The king says to Pembroke,—

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?

Milton, however, does not here confound the Fates and the Furies. He only calls Destiny a Fury.—T. WARTON.

[24] Ver. 76. *But not the praise*, &c. "But the praise is not intercepted." While the poet, in the character of a shepherd, is moralising on the uncertainty of human life, Phœbus interposes with a sublime strain, above the tone of pastoral poetry: he then, in an abrupt and elliptical apostrophe, at "O fountain Arethuse," hastily recollects

himself, and apologises to his rural Muse, or in other words, to Arethusa and Mincius, the celebrated streams of bucolic song, for having so suddenly departed from pastoral allusions, and the tenor of his subject: "but I could not," he adds, "resist the sudden and awful impulse of the god of verse, who interrupted me with a strain of higher mood, and forced me to quit for a moment my pastoral ideas: but I now resume my rural oaten pipe, and proceed as I began." In the same manner, he reverts to his rural strain, after St. Peter's "dread voice," with "Return, Alpheus."—T. WARTON.

[25] Ver. 77.

Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears.

Virgil, 'Ecl.' vi. 3:—

Cynthius aurem
Vellit, et admonuit. PECK.

[26] Ver. 79.

Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world.

Perhaps with a remembrance of Shakspeare, 'Henry IV.' part 1. a. i. s. 2:—

And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

T. WARTON.

[27] Ver. 81. *Those pure eyes.* Perhaps from Scripture:—"God is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." And hence an epithet, sufficiently hackneyed in modern poetry, 'Comus,' v. 213:—"Welcome, pure-eyed Faith."—T. WARTON.

[28] Ver. 85. *O, fountain Arethuse.* In giving Arethusa

the distinctive appellation of "fountain," Milton closely and learnedly attends to the ancient Greek writers.—T. Warton.

[29] Ver. 91. *The felon winds*: i. e. the cruel winds.—Todd.

[30] Ver. 94. *Each beaked promontory.* That is, prominent or projecting like the beak of a bird.—T. Warton.

[31] Ver. 96. *And sage Hippotades their answer brings.* Æolus, the son of Hippotas.—T. Warton.

[32] Ver. 100.

That fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark.

Although Dr. Newton mentions the "Ille et nefasto," and "Mala soluta navis exit alite," of Horace, as two passages similar to this, yet he has not observed how much more poetical and striking is the imagery of Milton; that the ship was "built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses."—Jos. Warton.

Evidently with a view to the enchantments of 'Macbeth:'—

Slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse.

Again, in the same incantation:—"Root of hemlock digg'd in the dark." The shipwreck was occasioned, not by a storm, but by the bad conduct of the ship, unfit for so dangerous a navigation.—T. Warton.

[33] Ver. 103. *Went footing slow.* "Footing slow," as Mr. Dunster observes, as meant to mark the sluggish course of the river Cam, is exactly Claudian's description of the Mincius,—"tardusque meatu Mincius."—Todd.

[34] Ver. 105. *Figures dim.* Alluding to the fabulous traditions of the high antiquity of Cambridge: but how Cam was distinguished by a "hairy mantle" from other rivers which have herds and flocks on their banks, I know not; unless "the budge doctors of the Stoick fur," as Milton calls them in 'Comus,' had lent him their academic robes.—WARBURTON.

It is very probable, that the "hairy mantle," being joined with the "sedge bonnet," may mean his rushy or reedy banks. It would be difficult to ascertain the meaning of "figures dim." Perhaps the poet himself had no very clear or determinate idea; but, in obscure and mysterious expressions, leaves something to be supplied or explained by the reader's imagination.—T. WARTON.

The "mantle hairy," and the "bonnet sedge," are thus ably illustrated in a note by Mr. Plumptre, subjoined to his elegant Greek translation of 'Lycidas,' 1797:—"Chlamydem scilicet e conferva rivulari, quæ copiose Camo innatat; petasum vero ex ulva notis quodammodo per folia incertis, intus signata, et ad marginem foliorum ferrata, more hyacinthini ἀὶ ἀὶ." The "figures dim" may be considered as referring to the "sedge bonnet;" in which opinion Mr. Plumptre and Mr. Dunster concur; and the latter also remarks, that on sedge leaves, or flags, when dried, or even beginning to wither, there are not only certain dim, or indistinct, and dusky streaks, but also a variety of dotted marks ("scrawled over") as Milton had at first written, on the edge, which withers before the rest of the flag.—TODD.

The last part of Warton's note contains a sagacious observation, as to the spells of poetry, and as just as sagacious.

[35] Ver. 107.

Ah, who hath reft, quoth he, my dearest pledge?

My dearest child; as children were simply called by the Latins *pignora*, pledges.—RICHARDSON.

[36] Ver. 112. *He shook his mitred locks.* It is much that this inveterate enemy of prelacy would allow Peter to be a bishop: but the whole circumstance is taken from the Italian satirists. Besides, I suppose he thought it sharpened his satire to have the prelacy condemned by one of their own order.—WARBURTON.

[37] Ver. 114.

Such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.

He here animadverts on the endowments of the church, at the same time insinuating that they were shared by those only who sought the emoluments of the sacred office, to the exclusion of a learned and conscientious clergy. Thus in 'Paradise Lost,' b. iv. 193:—

So clomb this first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.

Even after the dissolution of the hierarchy, he held this opinion. In his sixteenth Sonnet, written 1652, he supplicates Cromwell,—

To save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

During the usurpation, he published a pamphlet entitled 'The likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the church,' against the revenues transferred from the old ecclesiastic establishment to the presbyterian ministers. See also his book 'Of Reformation,' &c.—T. WARTON.

[38] Ver. 124. *Grate on their scrannel pipes.* No sound of words can be more expressive of the sense; and how finely has he imitated, or rather improved, a passage in Virgil! 'Ecl.' iii. 26:—

Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
Stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

I remember not to have seen the word "scrannel" in any

other author; nor can I find it in any dictionary or glossary that I have consulted; but I presume it answers to the "stridenti" of Virgil.—NEWTON.

"Scrannel" is thin, lean, meagre. A scrannel pipe of straw is contemptuously for Virgil's "tenuis avena."—T. WARTON.

[39] Ver. 129. *Daily devours apace, and nothing sed.* Some suppose, that our author in this expression insinuates the connivance of the court at the secret growth of popery: but perhaps Milton might have intended a general reflection on what the puritans called "unpreaching prelates," and a liturgical clergy, who did not place the whole of religion in lectures and sermons three hours long: or, with a particular reference to present circumstances, he might mean the clergy of the church of England were silent, and made no remonstrances against these encroachments.—T. WARTON.

[40] Ver. 130.

But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

In these lines our author anticipates the execution of archbishop Laud by a "two-handed engine," that is, the axe; insinuating that his death would remove all grievances in religion, and complete the reformation of the church. Dr. Warburton supposes, that saint Peter's sword, turned into the two-handed sword of romance, is here intended: but this supposition only embarrasses the passage. Michael's sword, "with huge two-handed sway," is evidently the old Gothic sword of chivalry, 'Paradise Lost,' b. vi. 251: this is styled an "engine," and the expression is a periphrasis for an axe, which the poet did not choose to name in plain terms. The sense therefore of the context seems to be:—"But there will soon be an end of these evils; the axe is at hand, to take off the head of him who has been the great abettor of these corruptions of the

gospel. This will be done by one stroke." In the mean time, it coincides just as well with the tenor of Milton's doctrine, to suppose, that he alludes in a more general acceptation to our Saviour's metaphorical axe in the gospel, which was to be "laid to the root of the tree," and whose stroke was to be quick and decisive. Matt. iii. 10. Luke iii. 9. "And now the axe is laid to the root of the tree; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down," &c. That is,—"Things are now brought to a crisis: there is no room for a moment's delay: God is now about to offer the last dispensation of his mercy: if ye reject these terms, no others will be offered afterwards; but ye shall suffer one final sentence of destruction, as a tree," &c. All false religions were at once to be done away by the appearance of Christianity, as when an axe is applied to a barren tree; so now an axe was to be applied to the corruptions of Christianity, which in a similar process were to be destroyed by a single and speedy blow. The time was ripe for this business: the instrument was at hand. It is matter of surprise, that this violent invective against the church of England and the hierarchy, couched indeed in terms a little mysterious yet sufficiently intelligible, and covered only by a transparent veil of allegory, should have been published under the sanction and from the press of one of our universities; or that it should afterwards have escaped the severest animadversions, at a period when the proscriptions of the Star-chamber, and the power of Laud, were at their height. Milton, under pretence of exposing the faults or abuses of the episcopal clergy, attacks their establishment, and strikes at their existence.—T. WARTON.

[41] Ver. 133. *That shrunk thy streams.* In other words, "that silenced my pastoral poetry." The Sicilian Muse is now to return, with all her store of rural imagery.—T. WARTON.

The imagery is here from the noblest source. "The

waters stood above the mountains; at thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away," Ps. civ. 7. See also Ps. xviii. 13. 15. "That shrunk thy streams," is a fine condensation of the scriptural language. —DUNSTER.

[42] Ver. 136. *Where the mild whispers use*, &c. The word "use," as Dr. Newton has observed, is employed by Spenser in the sense of frequent, inhabit.—TODD.

[43] Ver. 138. *On whose fresh lap the swart-star*, &c. The dog-star is called the "swart-star," by turning the effect into the cause. "Swart" is swarthy, brown, &c.—T. WARTON.

[44] Ver. 142. *Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies.* It is obvious, that the general texture and sentiment of this line is from the 'Winter's Tale,' a. iv. s. 5:—

> Pale primroses
> That die unmarried, &c.

Especially as he had first written "unwedded" for "forsaken," which appears in the edition of 1638. But why does the primrose die unmarried? Not because it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a state of solitude, and without society. The true reason is, because it grows in the shade, uncherished or unseen by the sun, which was supposed to be in love with some sorts of flowers.—T. WARTON.

[45] Ver. 154. *Ay me!* Here Mr. Dunster observes, the burst of grief is infinitely beautiful, when properly connected with what precedes it, and to which it refers.—TODD.

[46] Ver. 158. *Monstrous world.* The sea, the world of

monsters. Horace, 'Od.' I. iii. 18:—"Qui siccis oculis monstra natantia." Virgil, 'Æn.' vi. 729:—"Quæ marmoreo fert monstra sub æquore pontus."—T. WARTON.

[47] Ver. 159. *Moist vows.* Our vows accompanied with tears. As if he had said "vota lacrymosa." But there may be a quaint allusion to the water.—T. WARTON.

[48] Ver. 160. *Bellerus old.* No such name occurs in the catalogue of the Cornish giants: but the poet coined it from Bellerium. Bellerus appears in the edition 1638: but at first he had written Corineus, a giant who came into Britain with Brute, and was made lord of Cornwall. Hence Ptolemy, I suppose, calls a promontory near the Land's End, perhaps St. Michael's Mount, "Ocrinium:" from whom also came our author's "Corineida Loxo," Mans. v. 46. Milton, who delighted to trace the old fabulous story of Brutus, relates, that to Corineus Cornwall fell by lot, "the rather by him liked, for that the hugest giants in rocks and caves were said to lurk there still; which kind of monsters to deal with was his old exercise."—'Hist. Eng.' i. 6. On the south-western shores of Cornwall, I saw a most stupendous pile of rock-work, stretching with immense ragged cliffs and shapeless precipices far into the sea: one of the topmost of these cliffs, hanging over the rest, the people informed me was called the "Giant's chair." Near it is a cavern called in Cornish the "Cave with the voice."—T. WARTON.

[49] Ver. 161.

Where the great vision of the guarded mount, &c.

That part of the coast of Cornwall called the "Land's End," with its neighbourhood, is here intended, in which is the promontory of Bellerium, so named from Bellerus, a Cornish giant: and we are told by Camden, that this is the only part of our island that looks directly towards

Spain. But what is the meaning of "The great vision of the guarded mount?" and of the line immediately following, "Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth?" I flatter myself I have discovered Milton's original and leading idea.

Not far from the Land's End in Cornwall, is a most romantic projection of rock, called St. Michael's Mount, into a harbour called Mount's-bay: it gradually rises from a broad basis into a very steep and narrow, but craggy elevation: towards the sea, the declivity is almost perpendicular: at low water it is accessible by land; and not many years ago, it was entirely joined with the present shore, between which and the mount, there is a rock called Chapel-rock. Tradition, or rather superstition, reports, that it was anciently connected by a large tract of land, full of churches, with the isles of Scilly. On the summit of St. Michael's Mount a monastery was founded before the time of Edward the Confessor, now a seat of Sir John St. Aubyn. The church, refectory, and many of the apartments, still remain: with this monastery was incorporated a strong fortress, regularly garrisoned: and in a patent of Henry IV., dated 1403, the monastery itself, which was ordered to be repaired, is styled Fortalitium. A stone lantern, in one of the angles of the tower of the church, is called St. Michael's Chair. There is still a tradition, that a vision of St. Michael, seated on this crag, or St. Michael's chair, appeared to some hermits; and that this circumstance occasioned the foundation of the monastery dedicated to St. Michael: and hence this place was long renowned for its sanctity, and the object of frequent pilgrimages. Nor should it be forgot, that this monastery was a cell to another on a St. Michael's Mount in Normandy, where also was a vision of St. Michael.

But to apply what has been said to Milton: this great vision is the famous apparition of St. Michael, whom he with much sublimity of imagination supposes to be still

throned on this lofty crag of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, looking towards the Spanish coast. The "guarded mount" on which this great vision appeared, is simply the fortified mount, implying the fortress above-mentioned. With the sense and meaning of the line in question, is immediately connected that of the third line next following, which here I now for the first time exhibit properly pointed:—

Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth.

Here is an apostrophe to the angel Michael, whom we have just seen seated on the guarded mount:—"O angel, look no longer seaward to Namancos and Bayona's hold: rather turn your eyes to another object: look homeward or landward; look towards your own coast now, and view with pity the corpse of the shipwrecked Lycidas floating thither."

Thyer seems to suppose that the meaning of this last line is,—"You, O Lycidas, now an angel, look down from heaven," &c. But how can this be said to "look homeward?" And why is the shipwrecked person to "melt with ruth?" That meaning is certainly much helped by placing a full point after "surmise," v. 153: but a semicolon there, as we have seen, is the point of the first edition: and to show how greatly such a punctuation ascertains or illustrates our present interpretation, I will take the paragraph a few lines higher, with a short analysis:—"Let every flower be strewed on the hearse where Lycidas lies, so to flatter ourselves for a moment with the notion that his corpse is present; and this, (ah me!) while the seas are wafting it here and there, whether beyond the Hebrides, or near the shores of Cornwall," &c.—T. Warton.

[a] Ver. 162. *Namancos.* I once thought that this name was designed for the celebrated Numantia, and that Milton

had adopted the spelling from some romance. In the Monthly Magazine for June 1800, it is observed that "Namancos" must have been intended for the ancient Numantia near Tarragona, on the coast of Catalonia, and that Milton has given a Spanish termination to the word. The observer adds, "I am aware that this place was on the opposite side to Bayona; but let it be remembered, that they are no common eyes which look upon the scene; that they are no less than those of an archangel." Mr. Dunster, noticing the preceding criticism, observes, that "Milton scarcely meant to make his archangel look two ways at once. Acceding," he says, "to Namancos being the ancient Numantia, I shall not hesitate to consider 'Bayona's hold' as the French Bayonne with its citadel, a very strong fortress. To this, Mount's-bay, or the guarded mount, looks I believe more directly than to the Spanish Bayona; and the line of vision directed to it would pass at no great distance from that part of the Spanish coast, which lies nearest to the site of the ancient Numantia."

It will however appear that the ancient Numantia, and the French Bayonne, were not the present objects of Milton's consideration. I have been directed by a literary friend to Mercator's 'Atlas,' edit.-fol. Amst. 1623, and again in 1636; and in the map of Galicia, near the point Cape Finisterre, the desired place occurs thus written, "Namancos T." In this map the castle of Bayona makes a very conspicuous figure. Milton most probably recollected this geographical description of the Spanish province.—Todd.

[41] Ver. 165. *Weep no more*, &c. Milton, in this sudden and beautiful transition from the gloomy and mournful strain into that of hope and comfort, imitates Spenser in his eleventh Eclogue, where, bewailing the death of some maiden of great blood in terms of the utmost grief and dejection, he breaks out all at once in the same manner.—Thyer.

[52] Ver. 173. *Through the dear might*, &c. Of him, over whom the waves of the sea had no power. It is a designation of our Saviour, by a miracle which bears an immediate reference to the subject of the poem.—T. WARTON.

[53] Ver. 177.

In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

Even here, after Lycidas is received into heaven, Milton does not make him an angel: he makes him, indeed, a being of a higher order, the Genius of the shore, as at v. 183. If the poet, in finally disclosing this great change of circumstances, and in this prolix and solemn description of his friend's new situation in the realms of bliss after so disastrous a death, had exalted him into an angel, he would not have forestalled that idea, according to Thyer's interpretation, at v. 163.—T. WARTON.

[54] Ver. 179. *In solemn troops, and sweet societies.* Milton's angelic system, containing many whimsical notions of the associations and subordinations of these sons of light, is to be seen at large in Thomas Aquinas and Peter Lombard: but it was not yet worn out in the common theology of his own times. The same system, which afforded so commodious a machinery for modern christian poetry, is frequent in the Italian poets.—T. WARTON.

[55] Ver. 181. *And wipe the tears from ever from his eyes.* From Scripture: Isaiah, xxv. 8. Rev. vii. 17.—TODD.

[56] Ver. 184. *And shalt be good*, &c. The same compliment that Virgil pays to his Daphnis, 'Ecl.' v. 64.

Deus, Deus ille, Menalca!
Sis bonus, O, felixque tuis! &c. THYER.

[57] Ver. 187.

The still morn went out with sandals gray, &c.

"The gray dawn,"—'Par. Lost,' b. vii. 373. "Still,"

because all is silent at daybreak. But though he began to sing at daybreak, he was so eager, so intent on his song, that he continued it till the evening.—T. WARTON.

[58] Ver. 188.

He touch'd the tender stops of various quills.

Some readers are here puzzled with the idea of such stops as belong to the organ. By "stops" he here literally means what we now call the holes of a flute or any species of pipe. He mentions the stops of an organ, but in another manner, in 'Par. Lost,' b. xi. 561. See also b. vii. 596. —T. WARTON.

[59] Ver. 189.

With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay.

This is a Doric lay, because Theocritus and Moschus had respectively written a bucolic on the deaths of Daphnis and Bion: and the name of 'Lycidas,' now first imported into English pastoral, was adopted, not from Virgil, but from Theocritus, 'Idyll.' vii. 27.

Mr. Warton is mistaken in asserting that the name of 'Lycidas' was first imported into English pastoral by Milton: for Lisle, in his 'Pastorall Dedication to the King' of his translation of 'Du Bartas,' 1625, 4to. says

> My former shepheard's song deuised was
> To please great Scotus and his Lycidas. TODD.

[60] Ver. 193. *To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.* So Ph. Fletcher, 'Purp. Isl.' c. vi. st. 77. edit. 1633. "To-morrow shall ye feast in pastures new."—T. WARTON.

I will conclude my remarks on this poem with the just observation of Mr. Thyer:—"The particular beauties of this charming pastoral are too striking to need much descanting upon; but what gives the greatest grace to the whole, is that natural and agreeable wildness and irregularity which

run quite through it, than which nothing could be better suited to express the warm affection which Milton had for his friend, and the extreme grief he was in for the loss of him. Grief is eloquent, but not formal."—NEWTON.

I see no extraordinary wildness and irregularity, according to Dr. Newton, [Mr. Thyer,] in the conduct of this little poem. It is true, there is a very original air in it, although it be full of classical imitations: but this, I think, is owing, not to any disorder in the plan, nor entirely to the vigour and lustre of the expression; but, in a good degree, to the looseness and variety of the metre. Milton's ear was a good second to his imagination.—HURD.

Addison says, that he who desires to know whether he has a true taste for history or not, should consider whether he is pleased with Livy's manner of telling a story; so, perhaps it may be said, that he who wishes to know whether he has a true taste for poetry or not, should consider whether he is highly delighted or not with the perusal of Milton's 'Lycidas.' If I might venture to place Milton's works, according to their degrees of poetic excellence, it should be perhaps in the following order: Paradise Lost, Comus, Samson Agonistes, Lycidas, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso. The last three are in such an exquisite strain, says Fenton, that though he had left no other monuments of his genius behind him, his name had been immortal.—JOS. WARTON.

Of 'Lycidas,' the diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing: what beauty there is, we must therefore seek in the sentiments and images. It is not to be considered as the effusion of real passion; for passion runs not after remote allusions and obscure opinions: passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of "rough satyrs" and "Fauns with cloven heel." Where there is leisure for fiction there is little grief.

In this poem there is no nature, for there is nothing new: its form is that of a pastoral, easy, vulgar, and therefore dis-

gusting; whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted; and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. When Cowley tells of Harvey, that they studied together, it is easy to suppose how much he must miss the companion of his labours, and the partner of his discoveries; but what image of tenderness can be excited by these lines?

> We drove afield, and both together heard
> What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
> Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

We know that they never drove afield, and that they had no flocks to batten; and though it be allowed that the representation may be allegorical, the true meaning is so uncertain and remote, that it is never sought because it cannot be known when it is found.

Among the flocks, and copses, and flowers, appear the heathen deities; Jove and Phœbus, Neptune and Æolus, with a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies. Nothing can less display knowledge, or less exercise invention, than to tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must now feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping; and how one god asks another what is become of Lycidas, and how neither god can tell. He, who thus grieves, will excite no sympathy; he who thus praises, will confer no honour.

This poem has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverend combinations. The shepherd likewise is now a feeder of sheep, and afterwards an ecclesiastical pastor, a superintendent of a christian flock. Such equivocations are always unskilful; but here they are indecent, and at least approach to impiety; of which, however, I believe the writer not to have been conscious. Such is the power of reputation justly acquired, that its blaze drives away the eye from nice examination.

Surely no man could have fancied that he read 'Lycidas' with pleasure had he not known its author.—JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson observes, that 'Lycidas' is filled with the heathen deities; and a long train of mythological imagery, such as a college easily supplies; but it is such also, as even the court itself could now have easily supplied. The public diversions, and books of all sorts, and from all sorts of writers, more especially compositions in poetry, were at this time overrun with classical pedantries: but what writer, of the same period, has made these obsolete fictions the vehicle of so much fancy and poetical description? How beautifully has he applied this sort of allusion to the druidical rocks of Denbighshire, to Mona, and the fabulous banks of Deva! It is objected, that its pastoral form is disgusting: but this was the age of pastoral: and yet 'Lycidas' has but little of the bucolic cant, now so fashionable. The satyrs and fauns are but just mentioned. If any trite rural topics occur, how are they heightened!

> Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
> Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
> We drove afield, and both together heard
> What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
> Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night.

Here the daybreak is described by the faint appearance of the upland lawns under the first gleams of light; the sunset by the buzzing of the chaffer; and the night sheds her fresh dews on their flocks. We cannot blame pastoral imagery, and pastoral allegory, which carry with them so much natural painting. In this piece there is perhaps more poetry than sorrow: but let us read it for its poetry. It is true, that passion plucks no berries from the myrtle and ivy, nor calls upon Arethuse and Mincius, nor tells of "rough Satyrs with cloven heel:" but poetry does this; and in the hands of Milton does it with a peculiar and irresistible charm. Subordinate poets exercise no

invention, when they tell how a shepherd has lost his companion, and must feed his flocks alone, without any judge of his skill in piping: but Milton dignifies and adorns these common artificial incidents with unexpected touches of picturesque beauty, with the graces of sentiment, and with the novelties of original genius. It is objected "here is no art, for there is nothing new." To say nothing that there may be art without novelty, as well as novelty without art, I must reply that this objection will vanish, if we consider the imagery which Milton has raised from local circumstances. Not to repeat the use he has made of the mountains of Wales, the isle of Man, and the river Dee, near which Lycidas was shipwrecked; let us recollect the introduction of the romantic superstition of St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall, which overlooks the Irish seas, the fatal scene of his friend's disaster.

But the poetry is not always unconnected with passion. The poet lavishly describes an ancient sepulcral rite, but it is made preparatory to a stroke of tenderness: he calls for a variety of flowers to decorate his friend's hearse, supposing that his body was present, and forgetting for a while that it was floating far off in the ocean. If he was drowned, it was some consolation that he was to receive the decencies of burial. This is a pleasing deception: it is natural and pathetic. But the real catastrophe recurs; and this circumstance again opens a new vein of imagination.

Dr. Johnson censures Milton for his allegorical mode of telling that he and Lycidas studied together, under the fictitious images of rural employments, in which, he says, there can be no tenderness; and prefers Cowley's lamentation of the loss of Harvey, the companion of his labours, and the partner of his discoveries. I know not, if in this similarity of subject Cowley has more tenderness; I am sure he has less poetry: I will allow that he has more wit, and more smart similes. The sense of our author's allegory on this occasion is obvious, and is just as intelligible as if he had

used plain terms. It is a fiction, that, when Lycidas died, the woods and caves were deserted and overgrown with wild thyme and luxuriant vines, and that all their echoes mourned; and that the green copses no longer waved their joyous leaves to his soft strains: but we cannot here be at a loss for a meaning; a meaning, which is as clearly perceived as it is elegantly represented. This is the sympathy of a true poet. We know that Milton and King were not "nursed on the same hill;" that they did not "feed the same flock by fountain, shade, or rill;" and that "rough Satyrs" and "Fauns with cloven heel" never danced to their "rural ditties:" but who hesitates a moment for the application? Nor are such ideas more untrue, certainly not less far-fetched and unnatural, than when Cowley says that he and Harvey studied together every night with such unremitted diligence, that the twin stars of Leda, so famed for love, looked down upon the twin-students with wonder from above. And where is the tenderness, when he wishes, that, on the melancholy event, the branches of the trees at Cambridge, under which they walked, would combine themselves into a darker umbrage, dark as the grave in which his departed friend was newly laid? Our author has also been censured for mixing religious disputes with pagan and pastoral ideas: but he had the authority of Mantuan and Spenser, now considered as models in this way of writing. Let me add, that our poetry was not yet purged from its Gothic combinations; nor had legitimate notions of discrimination and propriety so far prevailed, as sufficiently to influence the growing improvements of English composition. These irregularities and incongruities must not be tried by modern criticism.—T. Warton.

The rhymes and numbers, which Dr. Johnson condemns, appear to me as eminent proofs of the poet's judgment; exhibiting, in their varied and arbitrary disposition, an ease and gracefulness, which infinitely exceed the formal couplets or alternate rhymes of modern Elegy. Lamenting also the

prejudice which has pronounced 'Lycidas' to be vulgar and disgusting, I shall never cease to consider this monody as the sweet effusion of a most poetic and tender mind; entitled, as well by its beautiful melody, as by the frequent grandeur of its sentiments and language, to the utmost enthusiasm of admiration.—Todd.

L'ALLEGRO

ED

IL PENSEROSO

PRELIMINARY NOTES

ON

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO.

It will be no detraction from the powers of Milton's original genius and invention to remark, that he seems to have borrowed the subject of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' together with some particular thoughts, expressions, and rhymes, more especially the idea of a contrast between these two dispositions, from a forgotten poem prefixed to the first edition of Burton's 'Anatomie of Melancholy,' entitled 'The Author's Abstract of Melancholy; or a Dialogue between Pleasure and Pain.' Here Pain is Melancholy. It was written, as I conjecture, about the year 1600. I will make no apology for abstracting and citing as much of this poem, as will be sufficient to prove to a discerning reader how far it had taken possession of Milton's mind. The measure will appear to be the same; and, that our author was at least an attentive reader of Burton's book, will be perhaps concluded from the traces of resemblance which may be noticed in passing through the 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso.'

> When I goe musing all alone,
> Thinking of diverse things foreknown;

When I build castles in the ayre,
Voide of sorrow, voide of feare;
Pleasing myself with phantasmes sweet;
Methinkes the time runnes very fleet.
All my joyes to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy!
When to myself I act and smile;
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brooke side, or wood so greene,
Vnheard, vnsought for, and vnseene;
A thousand pleasures do me blesse, &c.
Methinkes I hear, methinkes I see,
Sweet musicke, wondrous melodie;
Townes, palaces, and cities fine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine;
Whatere is louely or diuine:
All other joyes to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as Melancholy!
Methinkes I heare, methinkes I see,
Ghostes, goblins, fiendes: my phantasie
Presents a thousand vgly shapes;——
Dolefull outcries, fearfull sightes,
My sad and dismall soul affrightes:
All my griefes to this are folly;
Nought so damnde as Melancholy!

In Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Nice Valour, or Passionate Madman,' there is a beautiful song on Melancholy, some of the sentiments of which, as Sympson long since observed, appear to have been dilated and heightened in the 'Il Penseroso.' Milton has more frequently and openly copied the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher than of Shakspeare: one is therefore surprised, that in his panegyric on the stage, he did not mention the twin-bards, when he celebrates the "learned sock" of Jonson, and the "wood-notes wild" of Shakspeare: but he concealed his love.—T. WARTON.

I will add the song from 'Nice Valour,' together with the remarks of an ingenious critic on its application to 'Il Penseroso:'—

1.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
  Wherein you spend your folly;
There 's nought in this life sweet,
If wise men were to see 't,
  But only Melancholy,
  O, sweetest Melancholy!

2.

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes;
A sigh, that, piercing, mortifies;
A look, that 's fasten'd to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

3.

Fountain-heads, and pathless groves;
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls;
  A midnight bell, a parting groan;—
  These are the sounds we feed upon:
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing 's so dainty-sweet as lovely Melancholy.

"I would be, doubtless, in the opinion of all readers, going too far to say, that this song deserves as much notice as the 'Penseroso' itself: but it so happens, that very little of the former can remain unnoticed, whenever the latter is praised. Of this song, the construction is, in the first place, to be admired: it divides into three parts: the first part displays the moral of melancholy; the second, the person or figure; the third, the circumstance, that is, such things as increase or flatter the disposition: nor is it surprising that Milton should be struck with the images and sentiments it affords, most of which are somewhere inserted in the 'Il Penseroso.' It will not, however, be found to have contributed much to the construction of Milton's poem: the subjects they severally exhibit are very differ-

ent: they are alike only, as shown under the same disposition of melancholy. Beaumont's is the melancholy of the swain; of the mind, that contemplates nature and man but in the grove and the cottage: Milton's is that of a scholar and philosopher; of the intellect, that has ranged the mazes of science, and that decides upon vanity and happiness, from large intercourse with man, and upon extensive knowledge and experience. To say, therefore, that Milton was indebted to Beaumont's song for his 'Penseroso' would be absurd: that it supplied some images to his poem will be readily allowed; and that it would be difficult to find, throughout the 'Penseroso,' amidst all its variety, any more striking than what Beaumont's second stanza affords, may also be granted. Milton's poem is among those happy works of genius, which leave a reader no choice how his mind shall be affected."—'Cursory Remarks on some of the ancient English poets, particularly Milton.' Lond. printed, but not published, 1789, p. 114.

The date of these poems has not been ascertained; but Mr. Hayley has observed,—"It seems probable, that these two enchanting pictures of rural life, and of the diversified delights arising from a contemplative mind, were composed at Horton;" to which place Milton went to reside with his father in 1632, and where he continued at least five years.—Todd.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

When Milton's juvenile poems were revived into notice about the middle of the last century, these two short lyrics became, I think, the most popular: they are very beautiful; but in my opinion far from the best of the poet's youthful productions: they have far less invention than 'Comus' or 'Lycidas;' and surely invention is the primary essential: they have more of fancy than invention, as those two words are in modern use distinguished from each other. Besides, it is clear that they were suggested by the poem prefixed to 'Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy,' and a song in the 'Nice Valour' of Beaumont and Fletcher.

There is here no fable, which is absolutely necessary for prime poetry: the rural descriptions are fresh, forcible, picturesque, and most happily selected; but still many of them seem to me much less original than those of 'Lycidas' and 'Comus:' and though there is a certain degree of contemplative sentiment in them all, it is not of so passionate or sublime a kind as in those other exquisite pieces, in which there is more of moral instruction and mingled intellect; and, in short, vastly more of spirituality.

The scenery of nature, animate and inanimate, derives

its most intense interest from its connexion with our moral feelings and duties, and our ideal visions. If I am not mistaken, Gray thought this, when he spoke of merely descriptive poems. Gray's own stanza, in his 'Fragment on Vicissitude,' beginning

> Yesterday the sullen year
> Saw the snowy whirlwind fly,

perhaps the finest stanza in his poems, is a most striking example of this sublime combination.

I say, that these two admired lyrics of Milton have less of this combination than I could wish: they were written in the buoyancy and joyousness of youth, though the joyousness of the latter is pensive: all was yet hope with the poet; none of the evils of life had yet come upon him: it was the joy of mental display and visionary glory; of a mind proudly displaying its own richness, and throwing from its treasures beams of light on all external objects: but it was the rapidity of a ferment too much in motion to allow it to wait long enough on particular topics; therefore there was in these two productions less intensity than in most of the author's other poetry: he is here generally content to describe the surface of what he notices. His learned allusions abound, though not so much perhaps as in most of his other writings: these, however, are not the proofs of his genius, but only of his memory and industry.

I admit, that the choice of the imagery of these pieces could only have been made by a true poet, of nice discernment and brilliant fancy; of a mind constantly occupied by contemplation, and skilful in making use of all those superstitions in which the visionary delight; and that the whole are woven into one web of congenial associations, which make a beautiful and splendid constellation: still a

large portion of the ingredients, taken separately, have been anticipated by other poets.

These remarks will probably draw forth the question, "Whence then has arisen the superior popularity of these two compositions?" I may now be forgiven for asserting, that popularity is a doubtful test of merit. One reason may be, that they are more easily understood; that they are less laboured, and less deep; that they do not try and fatigue, either the heart or the intellect. The mass of the people like slight amusement, and subjects of easy apprehension: the greater part of Milton's poetry is too solemn and thought-working for their taste or their power.

In the sublime bard's latter poems,—in his epics and his drama,—and even in his early monody of 'Lycidas,'—his rural images, though not more picturesque, nor perhaps, except in 'Lycidas,' quite so fresh, yet derive a double force from their position;—from the circumstances of the persons on whom they are represented as acting;—as, for instance, on Adam, Eve, Satan, our Saviour, Samson, and on the mourners for the death of Lycidas.

When the description of scenery forms part of a fable, and is connected with the development of a story, the mind of the reader is already worked up into a state of sensitiveness and sympathy, which confers upon surrounding objects hues of augmented impression.

When Milton recalls to his mind those images with which he had been familiar in the society of his friend Lycidas, they awaken, from the accident of his death, affections and regrets which they never had done before. When Eve is about to be expelled from Paradise, how she grieves over her lost flowers and garden-delights! How the "air of heaven, fresh-blowing," invigorates and charms Samson, when brought out from a close prison! How affecting is

the scene in the wilderness, when, after a night of tremendous tempest, our Saviour is cheered by a balmy morning of extreme brilliance!

These are what make fable necessary to constitute the highest poetry. I do not recollect that this has been sufficiently insisted upon by former critics: the want of it is assuredly experienced in Thomson's beautifully descriptive poem of 'the Seasons.'

L'ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,[1]
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,[2]
And the night-raven sings:
There, under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.[3]
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces[4] more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:

Or whether, as some sager sing,[5]
The frolick wind, that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying;[6]
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,[7]
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks,[8] and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,[9]
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,[10]
On the light fantastick toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;[11]
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;[12]
To hear the lark begin his flight,[13]
And singing, startle the dull night,[14]
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:[15]

While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of Darkness thin;[16]
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,[17]
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Some time walking, not unseen,[18]
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,[19]
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;[20]
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his sithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.[21]
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,[22]
Whilst the landskip round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pide,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,[23]
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.[24]

Hard by, a cottage chimney smoaks
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets[25] will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,[26]
And the jocund rebecks sound[27]
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;[28]
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail:[29]
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,[30]
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat:
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed;[31]
And he, by friar's lantern led,[32]
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,[33]
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end:
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then,[34]
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,[35]
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,[36]
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;[37]
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on;[38]
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.[39]
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse;
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout[40]
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning;[41]
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;[42]

That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers,[43] and hear
Such strains, as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

NOTES ON L'ALLEGRO.*

* These are airs, "that take the prison'd soul, and lap it in Elysium."—HURD.

[1] Ver. 1. *Hence, loathed Melancholy,*
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born.
Erebus, not Cerberus, was the legitimate husband of Night. "Tenebræ, miseria, querela, somnia, quos omnes Erebo et Nocte natos ferunt."—Cicero, 'de Nat. Deor.' b. iii. 17. Milton was too universal a scholar to be unacquainted with this mythology: but as Melancholy is here the creature of Milton's imagination, he had a right to give her what parentage he pleased, and to marry Night, the natural mother of Melancholy, to any ideal husband that would best serve to heighten the allegory.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 6. *Jealous wings.* Alluding to the watch which fowl keep when they are sitting.—WARBURTON.

[3] Ver. 10. *In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.* It should be remembered, that "Cimmeriæ tenebræ" were anciently proverbial. The execration in the text is a trans-

lation of a passage in one of his own academic Prolusions:—"Dignus qui Cimmeriis occlusus tenebris longam et perosam vitam transigat." 'Pr. W.' vol. ii. 587.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 15. *Two sister Graces.* Meat and Drink, the two sisters of Mirth.—WARBURTON.

[5] Ver. 17. *Some sager sing.* Because those who give to Mirth such gross companions as Eating and Drinking, are the less sage mythologists.—WARBURTON.

[6] Ver. 19. *Zeyhyr, with Aurora playing,*
As he met her once a-Maying.

The rhymes and imagery are from Jonson, in the Mask at Sir William Cornwallis's house at Highgate, 1604.

See, who here is come a-Maying:
Why left we off our playing?

This song is sung by Zephyrus and Aurora, Milton's two paramours, and Flora.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 22. *And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew.* So Shakspeare, as Mr. Bowle observes, 'Tam. Shr.' a. ii. s. 1:

She looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew.

T. WARTON.

[8] Ver. 27. *Quips, and cranks.* A "quip" is a satirical joke, a smart repartee. By "cranks," a word yet unexplained, I think we are here to understand cross-purposes, or some other similar conceit of conversation, surprising the company by its intricacy, or embarrassing by its difficulty. Our author has "cranks," which his context explains, 'Pr. W.' i. 165:—"To show us the ways of the Lord, straight and faithful as they are, not full of cranks and contradictions."—T. WARTON.

[9] Ver. 28. *Wreathed smiles.* In a smile the features are "wreathed," or curled, twisted, &c.—T. WARTON.

[10] Ver. 33. *Come, and trip it, as you go,* &c. An imitation of Shakspeare, 'Tempest,' a. iv. s. 2. Ariel to the spirits:—

Come, and go,
Each one tripping on his toe. NEWTON.

[11] Ver. 36. *The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty.* Dr. Newton supposes, that Liberty is here called the mountain-nymph, "because the people in mountainous countries have generally preserved their liberties longest, as the Britons formerly in Wales, and the inhabitants in the mountains in Switzerland at this day." Milton's head was not so political on this occasion: warmed with the poetry of the Greeks, I rather believe that he thought of the Oreads of the Grecian mythology, whose wild haunts among the romantic mountains of Pisa are so beautifully described in Homer's 'Hymn to Pan.' The allusion is general, to inaccessible and uncultivated scenes of nature, such as mountainous situations afford, and which were best adapted to the free and uninterrupted range of the nymph Liberty. He compares Eve to an Oread, certainly without any reference to Wales or the Swiss cantons, in 'Paradise Lost,' b. ix. 387. See also 'El.' v. 127:—

Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus.
T. WARTON.

[12] Ver. 40. *In unreproved pleasures free.* That is, blameless, innocent, not subject to reproof. See 'Paradise Lost,' b. iv. 492.—T. WARTON.

[13] Ver. 41. *To hear the lark begin his flight,* &c. There is a peculiar propriety in "startle:" the lark's is a sudden shrill burst of song. Both in 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' there seem to be two parts; the one a day piece, and the other a night piece. Here, or with three or four of the

preceding lines, our author begins to spend the day with Mirth.—T. Warton.

[14] Ver. 42. *Startle the dull night.* So in 'King Henry V.' a. iv. chorus:—

Piercing the night's dull ear. Steevens.

[15] Ver. 47. *Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,*
Or the twisted eglantine.

Sweet-briar and eglantine are the same plant: by the "twisted eglantine" he therefore means the honeysuckle. All three are plants often growing against the side or walls of a house.—T. Warton.

[16] Ver. 50. *The rear of Darkness thin.* Darkness is a person above, v. 6: and in 'Paradise Lost,' b. iii. 712: and in Spenser, 'Fa. Qu.' i. vii. 23:—

Where Darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove.

And in Manilius, i. 126:—

mundumque enixa nitentem,
Fugit in infernas Caligo pulsa tenebras.

But, if we take in the context, he seems to have here personified Darkness from 'Romeo and Juliet,' a. ii. s. 3:—

The grey-eyed Morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked Darkness, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's pathway.

For here too we have by implication Milton's "dappled dawn," v. 44: but more expressly in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' a. v. s. 3:—

And look, the gentle day
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray.

So also Drummond, 'Sonnets,' edit. 1616:—

Sith, winter gone, the sunne in dapled skie
Now smiles on meadowes, &c. T. Warton.

[17] Ver. 54. *Rouse the slumbering morn.* The same expression, as Mr. Bowle observes, occurs with the same rhymes, in an elegant triplet of an obscure poet, John Habington, 'Castara,' edit. 1640, p. 8:—

> The nymphes with quivers shall adorne
> Their active sides, and rouse the morne
> With the shrill musicke of the horne.
>
> T. WARTON.

I do not know why Warton calls William Habington, whom he misnames John, "an obscure poet:" he was a very elegant one, and has latterly been again brought into notice and praise.

Milton was here indebted to Guarini, 'Pastor Fido,' where the "slumbering morn is roused," a. i. s. 1.—TODD.

[18] Ver. 57. *Not unseen.* In the 'Penseroso,' he walks "unseen," v. 65. Happy men love witnesses of their joy: the splenetic love solitude.—HURD.

[19] Ver. 59. *Right against the eastern gate,*
Where the great sun begins his state, &c.

Gray has adopted the first of these lines in his 'Descent of Odin.' See also 'Paradise Lost,' b. iv. 542. Here is an allusion to a splendid or royal procession. We have the eastern gate again, in the Latin poem 'In Quintum Novembris,' v. 133. Shakspeare has also the eastern gate, which is most poetically opened, 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' a. iii. s. 9:—

> Ev'n till the eastern gate, all fiery red,
> Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
> Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
>
> T. WARTON.

[20] Ver. 62. *The clouds in thousand liveries dight.* Literally from a very puerile poetical description of the morning in one of his academic Prolusions:—"Ipsa quoque tellus,

in adventum solis, cultiori se induit vestitu; nubesque juxta, variis chlamydatæ coloribus, pompa solenni, longoque ordine, videntur ancillari surgenti Deo." 'Pr. Works,' vol. ii. 586. And just before we have "The cock with lively din," &c.—"At primus omnium adventantem solem triumphat insomnis gallus." An ingenious critic observes, that this morning landscape of 'L'Allegro' has served as a repository of imagery for all succeeding poets on the same subject: but much the same circumstances, among others, are assembled by a poet who wrote above thirty years before, the author of 'Britannia's Pastorals,' b. iv. s. iv. p. 75. I give the passage at large:—

> By this had chanticlere, the village clocke,
> Bidden the good wife for her maides to knocke:
> And the swart plowman for his breakfast staid,
> That he might till those lands were fallow laid:
> The hills and valleys here and there resound
> With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound:
> Each sheapherd's daughter with her cleanly peale,
> Was come afield to milke the mornings meale;
> And ere the sunne had clymb'd the easterne hils,
> To guild the muttring bournes and petty rills;
> Before the laboring bee had left the hiue,
> And nimble fishes, which in riuers diue,
> Began to leape, and catch the drowned flie,
> I rose from rest.
>
> T. Warton.

[21] Ver. 67. *And every shepherd tells his tale*
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

It was suggested to me by the late ingenious Mr. Headley, that the word "tale" does not here imply stories told by shepherds, but that it is a technical term for numbering sheep, which is still used in Yorkshire and the distant counties: this interpretation I am inclined to adopt, which I will therefore endeavour to illustrate and enforce. "Tale" and "tell," in this sense, were not unfamiliar in our poetry,

in and about Milton's time: for instance, Dryden's Virgil, 'Bucol.' iii. 33:—

> And once she takes the tale of all my lambs.

And in W. Browne's 'Shepheard's Pipe,' Egl. v. edit. 1614. 12mo. He is describing the dawn of day:—

> When the shepheards from the fold
> All their bleating charges told;
> And, full careful, search'd if one
> Of all the flock was hurt, or gone, &c.

But let us analyse the context. The poet is describing a very early period of the morning; and this he describes, by selecting and assembling such picturesque objects as accompany that period, and such as were familiar to an early riser. He is waked by the lark, and goes into the fields: the sun is just emerging, and the clouds are still hovering over the mountains: the cocks are crowing, and with their lively notes scatter the lingering remains of darkness: human labours and employments are renewed with the dawn of the day: the hunter (formerly much earlier at his sport than at present) is beating the covert, and the slumbering morn is roused with the cheerful echo of hounds and horns: the mower is whetting his scythe to begin his work: the milk-maid, whose business is of course at daybreak, comes abroad singing: the shepherd opens his fold, and takes the "tale" of his sheep, to see if any were lost in the night, as in the passage just quoted from Browne. Now for shepherds to tell tales, or to sing, is a circumstance trite, common, and general, and belonging only to ideal shepherds; nor do I know, that such shepherds tell tales, or sing, more in the morning than at any other part of the day: a shepherd taking the "tale" of his sheep which are just unfolded, is a new image, correspondent and appropriated, beautifully descriptive of a period of time, is founded in fact, and is more pleasing as more natural —T. WARTON.

[22] Ver. 69. *Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures.* There is, in my opinion, great beauty in this abrupt and rapturous start of the poet's imagination, as it is extremely well adapted to the subject, and carries a very pretty allusion to those sudden gleams of vernal delight, which break in upon the mind at the sight of a fine prospect.—THYER.

[23] Ver. 77. *Towers and battlements it sees*
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

This was the great mansion-house in Milton's early days, before the old-fashioned architecture had given way to modern arts and improvements. Turrets and battlements were conspicuous marks of the numerous new buildings of the reign of king Henry VIII., and of some rather more ancient, many of which yet remained in their original state, unchanged and undecayed: nor was that style, in part at least, quite omitted in Inigo Jones's first manner. Browne, in 'Britannia's Pastorals,' has a similar image, b. i. s. v. p. 96:—

Yond pallace, whose brave turret tops
Ouer the statelie wood suruay the copse.

Browne is a poet now forgotten, but must have been well known to Milton. Where only a little is seen, more is left to the imagination. These symptoms of an old palace, especially when thus disposed, have a greater effect than a discovery of larger parts, and even a full display of the whole edifice. The embosomed battlements, and the spreading top of the tall grove, on which they reflect a reciprocal charm, still farther interest the fancy from the novelty of combination; while just enough of the towering structure is shown, to make an accompaniment to the tufted expanse of venerable verdure, and to compose a picturesque association. With respect to their rural residence, there was a coyness in our Gothic ancestors: modern seats are seldom so deeply ambushed: they disclose all their glories at once; and never excite expectation by concealment, by gradual

approaches, and by interrupted appearances.—T. WARTON.

[24] Ver. 79. *Where perhaps some beauty lies,*
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Most probably from Burton's 'Melancholy,' as Peck observes: but in Shakspeare we have "your eyes are lode-starres," 'Mids. Night's Dream,' a. i. s. 1. And this was no uncommon compliment in Chaucer, Skelton, Sidney, Spenser, and other old English poets, as Mr. Steevens has abundantly proved. Milton enlivens his prospect by this unexpected circumstance, which gives it a moral charm.—T. WARTON.

[25] Ver. 92. *The upland hamlets.* In opposition to the hay-making scene in the lower lands.—THYER.

[26] Ver. 93. *When the merry bells ring round.* See Shakspeare, 'Henry IV.' P. II. a. iv. s. 4:—

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear.

T. WARTON.

[27] Ver. 94. *And the jocund rebecks sound.* The rebeck was a species of fiddle; and is, I believe, the same that is called in Chaucer, Lydgate, and the old French writers, the rebible. It appears from Sylvester's 'Du Bartas,' that the cymbal was furnished with wires, and the rebeck with strings of catgut, ed. 1621, p. 221. "But wyerie cymbals, rebecks sinewes twined." Du Cange quotes a middle-aged barbarous Latin poet, who mentions many musical instruments by names now hardly intelligible:—'Gloss. Lat. v. Baudosa.' One of them is the rebeck. "Quidam rebeccam arcuabant:" where, by *arcuabant*, we are to understand that it was played upon by a bow, *arcus*. The word occurs in Drayton's 'Eclogues,' vol. iv. p. 1391. "He tuned his rebeck to a mournful note." And see our author's 'Liberty

of unlicensed Printing:'—"The villages also must have their visitors to inquire, what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads even to the gammuth of every municipal [town] fidler," &c. If, as I have supposed, it is Chaucer's "ribible," the diminutive of "ribibe" used also by Chaucer, I must agree with Sir John Hawkins, that it originally comes from "rebeb," the name of a Moorish musical instrument with two strings, played on by a bow. Sir John adds, that the Moors brought it into Spain, whence it passed into Italy, and obtained the appellation of *ribeca*. Hist. Mus. ii. 86. Perhaps we have it from the French *rebec* and *rebecquin*. In the Percy household book, 1512, are recited, "mynstralls in houshold iij, viz. a taberett, a luyte, and a rebecc." It appears below queen Elizabeth's reign, in the music establishment of the royal household.—T. WARTON.

[28] Ver. 96. *Chequer'd shade.* So, in 'Titus Andronic.' a. ii. s. 3:—

> The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
> And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.

RICHARDSON.

[29] Ver. 99. *Till the livelong daylight fail.* Here the poet begins to pass the night with mirth; and he begins with the night or evening of the "sunshine holyday," whose merriments he has just celebrated.—T. WARTON.

[30] Ver. 100. *Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.* This was Shakspeare's "gossip's bowl,"—'Midsummer Night's Dream,' a. i. s. 1. The composition was ale, nutmeg, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples: it was called lambs-wool. Our old dramas have frequent allusions to this delectable beverage. In Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess' it is styled "the spiced wassel-boul."—T. WARTON.

[31] Ver. 103. *She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed,* &c. "He" and "she" are persons of the company assembled to spend the evening, after a country wake, at a rural junket: all this is a part of the pastoral imagery which now prevailed in our poetry.—T. WARTON.

[32] Ver. 104. *And he, by friar's lantern led,* &c. "Friar's lantern," is the Jack and lantern, which led people in the night into marshes and waters. Milton gives the philosophy of this superstition, 'Paradise Lost,' b. ix. 634—642. In the midst of a solemn and learned enarration, his strong imagination could not resist a romantic tradition consecrated by popular credulity.—T. WARTON.

[33] Ver. 105.

Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set, &c.

This goblin is Robin Goodfellow. His cream-bowl was earned, and he paid the punctuality of those by whom it was duly placed for his refection, by the service of threshing with his invisible fairy flail, in one night, and before the dawn of day, a quantity of corn in the barn, which could not have been threshed in so short a time by ten labourers. He then returns into the house, fatigued with his task; and, overcharged with his reward of the cream-bowl, throws himself before the fire, and, stretched along the whole breadth of the fire-place, basks till the morning. —T. WARTON.

[34] Ver. 117. *Tower'd cities please us then.* "Then," that is at night. The poet returns from his digression, perhaps disproportionately prolix, concerning the feats of fairies and goblins, which protract the conversation over the spicy bowl of a village-supper, to enumerate other pleasures or amusements of the night or evening. "Then" is in this line a repetition of the first "Then," ver. 100.

Afterwards, we have another "Then," with the same sense and reference, ver. 131. Here too is a transition from mirth in the country to mirth in the city.—T. WARTON.

[35] Ver. 120. *In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold.* By "triumphs" we are to understand, shows, such as masks, revels, &c. and here, that is in these exhibitions, there was a rich display of the most splendid dresses, of the "weeds of peace." See 'Samson Agonistes,' v. 1312.—T. WARTON.

[36] Ver. 125.

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear, &c.

For, according to Shakspeare, 'Love's Labour's Lost,' a. iv. s. 3:—

> Revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
> Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

Among these triumphs, were the masks, pageantries, spectacles, and revelries, exhibited with great splendour, and a waste of allegoric invention, at the nuptials of noble personages. Here, of course, the classical Hymen was introduced as an actor, properly habited, and distinguished by his characteristic symbols.—T. WARTON.

[37] Ver. 127.

And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry.

The revels, according to Minsheu, were "sports of dauncing, masking, comedies, tragedies, and such like, used in the king's house, the houses of court, or of other great personages." The "antique pageants" were, at first, merely processions and emblematic spectacles at the

public reception of distinguished personages. See Warton's 'Hist. of Eng. Poetry,' vol. ii, 204. They were afterwards distinguished by speaking characters. From these the poet proceeds to the "well-trod stage;" on which expression Mr. Warton remarks that Milton had not yet gone such extravagant lengths in puritanism, as to join with his reforming brethren in condemning the stage.—TODD.

[38] Ver. 132. *If Jonson's learned sock be on.* This expression occurs in Jonson's recommendatory verses, prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays in 1623:—

Or when thy socks were on, T. WARTON.

[39] Ver. 133.

Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

There is good reason to suppose, that Milton threw many additions and corrections into the 'Theatrum Poetarum,' a book published by his nephew Edward Phillips, in 1675: it contains criticisms far above the taste of that period: among these is the following judgment on Shakspeare, which was not then, I believe, the general opinion, and which perfectly coincides both with the sentiment and words of the text:—"In tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragic highth, never any represented nature more purely to the life; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleases with a certain wild and native elegance," &c. 'Mod. Poets,' p. 194.—T. WARTON.

Milton shows his judgment here in celebrating Shakspeare's comedies, rather than his tragedies: but for models of the latter, he refers us rightly, in his 'Penseroso,' to the Grecian scene, verse 97.—HURD.

The present editor reprinted Phillips's 'Theatrum,' as far as concerned the English poets, in 1800, and again at Geneva, in 1824.

[40] Ver. 139. *Bout.* "Bout" is a fold or twist, and often used in this sense by Spenser. See 'Faer. Qu.' I. xi. 3.—TODD.

[41] Ver. 141. *With wanton heed and giddy cunning.* "Cunning." is used in the same sense, in our translation of the Psalms:—"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," Ps. cxxxvii. 5. Which Sandys rightly paraphrases,—"Let my fingers their melodious skill forget," Ps, ed. 1648, p. 210,—TODD.

[42] Ver. 142.

The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

Mr. Malone thinks that Milton has here copied Marston's comedy, 'What you Will,' 1607. Suppl. Shaksp. vol. i. 588:—

Cannot your trembling wires throw a chain
Of powerful rapture 'bout our mazed sense?

But the poet is not displaying the effect of music on the senses, but of a skilful musician on music. Milton's meaning is not, that the senses are enchained or amazed by music; but that, as the voice of the singer runs through the manifold mazes or intricacies of sound, all the chains are untwisted which imprison and entangle the hidden soul, the essence or perfection, of harmony. In common sense, let music be made to show all, even her most hidden powers.—T. WARTON.

[43] Ver. 147. *Of heap'd Elysian flowers.* See 'Paradise

Lost,' b. iii. 359. Mr. Warton adds, that Milton's florid style has this distinction from that of most other poets; that it is marked with a degree of dignity. Pope has borrowed Milton's "Elysian flowers," in his 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.'—TODD.

IL PENSEROSO.

Hence, vain deluding Joys,[1]
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick[2] and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams;
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners[3] of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister[4] might beseem,

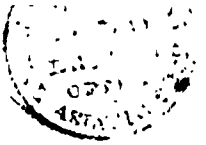
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen[5] that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended:
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she;[6] in Saturn's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain:
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn,[7]
Over thy decent shoulders[8] drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait;
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble,[9] till
With a sad leaden downward cast[10]
Thou fix them on the earth as fast:
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing.
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens[11] takes his pleasure:

But first and chiefest with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation;[12]
And the mute Silence hist along,[13]
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak:
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy![14]
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And oft,[15] as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar:[16]
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,[17]
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.[18]
Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,[19]
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato,[20] to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:
And of those demons[21] that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,[22]
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what, though rare,[23] of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O, sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower!
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing[24]
Such notes, as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,[25]
Of Camball and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wonderous horse of brass,

On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside[26]
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung;
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.[27]
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,[28]
Till civil-suited Morn appear,[29]
Not trick'd and frounced[30] as she was wont
With the Attick boy to hunt,
But kercheft[31] in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd[32] with a shower still,[33]
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.[34]
And, when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,[35]
While the bee[36] with honied thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;

And let some strange mysterious Dream [37]
Wave at his wings in aery stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid:
And, as I wake, sweet musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,[38]
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloysters pale,[39]
And love the high-embowed[40] roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied[41] windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,[42]
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;[43]
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetick strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.



NOTES ON IL PENSEROSO.

[1] Ver. 1. *Hence, vain deluding Joys*, &c. The opening of this poem is formed from a distich in Sylvester, the translator of 'Du Bartas,' p. 1084:—

> Hence, hence, false pleasures, momentary joyes!
> Mocke us no more with your illuding toyes!

BOWLE.

[2] Ver. 7. *As thick*, &c. This imagery is immediately from Sylvester's Cave of Sleep in 'Du Bartas,' p. 316. edit. fol. 1621. He there mentions Morpheus, and speaks of his "fantasticke swarms of dreames that hovered," and swarms of dreams

> Green, red, and yellow, tawney, black and blew:

and these resemble

> The unnumbred moats which in the sun do play.

And these dreams, from their various colours, are afterwards called the "gawdy swarme of dreames." Hence Milton's "fancies fond," "gaudy shapes," "numberless gay motes in the sun-beams," and the "hovering dreams of Morpheus."—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 10. *The fickle pensioners*, &c. "Fickle" is transitory, perpetually shifting, &c. "Pensioners" became a common appellation in our poetry, for train, attendants, retinue, &c. As in the 'Mids. Night's Dream,' a. ii. s. 1. of the faery queen:—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be.

This was in consequence of queen Elizabeth's fashionable establishment of a band of military courtiers by that name. They were some of the handsomest and tallest young men, of the best families and fortune, that could be found: they gave the mode in dress and diversions: they accompanied the queen in her progress to Cambridge, where they held torches at a play on a Sunday in King's College chapel.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 18. *Prince Memnon's sister.* That is, an Ethiopian princess, or sable beauty. Memnon, king of Ethiopia, being an auxiliary of the Trojans, was slain by Achilles. See Virg. 'Æn.' i. 493. "Nigri Memnonis arma." It does not however appear that Memnon had any sister. Tithonus, according to Hesiod, had by Aurora only two sons, Memnon and Emathion, 'Theog.' 984. This lady is a creation of the poet.—DUNSTER.

[5] Ver. 19, *Or that starr'd Ethiop queen.* Cassiope, as we learn from Apollodorus, was the wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia: she boasted herself to be more beautiful than the Nereids, and challenged them to a trial; who, in revenge, persuaded Neptune to send a prodigious whale into Ethiopia. To appease them, she was directed to expose her daughter Andromeda to the monster: but Perseus delivered Andromeda, of whom he was enamoured, and transported Cassiope into heaven, where she became a constellation. Hence she is called "that starr'd Ethiop queen." See Aratus, 'Phænom.' v. 189. seq. But Milton seems to have been struck with an old Gothic print of the constella-

tions, which I have seen in early editions of the astronomers, where this queen is represented with a black body marked with white stars.—T. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 25. *His daughter she.* The meaning of Milton's allegory is, that Melancholy is the daughter of Genius, which is typified by the "bright-hair'd" goddess of the eternal fire. Saturn, the father, is the god of saturnine dispositions, of pensive and gloomy minds.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 35. *And sable stole of cypress lawn.* Here is a character and propriety in the use of the stole, which, in the poetical phraseology of the present day, is not only perpetually misapplied, but misrepresented. It was a veil which covered the head and shoulders; and, as Mr. Bowle observes, was worn only by such of the Roman matrons as were distinguished for the strictness of their modesty.

Cypress is a thin transparent texture.—T. WARTON.

[8] Ver. 36. *Decent shoulders.* Not exposed, therefore decent; more especially, as so covered.—T. WARTON.

[9] Ver. 42. *Forget thyself to marble.* It is the same sort of petrifaction in our author's epitaph on Shakspeare:—

> There thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
> Dost make us marble by too much conceiving.

In both instances excess of thought is the cause.—T. WARTON.

[10] Ver. 43. *With a sad leaden downward cast.* Hence, says Mr. Warton, Gray's expressive phraseology, of the same personage, in his 'Hymn to Adversity:'—

> With leaden eye that loves the ground. TODD.

[11] Ver. 50. *Trim gardens.* Mr. Warton here observes,

that affectation and false elegance were now carried to the most elaborate and absurd excess in gardening; and he notices, among similar monuments of extravagance in other countries, "the garden at Hampton-court, where in privet are figured various animals, the royal arms of England, and many other things." The *architecture du jardinage*, he thinks, may be also discovered in the "spruce spring," the "cedarn alleys," the "crisped shades and bowers," in 'Comus;' and the "trim garden" in 'Arcades,' v. 46.—TODD.

[12] Ver. 52. *Him that yon soars on golden wing,*
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation.

By contemplation, is here meant that stretch of thought, by which the mind ascends to the first good, first perfect, and first fair; and is therefore very properly said to "soar on golden wing, guiding the fiery-wheeled throne;" that is, to take a high and glorious flight, carrying bright ideas of Deity along with it. But the whole imagery alludes to the cherubic forms that conveyed the fiery-wheeled car in Ezekiel, x. 2. seq. See also Milton himself, 'Par. Lost,' b. vi. 750: so that nothing can be greater or juster than this idea of "divine Contemplation." Contemplation, of a more sedate turn, and intent only on human things, is more fitly described, as by Spenser, under the figure of an old man; time and experience qualifying men best for this office. Spenser might then be right in his imagery; and yet Milton might be right in his, without being supposed to ramble after some fanciful Italian.—HURD.

[13] Ver. 55. *And the mute Silence hist along.* I always admired this and the seventeen following lines with excessive delight. There is a spell in it, which goes far beyond mere description: it is the very perfection of ideal, and picturesque, and contemplative poetry.

[14] Ver. 62. *Most musical, most melancholy.* 'L'Allegro' began with the morning of the day, and the lively salutations of the lark: 'Il Penseroso,' with equal propriety, after a general exordium, opens with the night; with moonshine, and the melancholy music of the nightingale.—T. WARTON.

[15] Ver. 71. *And oft,* &c. Here follows a description at once poetically picturesque, and strictly natural; the moon having that appearance of positive descent, as the kind of clouds here described break and disperse around her.—DUNSTER.

[16] Ver. 76. *With sullen roar.* This finely descriptive epithet is adopted from the "sullen bell" in Shakspeare's 'King Henry IV.' P. II. or "the surly sullen bell"[3] in his seventy-first Sonnet.—TODD.

Observe that the toll of bells always comes across a spreading water with extraordinary melancholy. Thus I have been long accustomed to listen to it cross the lake of Geneva with deep emotion. This mention of the curfeu is much finer even than the noble line which opens Gray's 'Elegy,' though that has always been so justly admired.

[17] Ver. 78. *Some still removed place will fit.* That is, "some quiet, remote, or unfrequented place will suit my purpose." "Removed" is the ancient English participle passive for the Latin *remote.*—T. WARTON.

[18] Ver. 83.

Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Anciently the watchman, who cried the hours, used sundry benedictions.—T. WARTON.

[19] Ver. 86. *Be seen in some high lonely tower.* The ex-

traneous circumstance "be seen," gives poetry to a passage, the simple scene of which is only, "Let me study at midnight by a lamp in a lofty tower." Hence a picture is created which strikes the imagination.—T. WARTON.

This is one of those happy observations so characteristic of Thomas Warton. When the midnight wanderer sees through the dark a distant light in a high tower, it much engages his eye, and moves his imagination, if he has any mind and sensitiveness: and this application of mind to the description of scenery is what alone gives it the force of a high order of poetry.

[20] Ver. 89. *The spirit of Plato.* This shows what sort of contemplation he was most fond of. Milton's imagination made him as much a mystic as his good sense would give leave.—HURD.

[21] Ver. 93. *And of those demons,* &c. Undoubtedly these notions are from Plato's 'Timæus' and 'Phædon,' and the reveries of his old commentators; yet with some reference to the Gothic system of demons, which is a mixture of Platonism, school-divinity, and christian superstition.—T. WARTON.

[22] Ver. 97. *Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy*
In sceptred pall come sweeping by.

By "sceptred pall," Dr. Newton understands the *palla honesta* of Horace, 'Art. Poet.' v. 278. But Horace, I humbly apprehend, only means that Æschylus introduced masks and better dresses. *Palla honesta* is simply a "decent robe." Milton means something more: by clothing Tragedy in her "sceptred pall," he intended specifically to point out regal stories as the proper arguments of the higher drama: and this more expressly appears, from the subjects immediately mentioned in the subsequent couplet.—T. WARTON.

[23] Ver. 101. *Though rare.* Just glancing at Shakspeare. —HURD.

[24] Ver. 104. *Might raise Musæus from his bower!*
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing, &c.

Musæus and Orpheus are mentioned together in Plato's 'Republic,' as two of the genuine Greek poets. To Orpheus or his harp our author has frequent allusions.—T. WARTON.

[25] Ver. 109. *Or call up him that left half-told*
The story of Cambuscan bold, &c.

Hence it appears, that Milton, among Chaucer's pieces, was most struck with his 'Squire's Tale:' it best suited our author's predilection for romantic poetry. Chaucer is here ranked with the sublime poets: his comic vein is forgotten and overlooked.—T. WARTON.

[26] Ver. 116. *And if aught else great bards beside,* &c. From Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and who is here distinguished by a story remarkable for the wildness of its invention, our author seems to make a very pertinent and natural transition to Spenser; whose 'Faerie Queene,' although it externally professes to treat of tournaments and the trophies of knightly valour, of fictitious forests and terrific enchantments, is yet allegorical, and contains a remote meaning concealed under the veil of a fabulous action, and of a typical narrative, which is not immediately perceived. Spenser sings in "sage and solemn tunes," with respect to his morality, and the dignity of his stanza. In the mean time, it is to be remembered, that there were other "great bards," and of the romantic class, who sung in such tunes, and who "mean more than meets the ear." Both Tasso and Ariosto pretend to an allegorical and mysterious meaning: and Tasso's enchanted forest, the most conspicuous fiction of the kind, might have been here intended. One is

surprised, that Milton should have delighted in romances: the images of feudal and royal life which those books afford, agreed not at all with his system.—T. WARTON.

[27] Ver. 120. *Where more is meant than meets the ear.* Seneca, Epist. 114. "In quibus plus intelligendum est quam audiendum."—BOWLE.

[28] Ver. 121. *Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career.* Hitherto we have seen the night of the melancholy man: here his day commences: accordingly, this second part or division of the poem is ushered in with a long verse.—T. WARTON.

[29] Ver. 122. *Till civil-suited Morn appear.* Plainly from Shakspeare, as Dr. Newton and Mr. Bowle have separately observed, 'Romeo and Juliet,' a. iii. s. 4:—

Come, civil Night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black.

Where "civil" is grave, decent, solemn.—T. WARTON.

[30] Ver. 123. *Not trick'd and frounced.* The meaning of "frounced" seems most commonly to signify an excessive or affected dressing of the hair: it is from the French *froncer*, to curl.—T. WARTON.

"Trick'd" also should be explained, which means dressed out.—TODD.

[31] Ver. 125. *Kercheft.* Wrapped up as with a handkerchief.—DUNSTER.

[32] Ver. 127. *Or usher'd,* &c. Dr. Johnson, from this to the 154th verse inclusively, thus abridges our author's ideas:—"When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with rain and wind, he walks into the dark trackless woods, falls asleep by some murmuring water, and, with melan-

choly enthusiasm, expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aerial performers." Never were fine imagery and fine imagination so marred, mutilated, and impoverished by a cold, unfeeling, and imperfect representation! To say nothing, that he confounds two descriptions. —T. WARTON.

If he had gone out in a morning of rain and wind, and laid himself down by some murmuring stream, he would have subjected himself to that modern plague, the cholera: but the poet says that it was not till "the sun began to fling his flaring beams," that he went forth to groves and sylvan scenery. Thus it is that Johnson is commonly vague, and full of pompous and empty sounds, when he attempts to describe; yet on such loose descriptions have his fond eulogists given him credit for poetical imagination. Warton saw this with disgust, and here speaks out. How often must the nice and exquisite classical scholarship of this accomplished and genuine critic have been revolted by the rude pedant's coarse and unfeeling pomposity!

[33] Ver. 127. *Still*, i. e. gentle, as this word was once commonly understood.—TODD.

[34] Ver. 130. *With minute drops from off the eaves.* A natural little circumstance, calculated to impress a pleasing melancholy; and which reminds one of a similar image in a poet who abounds in natural little circumstances. Speaking of a gentle spring-shower, "'Tis scarce to patter heard," says Thomson, 'Spring,' ver. 176.—JOS. WARTON.

He means, by "minute drops from off the eaves," not small drops, but minute drops, such as drop at intervals, by minutes, for the shower was now over: as we say, minute guns, and minute bells. In 'L'Allegro,' the lark bade good-morrow at the poet's window, through sweet-briers, honeysuckles, and vines, spreading, as we have seen,

over the walls of the house: now, their leaves are dropping-wet with a morning-shower.—T. WARTON.

[35] Ver. 141. *Day's garish eye.* The "garish eye" is the glaring eye, of Day. So, in 'Rom. and Jul.' a. iii. s. 4. as Dr. Newton has observed, "the garish sun." It is a favourite word with Drayton, who applies it, in the sense of fine, gaudy, to "fields," in his 'Owle,' 1604; and to "flowers," in his 'Nymph.' v. 1630; whence perhaps "the garish columbine" of Milton.—TODD.

[36] Ver. 142. *While the bee,* &c. So Virgil, 'Ecl.' i. 56:—

> Hyblæis apibus florem depasta salicti,
> Sæpe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro.

On the hill Hymettus, the haunt of learning, the bee is made to invite to meditation, with great elegance and propriety, 'Paradise Regained,' iv. 247, &c. Compare also Drayton's 'Owle,' 1604.—T. WARTON.

[37] Ver. 147. *And let some strange mysterious Dream,* &c. I do not exactly understand the whole of the context. Is the Dream to wave at Sleep's wings? Dr. Newton will have "wave" to be a verb neuter; and very justly, as the passage now stands. But let us strike out "at," and make "wave" active:—

> Let some strange mysterious Dream
> Wave his wings, in aery stream, &c.

"Let some fantastic Dream put the wings of Sleep in motion, which shall be displayed, or expanded, in an airy or soft stream of visionary imagery, gently falling or settling on my eyelids." Or, "his" may refer to Dream, and not to Sleep, with much the same sense.—T. WARTON.

There seems to me no difficulty in the passage. "Wave"

is here, as Newton says, a verb neuter. The dream is to wave at the wings of Sleep, in a "display of lively portraiture."

[38] Ver. 151.

And, as I wake, sweet musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath.

This wonderful music, particularly the subterraneous, proceeding from an invisible cause, and whispered to the pious ear alone by some guardian spirit, or the genius of the wood, was probably suggested to Milton's imagination by some of the machineries of the Masks under the contrivance of Inigo Jones.—T. WARTON.

[39] Ver. 156. *Cloysters pale.* Perhaps, "the studious cloyster's pale." *Pale*, enclosure. Milton is fond of the singular number. In the next line follows, as in apposition, "the high-embowed roof."—T. WARTON.

I believe this passage is seldom printed so as to convey the meaning of the poet, viz. the pale or enclosure of the cloister.—DUNSTER.

Dr. Symmons, in his account of Milton's Life, violently objects to this interpretation, which he considers to be very tame and unpoetical.—TODD.

I believe "pale" to be an adjective, and to mean sombre.

The reader is apt to suppose that Milton's allusion is to the cloisters of St. Paul's cathedral, which his feet might duly and daily pace, when a scholar of the celebrated school adjacent. The said cloisters were the boast of the country, as we learn from Stowe's 'Survey of London,' 4to. 1598, p. 264:—"About this cloyster was artificially and richly painted the Dance of Machabray, or Dance of Death, commonly called the Dance of Paul's; the like whereof was painted about St. Innocent's cloyster at Paris. The metres or poesie of this daunce were translated out of

French into English by John Lidgate, monk of Bury, and with the picture of Death leading all estates, painted round the cloyster."

But we are obliged to dispel so pleasing a delusion:—"In the year 1549, on the 10th of April, the chapel of Becket, by commandment of the Duke of Somerset, was begun to be pulled down, with the whole cloyster, the Daunce of Death, the tombs and monuments; so that nothing thereof was left but the bare plot of ground, which is since converted (says Stowe) into a garden for the petty canons." So that the "cloister's pale," i. e. boundary, only was still to be traversed in Milton's time.

We learn from Hume, that this desecration was to supply stones for the erection of the protector's palace in the Strand, called Somerset-house. (Hist. anno 1549.) It was fearfully expiated in 1552.—J. B.

[40] Ver. 157. *High-embowed.* Highly-vaulted, *arcuatus*, arched.—TODD.

[41] Ver. 159. *Storied.* Storied, or painted with stories, that is, histories. In barbarous latinity, *storia* is sometimes used for *historia*. One of the arguments used by the puritans for breaking the painted glass in church windows, was because, by darkening the church, it obscured the new light of the gospel.—T. WARTON.

[42] Ver. 167.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage.

It should be remarked, that Milton wishes to die in the character of the melancholy man.—T. WARTON.

[43] Ver. 172. *And every herb that sips the dew.* It seems probable that Milton was a student in botany; for he speaks with great pleasure of the hopes he had formed of

being assisted in this study by his friend Charles Deodate, who was a physician. See 'Epitaph. Damon.' v. 150.—T. WARTON.

Of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' I believe, opinion is uniform; every man that reads them, reads them with pleasure. The author's design is not, what Theobald has remarked, merely to show how objects derive their colours from the mind, by representing the operation of the same things upon the gay and the melancholy temper, or upon the same man as he is differently disposed; but rather how, among the successive variety of appearances, every disposition of mind takes hold on those by which it may be gratified.

The cheerful man hears the lark in the morning; the pensive man hears the nightingale in the evening: the cheerful man sees the cock strut, and hears the horn and hounds echo in the wood; then walks, "not unseen," to observe the glory of the rising sun, or listen to the singing milk-maid, and view the labours of the ploughman and the mower; then casts his eyes about him over scenes of smiling plenty, and looks up to the distant tower, the residence of some fair inhabitant: thus he pursues rural gaiety through a day of labour or of play, and delights himself at night with the fanciful narratives of superstitious ignorance. The pensive man, at one time, walks "unseen" to muse at midnight; and, at another, hears the solemn curfew: if the weather drives him home, he sits in a room lighted only by "glowing embers;" or by a lonely lamp outwatches the north star, to discover the habitation of separate souls; and varies the shades of meditation, by contemplating the magnificent or pathetic scenes of tragic and epic poetry. When the morning comes, a morning gloomy with rain and wind, he falls asleep by some murmuring water, and with melancholy enthusiasm expects some dream of prognostication, or some music played by aerial performers.

Both Mirth and Melancholy are solitary, silent inhabitants of the breast, that neither receive nor transmit communication; no mention is therefore made of a philosophical friend, or of a pleasant companion. The seriousness does not arise from any participation of calamity, nor the gaiety from the pleasures of the bottle. The man of cheerfulness, having exhausted the country, tries what "tower'd cities" will afford, and mingles with scenes of splendour, gay assemblies, and nuptial festivities; but he mingles a mere spectator, as, when the learned comedies of Jonson or the wild dramas of Shakspeare are exhibited, he attends the theatre: the pensive man never loses himself in crowds, but walks the cloister, or frequents the cathedral. Milton probably had not yet forsaken the church.

Both his characters delight in music; but he seems to think that cheerful notes would have obtained from Pluto a complete dismission of Eurydice, of whom solemn sounds procured only a conditional release. For the old age of Cheerfulness he makes no provision; but Melancholy he conducts with great dignity to the close of life: his cheerfulness is without levity, and his pensiveness without asperity. Through these two poems the images are properly selected, and nicely distinguished; but the colours of the diction seem not sufficiently discriminated: I know not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart: no mirth can, indeed, be found in his melancholy; but I am afraid that I always meet some melancholy in his mirth. They are two noble efforts of imagination.—JOHNSON.

Of these two exquisite little poems, I think it clear that the last is the most taking; which is owing to the subject. The mind delights most in these solemn images, and a genius delights most to paint them.—HURD.

'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' may be called the two first descriptive poems in the English language: it is perhaps true, that the characters are not sufficiently kept

apart; but this circumstance has been productive of greater excellences. It has been remarked, "No mirth indeed can be found in his melancholy, but I am afraid I always meet some melancholy in his mirth." Milton's is the dignity of mirth: his cheerfulness is the cheerfulness of gravity: the objects he selects in his 'L'Allegro' are so far gay, as they do not naturally excite sadness: laughter and jollity are named only as personifications, and never exemplified: "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles," are enumerated only in general terms. There is specifically no mirth in contemplating a fine landscape; and even his landscape, although it has flowery meads and flocks, wears a shade of pensiveness; and contains "russet lawns," "fallows gray," and "barren mountains," overhung with "labouring clouds:" its old turreted mansion, peeping from the trees, awakens only a train of solemn and romantic, perhaps melancholy reflection. Many a pensive man listens with delight to the "milk-maid singing blithe," to the "mower whetting his scythe," and to a distant peal of village-bells. He chose such illustrations as minister matter for new poetry and genuine description: even his most brilliant imagery is mellowed with the sober hues of philosophic meditation. It was impossible for the author of 'Il Penseroso' to be more cheerful, or to paint mirth with levity: that is, otherwise than in the colours of the higher poetry. Both poems are the result of the same feelings, and the same habits of thought.

Dr. Johnson has remarked, that, in 'L'Allegro,' "no part of the gaiety is made to arise from the pleasures of the bottle." The truth is, that Milton means to describe the cheerfulness of the philosopher or the student, the amusements of a contemplative mind; and on this principle he seems unwilling to allow that Mirth is the offspring of Bacchus and Venus, deities who preside over sensual gratifications; but rather adopts the fiction of those more serious and sapient fablers, who suppose that her proper

parents are Zephyr and Aurora; intimating, that his cheerful enjoyments are those of the temperate and innocent kind, of early hours and rural pleasures. That critic does not appear to have entered into the spirit, or to have comprehended the meaning, of our author's 'Allegro.'

No man was ever so disqualified to turn puritan as Milton: in both these poems, he professes himself to be highly pleased with the choral church-music, with Gothic cloisters, the painted windows and vaulted ailes of a venerable cathedral, with tilts and tournaments, and with masques and pageantries. What very repugnant and unpoetical principles did he afterwards adopt! He helped to subvert monarchy, to destroy subordination, and to level all distinctions of rank: but this scheme was totally inconsistent with the splendours of society, with "throngs of knights and barons bold," with "store of ladies," and "high triumphs," which belonged to a court. "Pomp, and feast, and revelry," the show of Hymen, "with mask and antique pageantry," were among the state and trappings of nobility, which, as an advocate for republicanism, he detested: his system of worship, which renounced all outward solemnity, all that had ever any connexion with popery, tended to overthrow the "studious cloisters pale," and the "high-embowed roof;" to remove the "storied windows richly dight," and to silence the "pealing organ" and the "full-voiced quire." The delights arising from these objects were to be sacrificed to the cold and philosophical spirit of Calvinism, which furnished no pleasures to the imagination.—T. Warton.

SONNETS.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE form of the sonnet was invented by the Italians. I have given an opinion of this sort of composition, and of the nature and degree of Milton's merit in this department, in my Life of the Poet, in Vol. I. Some of these twenty-three short compositions may not perhaps be above mediocrity: some of them are vigorous, and concordant with the stern portion of the poet's genius: the major part appear to have been written when he was not in a poetical mood, but occupied with harsher studies.

The seventh Sonnet, 'On being arrived to the age of twenty-three,' (1634) is very fine: it is pre-eminently interesting, as an early development of his own innate character, vowed to great undertakings, and grieved that his virtuous and sublime ambition had yet advanced no step in its own accomplishment. Here the language is simple, chaste, and smooth, and the numbers are not unmelodious.

The next, 'When the Assault was intended to the City,' (1642) shows that the poet had now conceived that firm opinion of his own genius and worth, which never after-

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wards deserted him: he puts himself upon a par with Pindar and Euripides. Warton and Todd consider it one of Milton's best Sonnets: I do not exactly accede to that opinion.

There is more of poetical expression in the next, 'To a virtuous young Lady.'

The tenth, 'To the Lady Margaret Ley,' daughter of James Ley, Earl of Marlborough, Lord President of the Council, has only that sort of merit which is derived from the just consciousness of the bard, that his very mention of another with praise would confer immortality on that person.

The next Sonnet, on his own book, called 'Tetrachordon,' written in a vein of ridicule, is not worthy of much notice: but the twelfth, on the same subject, has some fine lines on the distinction between liberty and licentiousness.

The praise of Henry Lawes, in the thirteenth Sonnet, draws its principal value from the fame of the panegyrist, and the interest we take in knowing the opinion of great men regarding those of their contemporaries, whose celebrity has passed down to our own times.

Several of the lines 'On the Memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson,' are poetical, beautiful, and affecting.

The fifteenth, 'To the Lord General Fairfax,' is generally and properly admired, as powerful, majestic, and historically valuable: it has a loftiness of sentiment and tone becoming the bold and enlightened bard.

The sixteenth Sonnet, 'To Cromwell,' is the most nervous of all. Many will doubt whether Cromwell deserved these praises; but Milton's praise seems to have been sincere. The images and expressions are for the most part dignified, grand, and poetical: but Warton truly observes, that the close is an anticlimax.

The Sonnet which follows, 'To Sir Henry Vane the

younger,' is somewhat prosaic, involved, and harsh, though it has a rude strength. The character of Vane remains to this day somewhat doubtful: Warton's character of him is discriminative and sagacious.

The eighteenth Sonnet, 'On the late Massacre in Piemont,' 1655, is full of pathos, noble sentiment, and grand imagery; but the subject is almost too extensive for a sonnet.

The Sonnet, 'On his Blindness,' is to my taste next in interest to that 'On arriving at his twenty-third Year:' the sentiments and expressions are in all respects Miltonic.

Of the next, 'To Mr. Lawrence,' it has been truly observed, that it is perfectly Horatian. Lawrence was ancestor to the late Judge Lawrence, of the King's Bench.

The twenty-first, 'To Cyriack Skinner,' is of the same character.

The next, 'To the Same,' is of a higher tone: he here speaks of his blindness, and his fortitude under it.

The twenty-third and last is, 'On his deceased Wife,' his second wife, the daughter of Captain Woodcock, about 1656: it is in the form of a vision, and is very poetical and plaintive.

As to the Italian Sonnets, which follow the first, they have received the praises of the critics of that poetical country. Another English poet has latterly distinguished himself still more in the same way, Mr. Mathias, who resided the last twenty years at Naples, and died there in August, or the end of July, 1835.*

I must confess that more poetry might have been introduced into these Sonnets than our immortal bard has effected: I think that they are not equal in sublimity to

* See 'Athenæum,' August 22, 1835.

Dante; and certainly have little similitude to the tenderness, harmony, and soft and plaintive imagery of Petrarch. Indeed, our language will scarcely admit the softness of the Italian tones: but Wordsworth has shown what rich and harmonious poetry the legitimate sonnet will admit even in our language; and the late lamented Mrs. Hemans has done the same, though in a different style. Charlotte Smith's Sonnets excel in a soft melancholy; and T. Warton's are rich in description, and classical in expression.*

But Dyer's collection will prove that there are many good sonnets by several modern authors, as Edwards, Bamfylde, Bowles, Kirke White, Leyden: but one I must especially quote; because it is by the last editor of Milton's poems, the Rev. John Mitford, of Benhall, in Suffolk; a man of great genius, great learning, and great taste, and an excellent prose writer as well as poet. It comes from a note to his 'Life of Milton,' p. xix.

GENOA, 1822.

Rise, Genoa, rise in beauty from the sea:
Old Doria's blood is flowing in thy veins:
Rise, peerless in thy beauty! what remains
Of thy old glory is enough for me!

* See Dyer's 'Specimens of English Sonnets,' 1833. This chronological and critical series of sonnets has been selected in concurrence with the opinions which I ventured to express to the editor. It appears to me an instructive gradation of specimens, and ought to be studied by every lover of English poetry with great attention: it shows the progress of language and thought, and proves that the genuine character of poetry is always the same. How little difference is there between the language and sentiment and harmony of Shakspeare, and those of the present day! the high intellect and sensibility of human nature are always the same.

Flow then, ye emerald waters, bright and free;
And breathe, ye orange groves, along her plains:
Ye fountains, sparkle through her marble fanes;
And hang aloft, thou rich and purple sky!
Hang up thy gorgeous canopy, thou sun!
Shine on her marble palaces, that gleam
Like silver in thy never-dying beam:
Think of the years of glory she has won.
She must not sink before her race is run,
Nor her long age of conquest seem a dream.

In Milton's Sonnets there is nothing of the flow and excited temperament of 'Lycidas:' the reiteration of the rhyme seems in general to embarrass and impede the author: the words are sometimes forced into their places: it seems as if the writer was resolved to rely solely on the strength or elevation of the thought: neither have they any imagination, except the last; nor any rural pictures.

This is a less favourable view of these Sonnets than I have been accustomed hitherto to take; but it arises from a still more close and analytical dissection of them, or, perhaps, from a transient state of gloom and spleen in myself. I will never admit that the sonnet is not capable of every sort of sweetness and poetical spirit; but its shortness is some impediment to the gradual elevation to grand or passionate strains: it has not

Ample room and verge enough.

Though Milton's single images are commonly given with extraordinary compression, yet the multitude of them is inconsistent with the limits of the sonnet: the power of the web depends on its combination and extension. The poet scorns all prettiness or littleness: I do not wonder, therefore, that in these short compositions he has not hit the popular taste: I am rather surprised, that, fond as he was of the

Italian poets, he did not here catch more of their manner; at least, of the solemn and sombre inspiration of Dante, if not of the amatory tenderness of Petrarch.

Loftiness of understanding, and the resolution of a bold, virtuous, strong, and uncompromising heart, the bard had at all times; they were inseparable from his nature: but I persevere in the conviction, that during that long period of his middle life, when he was engaged in political controversy and state affairs, the fire and tone of the Muse was suppressed, and partly forgotten. Mighty poet as he was, I am sure that he would have been still greater, if he had never engaged in politics: these politics weighed down and stifled all the romantic predilections and golden arrays of his youthful taste and enthusiastic imagination: chivalry was his early delight, and how could chivalry and democracy co-exist?

Such are the inconsistencies of the most highly endowed and greatest of men! for what man has been greater or more virtuous than Milton? Though the idle pomps and riches of the world were not with him,—empty possessions which he scorned; yet how much greater was he than kings and heroes! In his solitary study, working out his glorious fables by the midnight lamp, how infinitely more exalted, than in his office of secretary; or than if he had been performing the acts of Cromwell and Fairfax, the themes of his majestic Muse!

SONNETS.

I.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.[1]
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,[2]
Portend success in love. O, if Jove's will
Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
As thou from year to year hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why:
Whether the Muse or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.[3]

II.

Donna legiadra, il cui bel nome honora
L'herbosa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco;
Bene è colui d'ogni valore scarco,
Qual tuo spirto gentil non innamora:
Che dolcemente mostra si di fuora
De sui atti soavi giamai parco,
E i don', che son d'amor saette ed arco,
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover possa duro alpestre legno,
Guardi ciascun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te si trouva indegno;
Gratia sola di su gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l disio amoroso al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aspro, al imbrunir di sera
L'avezza giovinetta pastorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta strana e bella
Che mal si spande a disusata spera
Fuor di sua natia alma primavera,
Cosi Amor meco insù la lingua snella
Desta il fior novo di strania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzosamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.
Amor lo volse, ed io a l'altrui peso
Seppi ch' Amor cosa mai volse indarno.
Deh! foss' il mio cuor lento e'l duro seno
A chi pianta dal ciel si buon terreno.

CANZONE.*

Ridonsi donne e giovani amorosi
M' accostandosi attorno, e perche scrivi,
Perche tu scrivi in lingua ignota e strana
Verseggiando d' amor, e come t'osi?
Dinne, se la tua speme sia mai vana,
E de pensieri lo miglior t'arrivi;
Cosi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Aliri lidi t'aspettan, ed altre onde
Nelle cui verdi sponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L' immortal guiderdon d' eterne frondi
Perche alle spalle tue soverchia soma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me rispondi
Dice mia Donna, e' l suo dir, é il mio cuore
Questa e lingua di cui si vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l dirò con maraviglia,
Quel ritroso io ch'amor spreggiar soléa
E de suoi lacci spesso mi ridéa
Gia caddi, ov' huom dabben talhor s' impiglia.
Ne treccie d' oro, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian sì, ma sotto novo idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honesti,[1] e nelle ciglia
Quel sereno fulgor d'amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemispero
Traviar ben puo la faticosa Luna,
E degli occhi suoi auventa si gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei vostr' occhi, Donna mia
Esser non puo che non sian lo mio sole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei suole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s' invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne sentì pria)
Da quel lato si spinge ove mi duole,
Che forse amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman sospir; io non so che si sia:
Parte rinchiusa, e turbida si cela:
Scosso mi il petto, e poi n'uscendo poco
Quivi d' attorno o s' agghiaccia, o s' ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occi giunge a trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me suol far piovose
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di rose.'

VI.

Giovane piano, e semplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me stesso in dubbio sono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l' humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
L' hebbi fedele, intrepido, costante,
De pensieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e scocca il tuono,
S'arma di se, e d' intero diamante:
Tanto del forse, e d' invidia sicuro,
Di timori, e speranze, al popol use,
Quanto d' ingegno, e d' alto valor vago,
E di cetra sonora, e delle muse:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro,
Ove Amor mise l' insanabil ago '

VII.

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED TO THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE.

How soon hath Time,[1] the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near;
And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven;
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

VIII.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
The great Emathian conquerour bid spare
The house of Pindarus,[1] when temple and tower
Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet[2] had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

IX.

TO A VIRTUOUS YOUNG LADY.

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hast shunn'd the broad way and the green,
And with those few art eminently seen,
That labour up the hill of heavenly truth;
The better part with Mary and with Ruth
Chosen thou hast; and they that overween,
And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.
Thy care is fix'd, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame.[1] Therefore be sure,
Thou, when the bridegroom with his feastful friends[2]
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night,
Hast gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wise and pure.

X.

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY.

Daughter to that good earl,[1] once president
Of England's council and her treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,
Till sad the breaking of that parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.[2]
Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet;
So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

XI.

ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED UPON MY WRITING CERTAIN TREATISES.*

A book was writ of late call'd 'Tetrachordon,'[1]
And woven close, both matter, form, and style;
The subject new: it walk'd the town awhile,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stall-reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,

Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?[2]
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
That would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,[3]
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp,
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and king Edward, Greek.

XII.

ON THE SAME.*

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient liberty,
When straight a barbarous noise[1] environs me
Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs:
As when those hinds[2] that were transform'd to frogs
Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;
That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free.[3]
License they mean when they cry liberty;
For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
But from that mark how far they rove we see,
For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.[4]

XIII.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON THE PUBLISHING HIS AIRS.

Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long;[1]
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,[2]
With praise enough for Envy to look wan:
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,[3]
That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.
Thou honour'st verse, and verse must lend her wing
To honour thee, the priest of Phœbus' quire,
That tunest their happiest lines in hymn or story.[4]
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella,[5] whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the milder shades of purgatory.

XIV.

ON THE RELIGIOUS MEMORY OF MRS. CATHARINE THOMSON,

MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND, DECEASED DEC. 16, 1646.*

When Faith and Love, which parted from thee never,
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of death, call'd life; which us from life doth sever.

Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;[1]
But, as Faith pointed with her golden rod,[2]
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever.
Love led them on; and Faith, who knew them best
Thy handmaids, clad them o'er with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew so drest,
And spake the truth of thee on glorious themes
Before the Judge; who thenceforth bid thee rest,
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams.

XV.

TO THE LORD GENERAL FAIRFAX.*

Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rings,
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise,
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumours loud, that daunt remotest kings;[1]
Thy firm unshaken virtue ever brings
Victory home, though new rebellions raise
Their hydra heads, and the false North displays
Her broken league[2] to imp their serpent wings.[3]
O, yet a nobler task awaits thy hand,
(For what can war but endless war still breed?)
Till truth and right from violence be freed,
And publick faith clear'd from the shameful brand
Of publick fraud.[4] In vain doth Valour bleed,
While Avarice and Rapine share the land.

XVI.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.*

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only,[1] but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune[2] proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued;
While Darwen stream,[3] with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureat wreath.[4] Yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War: new foes arise
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.[5]
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.[6]

XVII.

TO SIR HENRY VANE THE YOUNGER.*

Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old,
Than whom a better senator ne'er held
The helm of Rome, when gowns, not arms, repell'd
The fierce Epirot and the African bold;
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states[1] hard to be spell'd;
Then to advise how War may, best upheld,
Move by her two main nerves, iron and gold,

In all her equipage: besides to know
Both spiritual power and civil, what each means,
What severs each, thou hast learn'd, which few
have done:
The bounds of either sword to thee we owe:
Therefore on thy firm hand Religion leans
In peace, and reckons thee her eldest son.

XVIII.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEMONT.*

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose
bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and
stones,[1]
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks.[2] Their
moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes
sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.[3]

XIX.

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,[1]
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'[2]
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies;—'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts;[3] who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.'[4]

XX.

TO MR. LAWRENCE.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,[1]
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.[2]

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge,[3] and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

XXI.

TO CYRIACK SKINNER.*

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench;
To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that, after, no repenting draws;[1]
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intends,[2] and what the French.
To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XXII.

TO THE SAME.

Cyriack, this three years day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope;[1] but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied[2]
In liberty's defence,[3] my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

XXIII.

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint[1]
Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave,[2]
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.

Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint;—
Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was veil'd; yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked; she fled; and day brought back my night.

NOTES ON SONNETS.

SONNET I.—[1] Ver. 4.

While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.

Because the nightingale is supposed to begin singing in April.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 6. *First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,* &c. That is, if they happen to be heard before the cuckoo, it is lucky for the lover. Milton laments afterwards, that hitherto the nightingale had not preceded the cuckoo as she ought: had always sung too late, that is, after the cuckoo.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 14. *Of their train am I.* This sonnet has been commended rather more than it deserves: the nightingale is a common theme of poets, and has been often better sung.

[4] CANZONE.—It is from Petrarch, that Milton mixes the *canzone* with the *sonetto.* Dante regarded the *canzone* as the most perfect species of lyric composition, 'Della Volg. Eloqu.' c. iv. but, for the *canzone,* he allows more laxity than for the sonnet. He says, when the song is written on a grave or tragic subject, it is denominated *canzone;* and when on a comic, *cantilena,* as diminutive.—T. WARTON.

SONNET IV.—[1] Ver. 8. *Portamenti alti honesti.* So before 'Son.' iii. 8. "Vezzosamente altera." *Portamento* expresses the lofty dignified deportment, by which the Italian poets constantly describe female beauty; and which is strikingly characteristic of the composed majestic carriage of the Italian ladies, either as contrasted with the liveliness of the French, or the timid delicacy of the English.—T. WARTON.

SONNET V.—[1] Ver. 14. *Colma di rose.* The forced thoughts at the close of this sonnet are intolerable: but he was now in the land of conceit, and was infected by writing in its language. He had changed his native Thames for Arno, 'Son.' iii. 9.

> Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteso,
> E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno. T. WARTON.

SONNET VI.—[1] Ver. 14. *L'insanabil ago.* Milton had a natural severity of mind. For love-verses, his Italian sonnets have a remarkable air of gravity and dignity: they are free from the metaphysics of Petrarch, and are more in the manner of Dante: yet he calls his seventh sonnet, in a letter printed from the Cambridge manuscript by Birch, a composition in the Petrarchian stanza. In 1762, the late Mr. Thomas Hollis examined the Laurentian library at Florence, for six Italian sonnets of Milton, addressed to his friend Chimentelli; and for other Italian and Latin compositions and various original letters, said to be remaining in manuscript at Florence: he searched also for an original bust in marble of Milton, supposed to be somewhere in that city: but he was unsuccessful in his curious inquiries.—T. WARTON.

This bust of Milton is now in England: it is beautifully carved, small, and in a very architectural case of mahogany. The likeness shows both the features and the age of the poet.—J. B.

Mr. Hayley justly considers this sonnet as a very spirited and singular sketch of the poet's own character.—TODD.

SONNET VII.—[1] Ver. 1. *How soon hath Time*, &c. This sonnet was written at Cambridge in 1631, and sent in the following letter to a friend, who had importuned our author to take orders:—

'Sir,

'Besides that, in sundry other respects, I must acknowledge me to profit by you whenever we meet; you are often to me, and were yesterday especially, as good a watchman to admonish that the hours of the night pass on, (for so I call my life, as yet obscure and unserviceable to mankind) and that the day with me is at hand, wherein Christ commands all to labour while there is light: which because I am persuaded you do to no other purpose, than out of a true desire that God should be honoured in every one, I therefore think myself bound, though unaskt, to give you account, as oft as occasion is, of this my tardy moving, according to the precept of my conscience, which I firmly trust is not without God. Yet now I will not streine for any set apologie, but only refere myself to what my mind shall have at any tyme, to declare herself at her best ease. But if you think as you said, that too much love of learning is in fault, and that I have given up myself to dreame away my years in the arms of a studious retirement, like Endymion with the Moone, as the tale of Latmus goes; yet consider, that if it were no more than the meer love of learning, whether it proceed from a principle bad, good, or naturall, it could not have held out thus long against so strong opposition on the other side of every kind. For, if it be bad, why should not all the fond hopes, that forward youthe and vanitie are fledged with, together with gaine, pride, and ambition, call me forward more powerfully, than a poor, regardless, and unprofitable sin of curiosity should be able

to withhold me, whereby a man cuts himselfe off from all action, and becomes the most helplesse, pusillanimous, and unweaponed creature in the world; the most unfit and unable to do that, which all mortals most aspire to; either to be usefull to his friends, or to offend his enemies. Or, if it be to be thought a natural pronenesse, there is against that a much more potent inclination inbred, which about this time of a man's life sollicits most the desire of house and family of his owne, to which nothing is esteemed more helpful, than the early entering into credible employment, and nothing more hindring than this affected solitarinesse; and tho' this were enough, yet there is to this another act, if not of pure, yet of refined nature, no lesse availeable to dissuade prolonged obscurity; a desire of honour, and repute, and immortal fame, seated in the breast of every true scholar; which all make haste to, by the readiest ways of publishing and divulging conceived merits, as well those that shall, as those that never shall obtain it. Nature would presently work the more prevalent way, if there were nothing but this inferiour bent to restraine her. Lastly, the love of learning, as it is the pursuit of something good, it would sooner follow the more excellent and supreme good known and presented, and so be quickly exempted from the emptie and fantastic chase of shadows and notions, to the solid good flowing from due and tymely obedience to that command in the Gospel, sett out by the terrible seasing of him that hid the talent. It is more probable therefore that, not the endlesse delight of speculation, but this very consideration of that great commandment, does not presse forward as soon as many doe to undergoe, but keeps off with a sacred reverence and religious advisement how best to undergoe; not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit; for those that were latest lost nothing when the maister of the vineyard came in to give each one his hire. And here I am come to a stream-head, copious enough to disburthen itself like Nilus at seven mouths into an ocean:

but then I should also run into a reciprocall contradiction of ebbing and flowing at once, and do that which I excuse myself for not doing, preach and not preach. Yet that you may see I am something suspicious of myselfe, and do take notice of a certain belatednesse in me, I am the bolder to send you some of my nightward thoughts, some while since, because they come in not altogether unfitly, made up in a Petrarchian stanza, which I told you of:—

How soon hath Time, &c.

By this I believe you may well repent of having made mention at all of this matter; for if I have not all this while won you to this, I have certainly wearied you of it. This therefore alone may be a sufficient reason for me to keep me as I am; least, having thus tired you singly, I should deal worse with a whole congregation, and spoyle all the patience of a parish; for I myself do not only see my own tediousnesse, but now grow offended with it, that has hindered me thus long from coming to the last and best period of my letter, and that which must now chiefly work my pardon;—that I am your true and unfained friend,

'JOHN MILTON.'

SONNET VIII.—[1] Ver. 10.

The great Emathian conquerour bid spare
The house of Pindarus.

As a poet, Milton had as good right to expect this favour as Pindar; nor was the English monarch less a protector of the arts, and a lover of poetry, than Alexander. As a subject, Milton was too conscious that his situation was precarious, and that his seditious tracts had forfeited all pretensions to his sovereign's mercy. Mr. Bowle here refers us to Pliny, l. vii. c. 29:—"Alexander Magnus Pindari vatis familiæ penatibusque jussit parci, cum Thebas caperet;" and to the old commentator on Spenser's 'Pastorals,' who relates this incident more at large, and where it might have first struck Milton, as a great reader of

Spenser. Ælian says, that in this havoc, Alexander honoured the family of Pindar, and suffered his house alone to stand untouched and entire; having killed 90,000 Thebans, and taken 30,000 prisoners.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 13. *Of sad Electra's poet*, &c. Plutarch relates, that when the Lacedemonian general Lysander took Athens, it was proposed in a council of war entirely to raze the city, and convert its site into a desert: but during the debate, at a banquet of the chief officers, a certain Phocian sung some fine anastrophics from a chorus of the 'Electra' of Euripides; which so affected the hearers, that they declared it an unworthy act, to reduce a place, so celebrated for the production of illustrious men, to total ruin and desolation. The lines of Euripides are at ver. 168. It appears, however, that Lysander ordered the walls and fortifications to be demolished. By the epithet "sad," Milton denominates the pathetic character of Euripides. "Repeated" signifies recited. But it has been ingeniously suggested, that the epithet "sad" belongs to Electra, who very often so calls herself in Euripides's play; and says, that all the city gave her the same appellation.—T. WARTON.

Electra had been before denominated "sad" by Drummond, in his 'Elegy on Prince Henry's death:'—

And sad Electra's sisters, who still weepe.

This is one of Milton's best Sonnets, as Mr. Warton observes. It was written in 1642, when the king's army was arrived at Brentford, and had thrown the whole city into consternation.—TODD.

SONNET IX.—[1] Ver. 11. *And hope that reaps not shame.* Rom. v. 5.—HURD.

[2] Ver. 12. *When the bridegroom with his feastful friends.*

"Feastful" is an epithet in Spenser. He alludes to the midnight feasting of the Jews before the consummation of marriage.—T. WARTON.

SONNET X.—[1] Ver. 1. *Daughter to that good earl.* She was the daughter of Sir James Ley, whose singular learning and abilities raised him through all the great posts of the law, till he came to be made Earl of Marlborough, and Lord High Treasurer, and Lord President of the Council to King James I. He died in an advanced age; and Milton attributes his death to "the breaking of the parliament;" and it is true that the parliament was dissolved the 10th of March, 1628-9, and he died on the 14th of the same month. He left several sons and daughters; and the Lady Margaret was married to Captain Hobson of the Isle of Wight. It appears, from the accounts of Milton's life, that in 1643 he used frequently to visit this lady and her husband; about which time we may suppose this Sonnet to have been composed.—NEWTON.

[2] Ver. 8. *Kill'd with report that old man eloquent.* Isocrates, the orator. The victory was gained by Philip of Macedon over the Athenians.—T. WARTON.

* SONNET XI.—Dr. Johnson says of this and the next Sonnet, that "the first is contemptible, and the second not excellent;" and yet he had unfairly selected the contemptible Sonnet as a specimen, in his Dictionary, of this species of verse in English. But Milton wrote this Sonnet in sport.—TODD.

After this proved fact, who can doubt Johnson's malignity and dishonesty towards Milton?

[1] Ver. 1. *A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon.* This elaborate discussion, unworthy in many respects of Milton, and in which much acuteness of argument and

comprehension of reading were idly thrown away, was received with contempt, or rather ridicule, as we learn from Howell's 'Letters.' A better proof that it was treated with neglect is, that it was attacked by two nameless and obscure writers only; one of whom Milton calls, "a serving-man turned solicitor." Our author's divorce was on Platonic principles: he held, that disagreement of mind was a better cause of separation than adultery or frigidity: here was a fair opening for the laughers. This and the following Sonnet were written soon after 1645. For this doctrine Milton was summoned before the lords: but they not approving his accusers, the presbyterian clergy, or thinking the business too speculative, he was quickly dismissed. On this occasion Milton commenced hostilities against the presbyterians. He illustrates his own system in this line of 'Par. Lost,' b. ix. 372. "Go; for thy stay, not free, absents thee more." Milton wished he had not written this work in English. This is observed by Mr. Bowle, who points out the following [illegible] f, in the 'Defensio Secunda:'—"Vellem hoc tantum, sermone vernaculo me non scripsisse: non enim in vernas lectores incidissem, quibus solenne est sua bona ignorare, aliorum mala irridere." This was one of Milton's books published in consequence of his divorce [separation] from his first wife. "Tetrachordon" signifies expositions on the four chief places in Scripture which mention marriage or nullities in marriage.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 9. *Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp.* Milton is here collecting, from his hatred to the Scots, what he thinks Scottish names of an ill sound. "Colkitto" and "Macdonnel," are one and the same person; a brave officer on the royal side, an Irishman of the Antrim family, who served under Montrose: the Macdonalds of that family are styled, by way of distinction, "Mac Collcittok," i. e. descendants of lame Colin. "Galasp" is a Scottish writer against the independents; for whom see Milton's

verses 'On the Forcers of Conscience,' &c. He is George Gillespie, one of the Scotch members of the assembly of divines, as his name is subscribed to their letter to the Belgic, French, and Helvetian churches, dated 1643: in which they pray, "that these three nations may be joined as one stick in the hands of the Lord; that all mountains may become plains before them and us; that then all who now see the plummet in our hands, may also behold the top-stone set upon the head of the Lord's house among us, and may help us with shouting to cry, Grace, grace, to it." Rushw. p. 371. Such was the rhetoric of these reformers of reformation!—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 12. *Sir John Cheek.* Or Cheke: he was the first professor of the Greek tongue in the university of Cambridge, and was highly instrumental in bringing that language into repute, and restoring the original pronunciation of it; though with great opposition from the patrons of ignorance and popery, and especially from Gardiner, bishop of Winchester, and chancellor of the university. He was afterwards made one of the tutors to Edward VI. See his Life by Strype, or in the 'Biographia Britannica.'—NEWTON.

* SONNET XII.—The preceding Sonnet is evidently of a ludicrous, the present of a more contemptuous cast. There is a portrait of the celebrated Spanish poet, Lopez de Vega, painted when he was young; surrounded by dogs, monkeys, and other monsters, and writing in the midst of them, without attending to their noise. It is not improbable that Milton might have seen, or heard of, this curious picture of his contemporary; and be led, in consequence, to describe so minutely, in this Sonnet, the "barbarous noise that environed him."—TODD.

[1] Ver. 3. *When straight a barbarous noise,* &c. Milton

was violently censured by the presbyterian clergy for his 'Tetrachordon,' and other tracts of that tendency.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 5. *As when those hinds*, &c. The fable of the Lycian clowns changed into frogs is related by Ovid, 'Met.' vi. fab. 4: and the poet, in saying "Which after held the sun and moon in fee," intimates the good hopes which he had of himself, and his expectations of making a considerable figure in the world.—Newton.

[3] Ver. 10. *When truth would set them free.* Compare St. John, viii. 32. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—Todd.

[4] Ver. 14. *Loss of blood.* The latter part of this Sonnet is very fine, and contains a most important political truth.

Sonnet xiii, [1] Ver. 4.

With Midas ears, committing short and long.

"Committing" is a Latinism, as Mr. Warton observes; and, as Mr. Richardson had remarked, conveys with it the idea of offending against quantity and harmony.—Todd.

[2] Ver. 5. *Exempts thee from the throng.* Horace, 'Od.' i. i. 32. "Secernunt populo."—Richardson.

[3] Ver. 7. *Thou shalt be writ the man.* This also is in the style of Horace, 'Od.' i. vi. 1:—

Scriberis Vario fortis, et hostium
Victor. Newton.

[4] Ver. 11. *Or story.* "The story of Ariadne set by him to musick." This is a note in the margin of this Sonnet, as it stands prefixed to "Choice Psalms put into musick by Henry and William Lawes, Lond. for H. Moseley, 1648."

The inscription is there, "To my friend Mr. Henry Lawes." —T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 13. *Than his Casella*, &c. Dante, on his arrival in Purgatory, sees a vessel approaching the shore, freighted with souls under the conduct of an angel, to be cleansed from their sins, and made fit for Paradise: when they are disembarked, the poet recognises in the crowd his old friend Casella the musician. The interview is strikingly imagined, and, in the course of an affectionate dialogue, the poet requests a soothing air; and Casella sings, with the most ravishing sweetness, Dante's second Canzone. By "milder shades," our author means, shades comparatively much less horrible than those which Dante describes in the 'Inferno.' —T. WARTON.

See a notice of Henry Lawes in the notes prefixed to 'Comus.'

* SONNET XIV.—*Mrs. Catharine Thomson.* I find in the accounts of Milton's life, that when he was first made Latin secretary, he lodged at one Thomson's, next door to the Bull-head tavern at Charing-cross. This Mrs. Thomson was in all probability one of that family.—NEWTON.

[1] Ver. 6. *Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod.* "Nor in the grave were trod," is a beautiful periphrasis for "good deeds forgotten at her death," and a happy improvement of the original line in the manuscript;—"Straight follow'd thee the path that saints have trod."—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 7. *With her golden rod.* Perhaps from the golden reed in the Apocalypse.—T. WARTON.

* SONNET XV.—For obvious political reasons, this Sonnet, the two following, and the two to Cyriack Skinner, were not inserted in the edition of 1673; they were first

printed at the end of Philips's Life of Milton prefixed to the English version of his public letters, 1694. They are quoted by Toland in his Life of Milton, 1698, p. 24. 34. 35. Tonson omitted them in his editions of 1695, 1705: but growing less offensive by time, they appear in his edition of 1713. The Cambridge manuscript happily corrects many of their vitiated readings. They were the favourites of the republicans long after the restoration: it was some consolation to an exterminated party to have such good poetry remaining on their side of the question. These five Sonnets, being frequently transcribed, or repeated from memory, became extremely incorrect: their faults were implicitly preserved by Tonson, and afterwards continued without examination by Tickell and Fenton. This Sonnet, as appears from Milton's manuscript, was addressed to Fairfax at the siege of Colchester, 1648.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 4. *Daunt remotest kings.* Who dreaded the example of England, that their monarchies would be turned into republics.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 8. *Her broken league.* Because the English parliament held, that the Scotch had broken their covenant, by Hamilton's march into England.—HURD.

[3] Ibid. *To imp their serpent-wings.* In falconry, to imp a feather in a hawk's wing, is to add a new piece to a mutilated stump. From the Saxon *impan*, to ingraft.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 13. *Of publick fraud.* The presbyterian committees and sub-committees. The grievance so much complained of by Milton in his 'History of England.' "Publick fraud" is opposed to "publick faith," the security given by the parliament to the city contributions for carrying on the war.—WARBURTON.

* SONNET XVI.—Written in 1652. The prostitution of Milton's Muse to the celebration of Cromwell, was as inconsistent and unworthy, as that this enemy to kings, to ancient magnificence, and to all that is venerable and majestic, should have been buried in the chapel of Henry VII. but there is great dignity both of sentiment and expression in this Sonnet: unfortunately, the close is an anticlimax to both. After a long flow of perspicuous and nervous language, the unexpected pause at "Worcester's laureat wreath," is very emphatical, and has a striking effect.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 2. *Not of war only.* A "cloud of war" is a classical expression: "Nubem belli," Virg. 'Æn.' x. 809. —NEWTON.

[2] Ver. 5. *Crowned Fortune.* His malignity to kings aided his imagination in the expression of this sublime sentiment.—HURD.

[3] Ver. 7. *While Darwen stream.* The Darwen, or Derwen, is a small river near Preston in Lancashire; and there Cromwell routed the Scotch army under Duke Hamilton in August, 1648. The battles of Dunbar and Worcester are too well known to be particularised; both fought on the memorable third of September, the one in 1650, and the other in 1651.—NEWTON.

[4] Ver. 9. *And Worcester's laureat wreath.* This seems pretty, but is inexact in this place. However, the expression alludes to what Cromwell said of his success at Worcester, that it was his "crowning mercy."—HURD.

This hemistich originally stood, "And twenty battles more." Such are often our first thoughts in a fine passage. I take it, that one of the essential beauties of the Sonnet is often to carry the pauses into the middle of the lines. Of

this our author has given many striking examples; and here we discern the writer whose ear was tuned to blank verse. —T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 12. *Secular chains.* The ministers moved Cromwell to lend the secular arm to suppress sectaries.—WARBURTON.

[6] Ver. 14. *Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.* Hence it appears that this Sonnet was written about May, 1652. By "hireling wolves," he means the presbyterian clergy, who possessed the revenues of the parochial benefices on the old constitution, and whose conformity he supposes to be founded altogether on motives of emolument. There was now no end of innovation and reformation. In 1649, it was proposed in parliament to abolish tithes, as Jewish and anticnristian, and as they were authorised only by the ceremonial law of Moses, which was abrogated by the gospel: but as the proposal tended to endanger lay-impropriations, the notion of their divine right was allowed to have some weight, and the business was postponed. This was an argument in which Selden had abused his great learning. Milton's party were of opinion, that as every parish should elect, so it should respectively sustain, its own minister by public contribution: others proposed to throw the tithes of the whole kingdom into one common stock, and to distribute them according to the size of the parishes: some of the independents urged, that Christ's ministers should have no settled property at all, but be like the apostles, who were sent out to preach without staff or scrip, without common necessaries; to whom Christ said, "Lacked ye any thing?" A succession of miracles was therefore to be worked, to prevent the saints from starving. Milton's praise of Cromwell may be thought inconsistent with that zeal which he professed for liberty; for Cromwell's assumption of the protectorate, even if we allow the lawfulness of the rebellion, was palpably a violent usurpation of power over the rights

of the nation, and was reprobated even by the republican party. Milton, however, in various parts of the 'Defensio Secunda,' gives excellent admonitions to Cromwell, and with great spirit, freedom, and eloquence, not to abuse his new authority; yet not without an intermixture of the grossest adulation.—T. WARTON.

* SONNET XVII.—Perhaps written about the time of the last, having the same tendency. Sir Henry Vane the younger was the chief of the independents, and therefore Milton's friend: he was the contriver of the solemn league and covenant: he was an eccentric character, in an age of eccentric characters. In religion the most fantastic of all enthusiasts, and a weak writer, he was a judicious and sagacious politician: the warmth of his zeal never misled his public measures: he was a knight-errant in every thing but affairs of state. The sagacious bishop Burnet in vain attempted to penetrate the darkness of his creed. He held, that the devils and the damned would be saved: he believed himself the person delegated by God to reign over the saints upon earth for a thousand years. His principles founded a sect called the Vanists. On the whole, no single man ever exhibited such a medley of fanaticism and dissimulation, solid abilities and visionary delusions, good sense and madness. In the pamphlets of that age he is called Sir Humorous Vanity. He was beheaded in 1662. On the scaffold, he compared Tower Hill to Mount Pisgah, where Moses went to die, in full assurance of being immediately placed at the right hand of Christ. Milton alludes to the execution of Vane and other regicides, after the restoration, and in general to the sufferings of his friends on that event, in a speech of the Chorus on Samson's degradation, 'Sams. Agon.' v. 687. This Sonnet seems to have been written in behalf of the independents, against the presbyterian hierarchy.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 6. *Hollow states.* Peace with the hollow states of Holland.—WARBURTON.

* SONNET XVIII.—In 1655, the duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects in the valleys of Piedmont to embrace popery, or quit their country: all who remained and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre: those who escaped fled into the mountains, from whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, in which near £40,000 were collected. The persecution was suspended, the duke recalled his army, and the surviving inhabitants of the Piedmontese valleys were reinstated in their cottages, and the peaceable exercise of their religion. On this business, there are several state-letters in Cromwell's name written by Milton. One of them is to the duke of Savoy. See 'Prose Works,' ii. 183, seq. 437. 439. Milton's mind, busied with this affecting subject, here broke forth in a strain of poetry, where his feelings were not fettered by ceremony or formality. The protestants availed themselves of an opportunity of exposing the horrors of popery, by publishing many sets of prints of this unparalleled scene of religious butchery, which operated like Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' Sir William Moreland, Cromwell's agent for the valleys of Piedmont at Geneva, published a minute account of this whole transaction, in 'The History of the Valleys of Piemont, &c. Lond. 1658.' fol. with numerous cuts. Milton, among many other atrocious examples of the papal spirit, appeals to this massacre, in Cromwell's letter to king Charles Gustavus, dat. 1656. "Testes Alpinæ valles miserorum cæde ac sanguine redundantes," &c.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 3.

Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worship'd stocks and stones.

It is pretended that, when the church of Rome became corrupt, they preserved the primitive apostolical christianity; and that they have manuscripts against the papal antichrist

and purgatory, as old as 1120. See their history by Paul Perrin, Genev. 1619. Their poverty and seclusion from the rest of the world for so many ages, contributed in great measure to this simplicity of worship. In his pamphlet, 'The likeliest Means to remove Hirelings out of Churches,' against endowing churches with tithes, our author frequently refers to the happy poverty and purity of the Waldenses. —T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 7. *That roll'd*
Mother with infant down the rocks.

There is a print of this piece of cruelty in Moreland. He relates, that "a mother was hurled down a mighty rock, with a little infant in her arms; and three days after, was found dead with the little childe alive, but fast clasped between the arms of the dead mother which were cold and stiffe, insomuch that those who found them had much ado to get the young childe out," p. 363.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 14. *Babylonian woe.* Antichrist.—WARBURTON.

SONNET XIX.—

[1] Ver. 3. *And that one talent which is death to hide.*

He speaks here with allusion to the parable of the talents, Matt. xxv. and he speaks with great modesty of himself, as if he had not five, or two, but only one talent.—NEWTON

[2] Ver. 7. *Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?* Here is a pun on the doctrine in the gospel, that we are to work only while it is light, and in the night no man can work. There is an ambiguity between the natural light of the day, and the author's blindness.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 10. *Man's work, or his own gifts.* Free-will or grace.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 14. *Stand and wait.* My own opinion is that this is the noblest of Milton's Sonnets.

SONNET XX.—[1] Ver. 1.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son, &c.

Of the "virtuous son" nothing has transpired: the "virtuous father," Henry Lawrence, was member for Herefordshire in the little parliament which began in 1653, and was active in settling the protectorate of Cromwell. In consequence of his services, he was made president of Cromwell's council; where he appears to have signed many severe and arbitrary decrees, not only against the royalists, but the Brownists, fifth-monarchy men, and other sectarists. He continued high in favour with Richard Cromwell. As innovation is progressive, perhaps the son, Milton's friend, was an independent and a still warmer republican. The family appears to have been seated not far from Milton's neighbourhood in Buckinghamshire: for Henry Lawrence's near relation, William Lawrence, a writer, and appointed a judge in Scotland by Cromwell, and who was in 1631 a gentleman commoner of Trinity college, Oxford, died at Bedfont near Staines in Middlesex, in 1682. Hence, says Milton, v. 2:—

> Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
> Where shall we sometimes meet, &c.

Milton, in his first 'Reply to More,' written 1654, recites among the most respectable of his friends, who contributed to form the commonwealth,—"Montacutium, Laurentium, summo ingenio ambos, optimisque artibus expositos," &c. 'Prose Works,' ii. 346. Where by "Montacutium" we are to understand Edward Montague, Earl of Manchester; who, while Lord Kimbolton, was one of the members of the house of commons impeached by the king, and afterwards a leader in the rebellion. I believe they both deserved this panegyric.—T. WARTON.

Mr. Warton is mistaken in saying that "of the 'virtuous

son? nothing has transpired." This Henry Lawrence, the "virtuous son," is the author of a work, of which I am in possession, suited to Milton's taste; on the subject of which, I make no doubt, he and the author "by the fire helped to waste many a sullen day." It is entitled 'Of our Communion and Warre with Angels, &c. Printed Anno Dom. 1646. 4to. 189 pages.' The dedication is "To my Most deare and Most honoured Mother, the Lady Lawrence." I suppose him also to be the same Henry Lawrence, who printed 'A Vindication of the Scriptures and Christian Ordinances, 1649. Lond.' 4to.—TODD.

See 'Gentleman's Magazine,' about 1825, for the Lawrence pedigree, furnished by Sir James Lawrence, then resident at Paris.

[2] Ver. 8. *That neither sow'd nor spun.* Alluding, as Dr. Newton observes, to Matt. vi. 26. 28:—"They sow not, neither do they spin." And compare ver. 30. with the preceding hemistich.—TODD.

[3] Ver. 13. *He who of those delights can judge,* &c. The close of this Sonnet is perfectly in the style of Horace and the Grecian lyrics; as is that of the following to Cyriack Skinner.—T. WARTON.

[4] SONNET XXI.—Cyriack Skinner was one of the principal members of Harrington's political club. Wood says, that he was "an ingenious young gentleman, and scholar to John Milton; which Skinner sometimes held the chair."—'Ath. Oxon.' ii. 591.

[1] Ver. 6. *In mirth, that, after, no repenting draws.* This is the decent mirth of Martial:—

Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis. T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 8. *And what the Swede intends,* &c. Charles

Gustavus, king of Sweden, was at this time waging war with Poland, and the French with the Spaniards in the Netherlands: and what Milton says is somewhat in the manner and spirit of Horace, 'Od.' II. xi. 1:—

> Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,
> Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Adria
> Divisus objecto, remittas
> Quærere, &c. NEWTON.

SONNET XXII.—[1] Ver. 8. *Of heart or hope,* &c. One of Milton's characteristics was a singular fortitude of mind, arising from a consciousness of superior abilities, and a conviction that his cause was just.—T. WARTON.

[2] Vet. 10. *To have lost them overplied,* &c. When he was employed to answer Salmasius, one of his eyes was almost gone; and the physicians predicted the loss of both if he proceeded: but he says, in answer to Du Moulin, "I did not long balance whether my duty should be preferred to my eyes."—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 11. *In liberty's defence,* &c. This Sonnet was not hazarded in the edition of 1673, where the last appears: for the 'Defensio pro populo Anglicano,' of which he here speaks with so much satisfaction and self-applause, at the restoration was ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, together with his 'Iconoclastes,' at which time his person was spared; and, by a singular act of royal clemency, he survived to write 'Paradise Lost.' But Milton's prose was to suffer another disgrace. Twenty-seven propositions, gathered from the writings of our author, Buchanan, Hobbes, Baxter, John Goodwin, Knox, Owen, and others, were proscribed by the university of Oxford, July 21, 1683, as destructive both to church and state; and ordered to be burnt in the court of the schools. This

transaction is celebrated in a poem of the 'Musæ Anglicanæ,' called 'Decretum Oxoniense,' 1683, vol. ii. p. 180. 181. edit. 1714. I transcribe some of the lines with abhorrence :—

Hæ tibi sint laudes immortalesque triumphi,
O Dea, Bellositi sacras quæ protegis arces!—
Quanquam, O, si simili quicunque hæc scripserit auctor
Fato succubuisset, eodemque arserit igne ;
In medio videas flamma crepitante cremari
Miltonum, cœlo terrisque inamabile nomen !

But by what follows, the writer does not seem to have been insensible to the beauties of Milton's poetry.—T. Warton.

Sonnet xxiii.—[1] Ver. 1.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint, &c.

This Sonnet was written about the year 1656, on the death of his second wife, Catharine, the daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney, a rigid sectarist. She died in child-bed of a daughter, within a year after their marriage. Milton had now been long totally blind ; so that this might have been one of his day-dreams.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 2. *Brought to me, like Alcestis, from the grave.* Dr. Johnson calls this "a poor Sonnet." Perhaps he was not struck with this fine allusion to Euripides.—T. Warton.

ON THE MORNING

OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE 'Hymn on the Nativity' is a favourite poem with me, notwithstanding Thomas Warton, unlike himself, has commenced with a censure on what he calls its conceits: Joseph Warton, in a short but beautiful note on ver. 173, has expressed a very opposite opinion. There is no doubt that the *prima stamina* of the bard's divine epics are exhibited in this poem; but it has several peculiarities, which distinguish it from the poet's other compositions: it is more truly lyrical; the stanza is beautifully constructed; and there is a solemnity, a grandeur, and a swell of verse, which is magical. The images are magnificent, and they have this superiority of excellence; that none of them are merely descriptive, but have a mixture of intellectuality and spirituality.

If there are any "conceits," they are entirely confined to the first two stanzas of the lyrical part,—"It was the winter wild," and "Only with speeches fair:" all the rest is essence of poetry; and that of the strongest and most picturesque sort. The ninth stanza, "When such music sweet," is such as perhaps no one but Milton could have written; and still several, which follow, rise even upon this.

Some one has said that Milton had no ear for the harmony of versification; this Hymn proves that his ear was perfect. Spenser's Alexandrines are fine; Milton's are more like the deepest swell of the organ.

When it is recollected that this piece was produced by

the author at the age of twenty-one, all deep thinkers of fancy and sensibility must pore upon it with delighted wonder. The vigour, the grandeur, the imaginativeness of the conception; the force and maturity of language; the bound, the gathering strength, the thundering roll of the metre; the largeness of the views; the extent of the learning; the solemn and awful tones; the enthusiasm, and a certain spell in the epithets, which puts the reader into a state of mysterious excitement, may be better felt than described.

I venture to pronounce this poem far superior to the 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' though the popular taste may not concur with me: it is much deeper; much more original; and of a nobler cast of materials. The two latter poems are mainly descriptive of the inanimate beauties of creation: it is the grand purpose of poetry to embody invisible spirits; to give shape and form to the ideal; to bring out into palpable lines and colours the intellectual world; to associate with that which is material that which is purely spiritual; to travel into air, and open upon the fancy other creations. Fancy is but one faculty of the mind; it is a mirror, of whose impressions the transfer upon paper by the medium of language is a single operation.

Milton, before he could write the Hymn, must have already exercised and enriched all his faculties with vast and successful culture. He had travelled in those dim regions, into which young minds scarcely ever venture; and he had carried a guarded lamp with him, so as to see all around him, before and behind; yet not so peering and reckless as to destroy the religious awe. The due position of the lights and shades was never infringed upon.

ON THE MORNING

OF

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

I.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages[1] once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now, while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host[2] keep watch in squadrons bright?

IV.

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wisards[3] haste with odours sweet:
O, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.[4]

THE HYMN.

I.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

II.

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he, her fears to cease,[5]
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace:
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.[6]

IV.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;[7]
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

V.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,[8]
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.[9]

VI.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII.

And, though the shady gloom[10]
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed;
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need:
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree could bear.

VIII.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or e'er the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep:

IX.

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X.

Nature, that heard such sound,[12]
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling:
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

XI.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes,[13] to Heaven's new-born heir.

XII.

Such musick,[14] as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres;
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;[15]

And, with your ninefold harmony,[16]
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

XIV.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
  Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity[17]
Will sicken soon and die,
  And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering
    day.[18]

XV.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
  Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
  With radiant feet[19] the tissued clouds down
    steering;[20]
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so;
  The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
  So both himself and us to glorify:

Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep;[21]

XVII.

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, under ground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly horrour of his folded tail.[22]

XIX.

The oracles[23] are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.

Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetick cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o'er,[24]
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;[25]
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.[26]

XXI.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint:
In urns, and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,[27]
While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.[28]

XXII.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,[29]
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine:
The Libyck Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn:

XXIII.

And sullen Moloch, fled,[30]
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue:
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:[31]
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis,[32] haste:

XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass[33] with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud:
In vain with timbrel'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

XXV.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's hand;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn:
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide;
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands controul the damned crew.

XXVI.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,[34]
The flocking shadows pale[35]
Troop to the infernal jail;
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.[36]

XXVII.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest:
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:[37]
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels[38] sit in order serviceable.

NOTES ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY.*

* This, Ode, in which the many learned allusions are highly poetical, was probably composed as a college-exercise at Cambridge, our author being now only twenty-one years old. In the edition of 1645, in its title it is said to have been written in 1629. We are informed by himself, that he was employed in writing this piece, in the conclusion of the sixth Elegy to his friend Deodate, which appears to have been sent about the close of the month December.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 5. *Sages.* The prophets of the Old Testament.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 21. *Spangled host.* A magnificent line: but these four introductory stanzas are not equal to the Hymn.

[3] Ver. 23. *The star-led wisards.* Wise men.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 28.

From out his secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

Alluding to Isaiah vi. 6, 7.—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 45. *Fears to cease.* I believe *cease* is seldom used as a verb active.

[6] Ver. 52.

She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

Dr. Newton perhaps too nicely remarks, that for "Peace to strike a peace" is an inaccuracy: yet he allows that "fœdus ferire" is classical. But Roman phraseology is here quite out of the question. It is not a league, or agreement of peace between two parties, that is intended: a quick and universal diffusion is the idea. It was done as with a stroke.—T. WARTON.

Yet it will perhaps be generally supposed that Milton had the "ferire fœdus," which Stephens interprets "pacem componere," in his mind.—DUNSTER.

[7] Ver. 56. *The hooked chariot stood*
Unstain'd with hostile blood.

Liv. l. xxxvii. xli. "Falcatæ quadrigæ, quibus se perturbaturum hostium aciem Antiochus crediderat, in suos terrorem verterunt."—BOWLE.

Nothing can be more poetically grand than this stanza. In all Milton's noble poetry there are few passages finer than this.

[8] Ver. 64. *The winds, with wonder whist.* "Whist" is silenced. In Stanyhurst's Virgil, "Intentique ora tenebant," is translated, "They whisted all." b. ii. 1.—T. WARTON.

[9] Ver. 68.

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

Another glorious line. The whole stanza breathes the essence of descriptive poetry.

[10] Ver. 77. *And, though the shady gloom,* &c. Mr.

Bowle saw with me that this stanza is a copy of one in Spenser's 'April:'—

I sawe Phœbus thrust out his golden hede
Vpon her to gaze:
But, when he saw howe broade her beames did sprede,
It did him amaze.
Hee blusht to see another sunne belowe,
Ne durst againe his fierie face outshowe, &c.

T. WARTON.

[11] Ver. 89. *That the mighty Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below.'

That is, with the shepherds on the lawn. So, in Spenser's 'May,' which Milton imitates in 'Lycidas:'—

I muse what account both these will make:
The one for the hire which he doth take;
And the other for leaving his lordes taske,
When great Pan account of shepheards shall aske.

We should recollect that Christ is styled a shepherd in the sacred writings. Mr. Bowle observes, that Dante calls him Jupiter, 'Purgat.' c. vi. v. 118. and that this passage is literally adopted by Pulci, 'Morgant. Magg.' c. ii. v. 2.—T. WARTON.

[12] Ver. 101. *Nature, that heard such sound.* I suppose this is one of the stanzas which Warton deemed a conceit. I can hardly call it so.

[13] Ver. 116. *With unexpressive notes.* So, in 'Lycidas,' v. 176:—

And hears the unexpressive nuptial song.

The word, which is the object of this note, was perhaps coined by Shakspeare, 'As you Like it,' a. iii. s. 2:—

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

T. WARTON.

This stanza is sublime, and in Milton's peculiar manner.

[14] Ver. 117. *Such musick.* This stanza also is of equal excellence; and so the stanza which follows.

[15] Ver. 130.

And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow.

Here is another idea caught by Milton from St. Paul's cathedral while he was a school-boy. Milton was not yet a puritan: afterwards, he and his friends the fanatics would not have allowed of so papistical an establishment as an organ and choir, even in heaven.—T. WARTON.

I think, to name the organ, in speaking of the music of the spheres, is rather the bathos.

[16] Ver. 131. *And, with your ninefold harmony.* There being "nine infolded spheres," as in 'Arcades,' v. 64.—NEWTON.

[17] Ver. 136. *And speckled Vanity,* &c. Plainly taken from the "maculosum nefas" of Horace, 'Od.' v. 4. 23.—Jos. WARTON.

Vanity dressed in a variety of gaudy colours. Unless he means spots, the marks of disease and corruption, and the symptoms of approaching death.—T. WARTON.

[18] Ver. 139.

And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

The image is in Virgil, 'Æn.' viii. 245:—

Regna recludat
Pallida, Dis invisa; superque immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immisso lumine Manes.

T. WARTON.

The Alexandrine here is sonorous and majestic.

[19] Ver. 146. *With radiant feet.* Isaiah lii. 7:—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that

bringeth good tidings—that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Sion, Thy God reigneth!"—DUNSTER.

[20] Ver. 146. *Down steering.* The old writers use this word simply for moving. Thus our author in 'Samson Agonistes,' ver. 110:—

I hear
The tread of many feet steering this way. HURD.

[21] Ver. 156.

The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep.

A line of great energy, elegant and sublime.—T. WARTON.

[22] Ver. 172. *Swindges the scaly horrour of his folded tail.* This strong image is copied from the descriptions of serpents and dragons in the old romances and Ariosto. There is a fine picture by Guido, representing Michael the archangel treading on Satan, who has such a tail as is here described.—Jos. WARTON.

[23] Ver. 173. *The oracles,* &c. Attention is irresistibly awakened and engaged by the air of solemnity and enthusiasm that reigns in this stanza and some that follow. Such is the power of true poetry, that one is almost inclined to believe the superstitions real.—Jos. WARTON.

This is a noble note of Jos. Warton, who, though he had not the detached, abstruse, and curious knowledge, and deep research of his brother, had, perhaps, more sensibility of taste. Here is just enough of that dim imagery, and those mysterious epithets, to set the imagination into that magical stir, which it is the essence of true poetry to cause.

[24] Ver. 181. *The lonely mountains o'er,* &c. Dr. Newton observes, that this allusion to the notion of the cessation of

oracles at the coming of Christ, was allowable enough in a young poet. Surely, nothing could have been more allowable in an old poet. And how poetically is it extended to the pagan divinities, and the oriental idolatries!—T. WARTON.

[25] Ver. 183. *A voice of weeping heard and loud lament.* This is scriptural, Matt. ii. 18. "In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping," &c.—T. WARTON.

[26] Ver. 188.

The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

An exquisite Alexandrine, both for the imagery and the music of the metre.

[27] Ver. 195. *The chill marble seems to sweat.* Among the *prodigia* at the death of Julius Cæsar, Virgil notices, "mœstum illacrymat templis ebur, æraque sudant," Georg. i. 480.—DUNSTER.

[28] Ver. 196.

While each peculiar Power foregoes his wonted seat.

Virgil, 'Æn.' ii. 351.

> Excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis,
> Di, &c. RICHARDSON.

[29] Ver. 201. *Heaven's queen and mother both.* She was called "regina cœli" and "mater Deum." See Selden.—NEWTON.

[30] Ver. 205. *And sullen Moloch, fled,* &c. This imagery, but with less effect, was afterwards transferred into the 'Par. Lost,' b. i. 392. where these dreadful circumstances, of themselves sufficiently striking to the imagination, are only related: in our Ode, they are endued with life and action, they are put in motion before our eyes, and made

subservient to a new purpose of the poet by the superinduction of a poetical fiction, to which they give occasion. Milton, like a true poet, in describing the Syrian superstitions, selects such as were most susceptible of poetical enlargement; and which, from the wildness of their ceremonies, were most interesting to the fancy.—T. WARTON.

[31] Ver. 210. *In dismal dance about the furnace blue.* So in 'Macbeth,' as Mr. Steevens has observed to me:

And round about the caldron sing. T. WARTON.

[32] Ver. 212. *And the dog Anubis.* Virgil, 'Æn.' viii. 698.

Omnigenumque Deum monstra, et latrator Anubis.

TODD.

[33] Ver. 215. *Trampling the unshower'd grass.* There being no rain in Egypt, but the country made fruitful with the overflowings of the Nile,—RICHARDSON.

[34] Ver. 231. *Pillows his chin upon an orient wave.* The words "pillows" and "chin" throw an air of burlesque and familiarity over a comparison most exquisitely conceived and adapted.—T. WARTON.

[35] Ver. 232. *The flocking shadows pale,* &c. Mr. Bowle directs us to the 'Midsum. Night's Dr.' a. iii. s. ult.

And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damned spirits all,
That in cross-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone. T. WARTON.

[36] Ver. 235.

And the yellow-skirted fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

It is a very poetical mode of expressing the departure of

the fairies at the approach of morning, to say that they "fly after the steeds of Night."—T. WARTON.

[37] Ver. 242. *With handmaid lamp attending.* Alluding, perhaps, to the parable of the ten virgins in the Gospel.—DUNSTER.

[38] Ver. 244. *Bright-harness'd angels.* Bright-armed. So, in Exod. xiii. 18.. "The children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt."—NEWTON.

A great critic, in speaking of Milton's smaller poems, passes over this Ode in silence, and observes, "All that short compositions can commonly attain is neatness and elegance." But Odes are short compositions, and they can often attain sublimity, which is even a characteristic of that species of poetry. We have the proof before us. He adds, "Milton never learned the art of doing little things with grace." If by "little things," we are to understand short poems, Milton had the art of giving them another sort of excellence.—T. WARTON.

Here Warton does justice to this sublime Hymn. In this piece are all the constituents of poetry, including high and solemn invention: the imagery is also poetical; the metrical combination of the words rises like the gathering force of a flood, or rather of the careering winds. Milton had already learned to amalgamate his ideal riches, and cast them in a mould of his own.

THE PASSION.

This Ode, or rather Elegy, is unaccountably inferior to the preceding Hymn, and unworthy of Milton: indeed, the poet, by leaving it unfinished, and by his note at the end, seems himself to have thought so; one wonders therefore, that, with such an impression on his own part, he printed it. The language is of an humbler cast, and more like the common poets of his day.

I.

Erewhile of musick, and ethereal mirth,[1]
Wherewith the stage of air and earth did ring,
And joyous news of heavenly Infant's birth,
My Muse with angels did divide to sing;[2]
But headlong joy is ever on the wing;[3]
In wintry solstice, like the shorten'd light,
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to sorrow must I tune my song,
And set my harp to notes of saddest woe,
Which on our dearest Lord did seize ere long,
Dangers, and snares, and wrongs, and worse than so,
Which he for us did freely undergo:

Most perfect Hero,[4] tried in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight!

III.

He, sovran Priest, stooping his regal head,
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleshly tabernacle entered,
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies:
O, what a mask was there, what a disguise!
Yet more; the stroke of death he must abide;
Then lies him meekly down fast by his brethren's side.

IV.

These latest scenes confine my roving verse;
To this horizon is my Phœbus bound:
His godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings, other where are found;
Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump[5] doth sound:
Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of lute, or viol still, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me, Night, best patroness of grief;
Over the pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
That heaven and earth are colour'd with my woe;
My sorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves should all be black whereon I write;
And letters,[6] where my tears have wash'd, a wannish white.

VI.

See, see the chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the prophet up at Chebar flood;
My spirit some transporting cherub feels,
To bear me where the towers of Salem stood,
Once glorious towers, now sunk in guiltless blood:
There doth my soul in holy vision sit,
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that sad sepulcral rock
That was the casket of Heaven's richest store;
And here, though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the soften'd quarry would I score
My plaining verse as lively as before;
For sure so well instructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd characters.

VIII.

Or should I thence, hurried on viewless wing,
Take up a weeping on the mountains wild,[7]
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild;[8]
And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
Might think the infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on some pregnant cloud.

[7] This subject the author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing satisfied with what was begun, left it unfinished.

NOTES ON THE PASSION.

[1] Ver. 1. *Erewhile of musick, and ethereal mirth.* Hence we may conjecture that this Ode was probably composed soon after that on the Nativity: and this perhaps was a college exercise at Easter, as the last was at Christmas.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 4. *My Muse with angels did divide to sing.* See Spenser, 'Faer. Qu.' iii. i. 40:—

> And all the while sweet musicke did divide
> Her looser notes with Lydian harmony.

As Horace, "Imbelli cithara carmina divides," Od. I. xv. 15.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 5. *But headlong joy is ever on the wing.* An elegant and expressive line.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 13. *Most perfect Hero.* From Heb. ii. 10. "The Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."—TODD.

[5] Ver. 26. *Loud o'er the rest Cremona's trump.* Our poet seems here to be of opinion, that Vida's 'Christiad' was

the finest Latin poem on a religious subject.—Jos. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 34.

The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters, &c.

Conceits were now confined not to words only. Mr. Steevens has a volume of Elegies, in which the paper is black, and the letters white; that is, in all the title-pages: every intermediate leaf is also black. What a sudden change from this childish idea, to the noble apostrophe, the sublime rapture and imagination, of the next stanza!—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 51. *Take up a weeping on the mountains wild.* This expression is from Jeremiah, ix. 10. "For the mountains will I take up a weeping and wailing," &c.—T. WARTON.

[8] Ver. 52.

The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unbosom all their echoes mild.

A sweetly beautiful couplet, which, with the two preceding lines, opened the stanza so well, that I particularly grieve to find it terminate feebly in a most miserably disgusting *concetto*.—DUNSTER.

ODES.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THE Minor Poems which follow are not of sufficient length or importance to demand or justify a separate introduction to each.

The 'Circumcision' is better than the 'Passion,' and has two or three Miltonic lines.

The 'Elegy on the Death of a fair Infant' is praised by Warton, and well characterised in his last note upon it; but it has more of research and laboured fancy than of feeling, and is not a general favourite.

The Ode, or rather Fragment, 'On Time,' closes with three noble and sonorous lines.

The 'Ode at a Solemn Musick' is a short prelude to the strain of genius which produced 'Paradise Lost.' Warton says, that perhaps there are no finer lines in Milton than one long passage which he cites. I must say that this is going a little too far. That they are very fine I admit; but the sublime philosophy, to which he alludes as their prototype, must not be put in comparison with the fountains of 'Paradise Lost.' So far they are exceedingly curious, that they show how early the poet had constructed in his own mind the language of his divine

imagery, and how rich and vigorous his style was almost in his boyhood; as this:—

> Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
> Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
> And the cherubick host, in thousand quires,
> Touch their immortal harps of golden wires.

The 'Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester', does not much please me: I do not like its quaint conceits, nor its want of pathos. The third line,—

> A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,

is equivocally expressed. It means the daughter of a viscount, which viscount was heir to an earl. See T. Warton's note on verse 59. Thomas, Lord Darcie, of Chiche, in Essex, was created Viscount Colchester, 19 James I., with a collateral remainder to Sir Thomas Savage, of Rock-Savage, in Cheshire, who had married Elizabeth Laughton; and at length coheir of the said Thomas Lord Darcie; and in the second Charles I. he was created Earl Rivers, with the same remainder. Thus this Sir Thomas Savage was called Viscount Colchester, and was heir to an earldom; but he did not succeed to it, for he died in 1635, before his father-in-law, who survived till 1639, when his son, Sir John Savage, second baronet, (the brother of the marchioness) became second Earl Rivers, and died 1654. He had three sons, and five daughters: Jane, the second daughter, married, first, George Brydges, sixth Lord Chandos; secondly, Sir William Sedley; thirdly, George Pitt, of Strathfield-Say, in Hampshire; and having obtained Sudeley castle from her first husband, left it to this third husband, Mr. Pitt. The Marchioness of Winchester was mother of Charles Powlett, first Duke

of Bolton, whose daughter Lady Jane married John Egerton, third Earl of Bridgewater, from whom all the subsequent peers of that title descended. Thomas Savage, third Earl Rivers, dying 1694, was succeeded by his son Richard, fourth earl, who died without issue-male, 1712.* He was succeeded by his cousin, John, son of Richard Savage, third son of the second earl. The title became extinct in 1728. I take the date of this Epitaph to have been 1631, for a reason given by me in 'The Topographer,' 1789, vol. i. which Todd has referred to.

The 'Song on May Morning' is in the tone of the beautifully descriptive passages in 'Comus.'

The 'Verses at a Vacation Exercise in the College,' are full of ingenuity and imagery, and have several fine passages; but, though they blame "new-fangled toys" with a noble disdain, they are themselves in many parts too fantastic.

As to the 'Epitaph on Shakspeare,' Hurd despises it too much. It is true, that it is neither equal to the grand cast of Milton's poems, nor worthy of the subject; but still it would honour most poets, except the last four lines, which are a poor conceit.

The two strange 'Epitaphs on Hobson the Carrier,' are unworthy of the author.

The rough lines on the 'New Forcers of Conscience' are interesting on account of the historical notes of Warton, to which they have given occasion.

The 'Translations' are scarcely worth notice, except the Ode of Horace, which has a plain and native vigour.

Of the 'Psalms' I have said all that is necessary in the poet's Life.

* Richard Savage, the poet, was, or claimed to be, his natural son, by the Countess of Macclesfield.

ODES.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.

Ye flaming powers, and winged warriours bright,
That erst with musick, and triumphant song,
First heard by happy watchful shepherds' ear,
So sweetly sung your joy the clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listening night;
Now mourn; and, if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs,[1] and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow:
He, who with all Heaven's heraldry whilere
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease:
Alas, how soon our sin
Sore doth begin
His infancy to seize!
O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love![2]
For we, by rightful doom remediless,
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High throned in secret bliss, for us frail dust

Emptied his glory,[3] ev'n to nakedness;
And that great covenant which we still transgress
Entirely satisfied;
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful justice bore for our excess;
And seals obedience first, with wounding smart,
This day; but, O! ere long,
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more near his heart.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT,* DYING OF A COUGH.

I.

O fairest flower, no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly,
Summer's chief honour, if thou hadst out-lasted
Bleak Winter's force that made thy blossom dry;
For he, being amorous on that lovely dye
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
But kill'd, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

II.

For since grim Aquilo,[1] his charioteer,
By boisterous rape the Athenian damsel got,
He thought it touch'd his deity full near,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away the infamous blot
Of long-uncoupled bed and childless eld,
Which, 'mongst the wanton gods, a foul reproach was held.

III.

So, mounting up in icy-pearled car,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he spied from far;
There ended was his quest, there ceased his care.
Down he descended from his snow-soft chair;
But, all unwares, with his cold-kind embrace
Unhoused thy virgin soul from her fair biding-place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth,[2] born on Eurotas' strand,
Young Hyacinth, the pride of Spartan land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower:
Alack, that so to change thee Winter had no power!

V.

Yet can I not persuade me thou art dead,
Or that thy corse corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb.
Could Heaven for pity thee so strictly doom?
O, no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortality, that show'd thou wast divine.

VI.

Resolve me then, O soul most surely blest,
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me, bright spirit, where'er thou hoverest;
Whether above that high first-moving sphere,
Or in the Elysian fields, (if such there were)[3]
O, say me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight?

VII.

Wert thou some star, which from the ruin'd roof
Of shaked Olympus by mischance didst fall;
Which careful Jove in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinstall?
Or did of late Earth's sons besiege the wall
Of sheeny Heaven, and thou, some goddess fled,
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head?

VIII.

Or wert thou that just maid, who once before
Forsook the hated earth, O, tell me sooth,
And camest again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet-smiling youth?
Or that crown'd matron sage, white-robed Truth?
Or any other of that heavenly brood,
Let down in cloudy throne to do the world some good?

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged host,
Who, having clad thyself in human weed,
To earth from thy prefixed seat didst post,
And after short abode fly back with speed,
As if to show what creatures heaven doth breed;
Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world, and unto heaven aspire?

X.

But, O! why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy Heaven-loved innocence,
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe,
To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart?
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild:
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent.
This, if thou do, he will an offspring give,
That, till the world's last end, shall make thy name to live.

ON TIME.*

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race;
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain!
For whenas each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual[1] kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall clime;
Then, all this earthy grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.[2]

AT A SOLEMN MUSICK.

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy;
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse;
Wed your divine sounds, and mix'd power employ
Dead things with imbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure concent,[1]
Aye sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
And the cherubick host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly:
That we on earth,[2] with undiscording voice,
May rightly answer that melodious noise;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against Nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.
O, may we soon again renew that song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To his celestial concert us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endless morn of light!

AN EPITAPH ON THE MARCHIONESS OF WINCHESTER.

This rich marble doth inter
The honour'd wife of Winchester,
A viscount's daughter, an earl's heir,
Besides what her virtues fair[1]
Added to her noble birth,
More than she could own from earth.
Summers three times eight save one
She had told; alas! too soon,
After so short time of breath,
To house with darkness and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Been as complete as was her praise,
Nature and Fate had had no strife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces sweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;[2]
The virgin quire for her request
The god that sits at marriage feast:
He at their invoking came,
But with a scarce well-lighted flame;[3]
And in his garland, as he stood,
Ye might discern a cypress bud.[4]
Once had the early matrons run
To greet her of a lovely son;
And now with second hope she goes,
And calls Lucina to her throes:
But, whether by mischance or blame,
Atropos for Lucina came;

And with remorseless cruelty
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapless babe, before his birth,
Had burial, yet not laid in earth;
And the languish'd mother's womb
Was not long a living tomb.
So have I seen some tender slip,
Saved with care from winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
Who only thought to crop the flower
New shot up from vernal shower;
But the fair blossom hangs the head
Sideways, as on a dying bed;
And those pearls of dew she wears
Prove to be presaging tears,
Which the sad morn had let fall
On her hastening funeral.
Gentle lady, may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel sore
Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
That, to give the world increase,
Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.
Here, besides the sorrowing
That thy noble house doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon;
And some flowers, and some bays,
For thy herse, to strow the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of Came,[5]
Devoted to thy virtuous name;

Whilst thou, bright saint, high sit'st in glory,
Next her, much like to thee in story,
That fair Syrian shepherdess,[6]
Who, after years of barrenness,
The highly-favour'd Joseph bore
To him that served for her before;
And at her next birth, much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,[7]
Far within the bosom bright
Of blazing Majesty and Light:
There with thee, new welcome saint,
Like fortunes may her soul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant sheen,
No marchioness, but now a queen.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.*

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing;
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

NOTES ON THE ODES.

UPON THE CIRCUMCISION.—[1] Verse 7.

Your fiery essence can distil no tear,
Burn in your sighs.

Milton is puzzled how to reconcile the transcendent essence of angels with the infirmities of men. In 'Paradise Lost,' having made the angel Gabriel share in a repast of fruit with Adam, he finds himself under a necessity of getting rid of an obvious objection, that material food does not belong to intellectual or ethereal substances: and to avoid certain circumstances, humiliating and disgraceful to the dignity of the angelic nature, the natural consequences of concoction and digestion, he forms a new theory of transpiration, suggested by the wonderful transmutations of chemistry. In the present instance, he wishes to make angels weep: but, being of the essence of fire, they cannot produce water: at length, he recollects that fire may produce burning sighs. It is debated in Thomas Aquinas whether angels have not, or may not have beards.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 15.

O more exceeding love, or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!

Virgil, 'Ecl.' viii. 49 :—

Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque mater.

RICHARDSON.

[3] Ver. 20. *Emptied his glory.* An expression taken from Philipp. ii. 7, but not as in our translation,—"He made himself of no reputation;" but, as it is in the original, "He emptied himself."—NEWTON.

[4] ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR INFANT.—Written in 1625, and first inserted in edition 1673. He was now seventeen.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 8. *For since grim Aquilo,* &c. Boreas ravished Orithyia, Ovid. 'Metam.' vi. 677.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 23.

For so Apollo, with unweeting hand,
Whilom did slay his dearly-loved mate,
Young Hyacinth.

From these lines one would suspect, although it does not immediately follow, that a boy was the subject of the Ode: but in the last stanza the poet says expressly:—

Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false-imagined loss cease to lament.

Yet, in the eighth stanza the person lamented is alternately supposed to have been sent down to earth in the shape of two divinities, one of whom is styled a "just maid," and the other a "sweet-smiling youth." But the child was certainly a niece, a daughter of Milton's sister Philips, and probably her first child.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 40. *If such there were.* He should have said "are," if the rhyme had permitted.—HURD.

[4] Ver. 67.

To turn swift-rushing black Perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering Pestilence.

Among the blessings, which the "heaven-loved" innocence of this child might have imparted, by remaining

upon earth, the application to present circumstances, the supposition that she might have averted the pestilence now raging in the kingdom, is happily and beautifully conceived. On the whole, from a boy of seventeen, this Ode is an extraordinary effort of fancy, expression, and versification: even in the conceits, which are many, we perceive strong and peculiar marks of genius. I think Milton has here given a very remarkable specimen of his ability to succeed in the Spenserian stanza. He moves with great ease and address amidst the embarrassment of a frequent return of rhyme.—T. Warton.

* On Time.—In Milton's manuscript, written with his own hand, fol. 8, the title is, "On Time. To be set on a clock-case."—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 12. *Individual.* Eternal, inseparable. As in 'Paradise Lost,' b. iv. 485. b. v. 610.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 22. Milton could not help applying the most solemn and mysterious truths of religion on all subjects and occasions. He has here introduced the beatific vision, and the investiture of the soul with a robe of stars, into an inscription on a clock-case. Perhaps something more moral, more plain and intelligible, would have been more proper. John Bunyan, if capable of rhyming, would have written such an inscription for a clock-case. The latter part of these lines may be thought wonderfully sublime; but it is in the cant of the times. The poet should be distinguished from the enthusiast.—T. Warton.

Yet still, I think, Milton is here no enthusiast: the triumph, which he mentions, will certainly be the triumph of every sincere Christian.—Todd.

At a solemn Musick.—[1] Ver. 6.

That undisturbed song of pure concent, &c.

The "undisturbed song of pure concent" is the diapason

of the music of the spheres, to which, in Plato's system, God himself listens.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 17. *That we on earth*, &c. Perhaps there are no finer lines in Milton, less obscured by conceit, less embarrassed by affected expressions, and less weakened by pompous epithets: and in this perspicuous and simple style are conveyed some of the noblest ideas of a most sublime philosophy, heightened by metaphors and allusions suitable to the subject.—T. Warton.

Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester.—

[1] Ver. 4. *Besides what her virtues fair*, &c. In Howell's entertaining Letters, there is one to this lady, the Lady Jane Savage, Marchioness of Winchester, dated March 15, 1626. He says, he assisted her in learning Spanish; and that Nature and the Graces exhausted all their treasure and skill, in "framing this exact model of female perfection."—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 15. *Her high birth, and her graces sweet,*
Quickly found a lover meet.

She was the wife of John, Marquis of Winchester, a conspicuous loyalist in the reign of king Charles I. whose magnificent house or castle of Basing in Hampshire withstood an obstinate siege of two years against the rebels, and when taken was levelled to the ground, because in every window was flourished *Aymez Loyauté*. He died in 1674, and was buried in the church of Englefield in Berkshire; where, on his monument, is an admirable epitaph in English verse written by Dryden, which I have often seen. It is remarkable, that both husband and wife should have severally received the honour of an epitaph from two such poets as Milton and Dryden.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 19. *He at their invoking came,*
But with a scarce well-lighted flame.

Almost literally from his favourite poet Ovid, 'Metam.' x. 4. of Hymen:—

Adfuit ille quidem; sed nec solennia verba,
Nec lætos vultus, nec felix attulit omen:
Fax quoque quam tenuit, lacrymoso stridula fumo,
Usque fuit, nullosque invenit motibus ignes.

T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 22. *Ye might discern a cypress bud.* An emblem of a funeral; and it is called in Virgil "feralis," Æn. vi. 216, and in Horace "funebris," Epod. v. 18, and in Spenser "the cypress funeral," Faer. Qu. i. i. 8.—NEWTON.

[5] Ver. 59. *Sent thee from the banks of Came.* I have been told that there was a Cambridge collection of verses on her death, among which Milton's elegiac ode first appeared: but I have never seen it, and I rather think this was not the case: at least, we are sure that Milton was now a student at Cambridge. Our marchioness was the daughter of Thomas Lord Viscount Savage, of Rocksavage, in Cheshire; and it is natural to suppose, that her family was well acquainted with the family of Lord Bridgewater, belonging to the same county, for whom Milton wrote the Mask of 'Comus.' It is therefore not improbable that Milton wrote this elegy, another poetical favour, in consequence of his acquaintance with the Egerton family. The accomplished lady, here celebrated, died in child-bed of a second son in her twenty third year, and was the mother of Charles, the first Duke of Bolton.—T. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 63. *That fair Syrian shepherdess.* Rachel. See Gen. xxix. 9. xxxv. 18.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 68. *Through pangs fled to felicity.* We cannot too much admire the beauty of this line: I wish it had closed the poem; which it would have done with singular effect. What follows serves only to weaken it; and the last verse

is an eminent instance of the bathos, where the "saint clad in radiant sheen" sinks into a marchioness and a queen: but Milton seldom closes his little poems well.—DUNSTER.

There is a pleasing vein of lyric sweetness and ease in Milton's use of this metre, which is that of 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso:' he has used it with equal success in Comus's festive song, and the last speech of the Spirit, in 'Comus,' 93. 922. From these specimens, we may justly wish that he had used it more frequently. Perhaps in Comus's song it has a peculiar propriety: it has certainly a happy effect.—T. WARTON.

* SONG ON MAY MORNING.—This beautiful little song presents an eminent proof of Milton's attention to the effect of metre, in that admirable change of numbers, with which he describes the appearance of the May Morning, and salutes her after she has appeared; as different as the subject is, and produced by the transition from iambics to trochaics. So in 'L'Allegro,' he banishes Melancholy in iambics, but invites Euphrosyne and her attendants in trochaics.—TODD.

MISCELLANIES.

ANNO ÆTATIS XIX.

At a Vacation Exercise* in the College, part Latin, part English. The Latin speeches ended, the English thus began :—

HAIL, native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak;
And madest imperfect words with childish trips,
Half unpronounced, slide through my infant lips;
Driving dumb Silence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely sat two years before!
Here I salute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task:
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee;
I know my tongue but little grace can do thee:
Thou need'st not be ambitious to be first;*
Believe me, I have thither pack'd the worst:
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintiest dishes shall be served up last.

I pray thee, then, deny me not thy aid
For this same small neglect that I have made:
But haste thee straight to do me once a pleasure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefest treasure;
Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight,
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight;[1]
But cull those richest robes, and gayest attire,
Which deepest spirits and choicest wits desire.
I have some naked thoughts that rove about,
And loudly knock to have their passage out;
And, weary of their place, do only stay,
Till thou hast deck'd them in thy best array;
That so they may, without suspect or fears,
Fly swiftly to this fair assembly's ears:
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use,[2]
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe my fancy in fit sound:
Such where the deep transported mind may soar
Above the wheeling poles, and at heaven's door
Look in, and see each blissful deity,
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Listening to what unshorn Apollo[3] sings
To the touch of golden wires, while Hebe brings
Immortal nectar to her kingly sire:
Then passing through the spheres of watchful fire,[4]
And misty regions of wide air next under,
And hills of snow, and lofts of piled thunder,
May tell at length how green-eyed Neptune raves,
In Heaven's defiance mustering all his waves;

Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And last of kings, and queens, and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told[6]
In solemn songs at king Alcinous' feast,
While sad Ulysses' soul, and all the rest,
Are held, with his melodious harmony,
In willing chains and sweet captivity.
But fie, my wandering Muse, how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way:
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy predicament:
Then quick about thy purposed business come,
That to the next I may resign my room.

Then Ens is represented as father of the Predicaments, his ten sons, whereof the eldest stood for Substance with his canons, which Ens, thus speaking, explains:—

Good luck befriend thee, son;[7] for, at thy birth,
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth;[8]
Thy drowsy nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the room where thou didst lie;
And, sweetly singing round about thy bed,
Strow all their blessings on thy sleeping head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou shouldst still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible:
Yet there is something that doth force my fear;
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A sibyl old, bow-bent with crooked age,
That far events full wisely could presage,

And in time's long and dark prospective glass
Foresaw what future days should bring to pass;
Your son, said she, nor can you it prevent,
Shall subject be to many an Accident:[9]
O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king,[10]
Yet every one shall make him underling;
And those, that cannot live from him asunder,
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under:[11]
In worth and excellence he shall outgo them;
Yet, being above them, he shall be below them;
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,[12]
Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing:[13]
To find a foe it shall not be his hap,[14]
And Peace shall lull him in her flowery lap;
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his door
Devouring War shall never cease to roar;
Yea, it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity.[15]
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot?

The next, QUANTITY and QUALITY, spake in prose; then RELATION was called by his name.

Rivers, arise;[16] whether thou be the son
Of utmost Tweed, or Oose, or gulphy Dun,
Or Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant, spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads;[17]
Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath;[18]
Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death;[19]
Or rocky Avon, or of sedgy Lee,
Or coaly Tine, or ancient hallow'd Dee;[20]

Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name;[21]
Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.[22]

[The rest was prose.]

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATICK POET WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.*

What needs my Shakspeare, for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of Memory,[1] great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,[2]
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER,

Who sickened in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London by reason of the plague.

Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else, the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'Twas such a shifter, that, if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down:
For he had, any time this ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull:
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn;
In the kind office of a chamberlin
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it shall be sed,
Hobson has supp'd, and's newly gone to bed.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.*

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move;
So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot,

Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion; yet, without a crime
'Gainst old truth, motion number'd out his time;
And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;
Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hasten'd on his term.
Merely to drive the time away, he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretch'd,
If I may n't carry, sure I 'll ne'er be fetch'd;
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,
For one carrier put down to make six bearers.
Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,
He died for heaviness that his cart went light:
His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,
That ev'n to his last breath, there be that say 't,
As he were press'd to death, he cried, More weight;
But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.
Obedient to the moon, he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas;
Yet, strange to think, his wain was his increase:
His letters are deliver'd all and gone;
Only remains this superscription.

ON THE NEW FORCERS OF CONSCIENCE UNDER THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Because you have thrown off your prelate lord,[1]
And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy,[2]
To seize the widow'd whore Plurality
From them whose sin ye envied, not abhorr'd;
Dare ye for this adjure the civil sword
To force our consciences that Christ set free,
And ride us with a classick hierarchy[3]
Taught ye by mere A. S.[4] and Rotherford?[5]
Men, whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with Paul,
Must now be named and printed hereticks
By shallow Edwards[6] and Scotch what d'ye call:[7]
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent;[8]
That so the parliament
May, with their wholesome and preventive shears,
Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears,[9]
And succour our just fears,
When they shall read this clearly in your charge;
New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.[10]

NOTES ON MISCELLANIES.

[*] At a Vacation Exercise.—Written in 1627: it is hard to say why these poems did not first appear in edition 1645. They were first added, but misplaced, in edition 1673.—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 19.

Not those new-fangled toys, and trimming slight,
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight.

Perhaps he here alludes to Lily's 'Euphues,' a book full of affected phraseology, which pretended to reform or refine the English language; and whose effects, although it was published some years before, still remained. The ladies and the courtiers were all instructed in this new style; and it was esteemed a mark of ignorance or unpoliteness not to understand Euphuism.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 29.

Yet I had rather, if I were to chuse,
Thy service in some graver subject use, &c.

It appears, by this address of Milton to his native language, that even in these green years he had the ambition to think of writing an epic poem; and it is worth the curious reader's attention to observe how much the 'Paradise Lost' corresponds in its circumstances to the prophetic wish he now formed.—Thyer.

Here are strong indications of a young mind anticipating the subject of the 'Paradise Lost,' if we substitute christian for pagan ideas. He was now deep in the Greek poets.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 37. *Unshorn Apollo.* An epithet, by which he is distinguished in the Greek and Latin poets.—NEWTON.

[4] Ver. 40. *Watchful fire.* See 'Ode, Chr. Nativity,' v. 21:—"And all the spangled host keep watch in order bright."—HURD.

We have "vigil flamma" in Ovid, 'Trist.' iii. v. 4: and "vigiles flammas," 'Art. Am.' iii. 463.—T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 43. *Green-eyed Neptune.* Virgil, 'Georg.' iv. 451. Of Proteus:—

Ardentes oculos intorsit lumine glauco. T. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 48. *Such as the wise Demodocus once told.* He now little thought that Homer's beautiful couplet of the fate of Demodocus could, in a few years, with so much propriety be applied to himself. He was but too conscious of his resemblance to some other Greek bards of antiquity, when he wrote the 'Paradise Lost.' See b. iii. 33. seq.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 59. *Good luck befriend thee, son,* &c. Here the metaphysical or logical Ens is introduced as a person, and addressing his eldest son Substance; afterwards the logical Quantity, Quality, and Relation, are personified, and speak. This affectation will appear more excusable in Milton, if we recollect that every thing, in the masks of this age, appeared in a bodily shape. "Airy Nothing" had not only a "local habitation and a name," but a visible figure.—T. WARTON.

[8] Ibid. *For, at thy birth,*
The faery ladies danced upon the hearth.

This is the first and last time that the system of the

fairies was ever introduced to illustrate the doctrine of Aristotle's ten categories. It may be remarked that they both were in fashion, and both exploded, at the same time. —T. WARTON.

[9] Ver. 74. *Shall subject be to many an Accident.* A pun on the logical Accidens.—T. WARTON.

[10] Ver. 75. *O'er all his brethren he shall reign as king.* The Predicaments are his brethren; of or to which he is the Subjectum, although first in excellence and order.—T. WARTON.

[11] Ver. 78. *Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under.* They cannot exist, but as inherent in Substance.—T. WARTON.

[12] Ver. 81. *From others he shall stand in need of nothing:* He is still Substance, with or without Accident.—T. WARTON.

[13] Ver. 82. *Yet on his brothers shall depend for clothing.* By whom he is clothed, superinduced, modified, &c.: but he is still the same.—T. WARTON.

[14] Ver. 83. "Substantia substantiæ novæ contrariatur," is a school-maxim.—T. WARTON.

[15] Ver. 88. *To harbour those that are at enmity.* His Accidents.—T. WARTON.

[16] Ver. 91. *Rivers, arise,* &c. Milton is supposed, in the invocation and assemblage of these rivers, to have had an eye on Spenser's Episode of the nuptials of Thames and Medway, 'Faerie Queene,' iv. xi. I rather think he consulted Drayton's 'Polyolbion.' It is hard to say, in what sense,

or in what manner, this introduction of the rivers was to be applied to the subject.—T. Warton.

[17] Ver. 93.

Or Trent, who, like some Earth-born giant, spreads
His thirty arms along the indented meads.

It is said that there were thirty sorts of fish in this river, and thirty religious houses on its banks. These traditions, on which Milton has raised a noble image, are a rebus on the name Trent.—T. Warton.

[18] Ver. 95. *Or sullen Mole, that runneth underneath.* At Mickleham, near Dorking in Surrey, the river Mole during the summer, except in heavy rains, sinks through its sandy bed into a subterraneous and invisible channel. In winter it constantly keeps its current.—T. Warton.

[19] Ver. 96. *Or Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death.* The maiden is Sabrina. See 'Comus,' v. 827.—T. Warton.

[20] Ver. 98. *Ancient hallow'd Dee.* Dee's divinity was Druidical. From the same superstition, some rivers in Wales are still held to have the gift or virtue of prophecy. See note on 'Lycidas,' ver. 55.—T. Warton.

[21] Ver. 99.

Or Humber loud, that keeps the Scythian's name.

Humber, a Scythian king, landed in Britain three hundred years before the Roman invasion, and was drowned in this river by Locrine, after conquering king Albanact.—T. Warton.

[22] Ver. 100. *Or Medway smooth, or royal-tower'd Thame.* The smoothness of the Medway is characterised in the 'Mourning Muse of Thestylis.' The royal towers of

Thames imply Windsor castle, familiar to Milton's view, and to which I have already remarked his allusions.—T. Warton.

* Epitaph on Shakspeare.—This is but an ordinary poem to come from Milton, on such a subject: but he did not yet know his own strength, or was content to dissemble it, out of deference to the false taste of his time. The conceit of Shakspeare's "lying sepulchred in a tomb of his own making," is in Waller's manner, not his own. But he made Shakspeare amends in his 'L'Allegro,' v. 133.—Hurd.

Birch, and from him Dr. Newton, asserts, that this copy of verses was written in the twenty-second year of Milton's age, and printed with the Poems of Shakspeare at London in 1640. This therefore is the first of Milton's pieces that was published. We have here restored the title from the second folio of Shakspeare, printed 1632.—T. Warton.

This Epitaph is dated 1630, in Milton's own edition of his poems in 1673.—Todd.

[1] Ver. 5. *Dear son of Memory.* He honours his favourite Shakspeare with the same relation as the Muses themselves: for the Muses are called by the old poets "the daughters of Memory." See Hesiod, 'Theog.' v. 53.—Newton.

[2] Ver. 11. *The leaves of thy unvalued book.* "Thy invaluable book." So in Shakspeare, 'Rich. III.' a. i. s. 4:—

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.

Todd.

On the University Carrier.—[1] Ver. 14.

In the kind office of a chamberlin, &c.

I believe the chamberlain is an officer not yet discontinued in some of the old inns in the city.—T. Warton.

Another on the same.—Hobson's inn at London was the Bull in Bishopsgate-street, where his figure in fresco, with an inscription, was lately to be seen. Peck, at the end of his 'Memoirs of Cromwell,' has printed Hobson's will, which is dated at the close of the year 1630. He died Jan. 1, 1630, while the plague was in London. This piece was written that year.—T. Warton.

On the Forcers of Conscience.—[1] Ver. 1.

Because you have thrown off your prelate lord, &c.

In railing at establishments, Milton condemned not episcopacy only: he thought even the simple institutions of the new reformation too rigid and arbitrary for the natural freedom of conscience: he contended for that sort of individual or personal religion, by which every man is to be his own priest. When these verses were written, which form an irregular sonnet, presbyterianism was triumphant; and the independents and the churchmen joined in one common complaint against a want of toleration. The church of Calvin had now its heretics. Milton's haughty temper brooked no human control: even the parliamentary hierarchy was too coercive for one who acknowledged only King Jesus. His froward and refining philosophy was contented with no species of carnal policy: conformity of all sorts was slavery. He was persuaded that the modern presbyter was as much calculated for persecution and oppression as the ancient bishop.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 2. *And with stiff vows renounced his liturgy.* The Directory was enforced under severe penalties in 1644. The legislature prohibited the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in places of public worship, but in private families.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 7. *And ride us with a classick hierarchy.* In the presbyterian church now established by law, there were,

among others, classical assemblies: the kingdom of England, instead of so many dioceses, was now divided into a certain number of provinces, made up of representatives from the several classes within their respective boundaries: every parish had a congregational or parochial presbytery for the affairs of its own circle; these parochial presbyteries were combined into classes, which chose representatives for the provincial assembly, as did the provincial for the national. Thus, the city of London being distributed into twelve classes, each class chose two ministers and four lay-elders to represent them in a provincial assembly, which received appeals from the parochial and classical presbyteries, &c. These ordinances, which ascertain the age of the piece before us, took place in 1646 and 1647.[4] See Scobell, 'Col.' P. i. p. 99. 150.—T. Warton.

[4] Ver. 8. *Taught ye by mere A.S.* The independents were now contending for toleration. In 1643 their principal leaders published a pamphlet with this title, 'An Apologeticall Narration of some Ministers formerly exiles in the Netherlands, now members of the Assembly of Divines. Humbly submitted to the honourable Houses of Parliament.' This piece was answered by one A. S. the person intended by Milton.—T. Warton.

[5] Ibid. *Rotherford.* Samuel Rutherford, or Rutherfoord, was one of the chief commissioners of the church of Scotland, who sat with the Assembly at Westminster, and who concurred in settling the grand points of presbyterian discipline. He was professor of divinity in the university of St. Andrew's, and has left a great variety of Calvinistic tracts. He was an avowed enemy to the independents, as appears from his 'Disputation on pretended Liberty of Conscience, 1649.' It is hence easy to see, why Rotherford was an obnoxious character to Milton.—T. Warton.

[6] Ver. 12. *By shallow Edwards.* It is not the 'Gangrena' of Thomas Edwards that is here the object of Milton's resentment, as Dr. Newton and Mr. Thyer have supposed. Edwards had attacked Milton's favourite plan of independency, in two pamphlets full of miserable invectives, immediately and professedly levelled against the 'Apologeticall Narration' above-mentioned, 'Antapologia, or a full Answer to the Apologeticall Narration, &c. wherein is handled many of the Controversies of these Times, by T. Edwards, minister of the gospel, Lond. 1644.' However, in the 'Gangrena,' not less than in these two tracts, it had been his business to blacken the opponents of presbyterian uniformity, that the parliament might check their growth by penal statutes. —T. WARTON.

[7] Ibid. *And Scotch what d'ye call.* Perhaps Henderson, or George Galaspie, another Scotch minister with a harder name, and one of the ecclesiastical commissioners at Westminster.—T. WARTON.

[8] Ver. 14.

Your plots and packing, worse than those of Trent.

The famous council of Trent.—T. WARTON.

[9] Ver. 17. *Clip your phylacteries, though bauk your ears.* That is, although your ears cry out that they need clipping, yet the mild and gentle parliament will content itself with only clipping away your Jewish and persecuting principles. —WARBURTON.

The meaning of the present context is, "Check your insolence, without proceeding to cruel punishments." To "balk," is to spare.—T. WARTON.

[10] Ver. 20. *Writ large.* That is, more domineering and tyrannical.—WARBURTON.

Impudent whore? where hast thou placed thy
hope?
In thy adulterers, or thy ill-got wealth?
Another Constantine comes not in haste.

FROM ARIOSTO.

Then pass'd he to a flowery mountain green,
Which once smelt sweet, now stinks as odiously:
This was the gift, if you the truth will have,
That Constantine to good Sylvester gave.

FROM HORACE.

Whom do we count a good man? Whom but he
Who keeps the laws and statutes of the senate,
Who judges in great suits and controversies,
Whose witness and opinion wins the cause?
But his own house, and the whole neighbourhood,
Sees his foul inside through his whited skin.

FROM EURIPIDES.

This is true liberty, when freeborn men,
Having to advise the publick, may speak free;
Which he who can, and will, deserves high praise:
Who neither can, nor will, may hold his peace:
What can be juster in a state than this?

FROM HORACE.

——— Laughing, to teach the truth,
What hinders? As some teachers give to boys
Junkets and knacks, that they may learn apace.

FROM HORACE.

——— Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

FROM SOPHOCLES.

'Tis you that say it, not I. You do the deeds,
And your ungodly deeds find me the words.

FROM SENECA.

——— There can be slain
No sacrifice to God more acceptable,
Than an unjust and wicked king.

PSALM I.*

Done into verse, 1653.

Bless'd is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and in the way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sat. But in the great
Jehovah's law is ever his delight,
And in his law he studies day and night.
He shall be as a tree, which planted grows
By watery streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall;
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all.
Not so the wicked; but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgement, or abide their trial then,
Nor sinners in the assembly of just men.
For the Lord knows the upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruin must.

PSALM II.

Done August 8, 1653. Terzette.

Why do the Gentiles tumult, and the nations
Muse a vain thing, the kings of the earth upstand
With power, and princes in their congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each land
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear?
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords: He, who in heaven doth dwell,
Shall laugh; the Lord shall scoff them; then, severe,
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, saith he,
Anointed have my King (though ye rebel)
On Sion, my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare: the Lord to me hath said,
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day: ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy possession I on thee bestow
The heathen; and, as thy conquest to be sway'd,
Earth's utmost bounds: them shalt thou bring full low
With iron sceptre bruised, and them disperse
Like to a potter's vessel shiver'd so.
And now be wise at length, ye kings averse;
Be taught, ye judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah serve, and let your joy converse

With trembling: kiss the Son, lest he appear
In anger, and ye perish in the way,
If once his wrath take fire, like fuel sere.
Happy all those who have in him their stay!

PSALM III. August 9, 1653.

When he fled from Absalom.

Lord, how many are my foes!
How many those,
That in arms against me rise!
Many are they,
That of my life distrustfully thus say;
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou, Lord, art my shield, my glory,
Thee, through my story,
The exalter of my head I count:
Aloud I cried
Unto Jehovah: He full soon replied,
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and slept; I waked again;
For my sustain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though, encamping round about,
They pitch against me their pavilions.
Rise, Lord; save me, my God; for Thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek-bone all my foes;
Of men abhorr'd
Hast broke the teeth. This help was from the Lord;
Thy blessing on thy people flows.

PSALM IV. August 10, 1653.

Answer me when I call,
God of my righteousness;
In straits, and in distress,
Thou didst me disenthrall
And set at large; now spare,
  Now pity me, and hear my earnest prayer.
Great ones, how long will ye
My glory have in scorn?
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity?
To love, to seek, to prize,
  Things false and vain, and nothing else but lies?
Yet know, the Lord hath chose,
Chose to himself apart,
The good and meek of heart;
(For whom to choose He knows)
Jehovah from on high
  Will hear my voice, what time to him I cry.
Be awed, and do not sin;
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings just
  Of righteousness, and in Jehovah trust.
Many there be that say,
Who yet will show us good?
Talking like this world's brood:
But, Lord, thus let me pray;
On us lift up the light,
  Lift up the favour of thy countenance bright.

Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put,
Than when a year of glut
Their stores doth overcloy,
And from their plenteous grounds
  With vast increase their corn and wine abounds.
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep;
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where'er I lie;
As in a rocky cell,
  Thou, Lord, alone, in safety makest me dwell.

PSALM V. August 12, 1653.

Jehovah, to my words give ear,
  My meditation weigh;
The voice of my complaining hear,
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
  Jehovah, thou my early voice
  Shalt in the morning hear;
  In the morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my prayers, and watch till thou appear.
For thou art not a God, that takes
  In wickedness delight;
  Evil with thee no biding makes;
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight.
  All workers of iniquity
  Thou hatest; and them unblest
  Thou wilt destroy that speak a lie;
The bloody and guileful man God doth detest.

But I will, in thy mercies dear,
Thy numerous mercies, go
Into thy house; I, in thy fear,
Will towards thy holy temple worship low.
Lord, lead me in thy righteousness,
Lead me, because of those
That do observe if I transgress;
Set thy ways right before, where my step goes.
For, in his faltering mouth unstable,
No word is firm or sooth;[1]
Their inside, troubles miserable;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they smoothe.
God, find them guilty; let them fall,
By their own counsels quell'd;
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on; for against thee they have rebell'd.
Then all who trust in thee, shall bring
Their joy; while thou from blame
Defend'st them, they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou, Jehovah, wilt be found
To bless the just man still;
As with a shield, thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will.

PSALM VI. August 13, 1653.

Lord, in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,[1]
And very weak and faint; heal and amend me:

For all my bones, that ev'n with anguish ake,
Are troubled; yea, my soul is troubled sore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? Turn, Lord; restore
My soul; O, save me for thy goodness sake:
For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my days;
Nightly my couch I make a kind of sea;
My bed I water with my tears; mine eye
Through grief consumes, is waxen old and dark
In the midst of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart, all ye that work iniquity,
Depart from me; for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard; the Lord hath heard my prayer;
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash'd
With much confusion; then, grown red with shame,
They shall return in haste the way they came,
And in a moment shall be quite abash'd.

PSALM VII. August 14, 1653.

Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite against him.

Lord, my God, to thee I fly;
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection, while I cry;
Lest, as a lion, and no wonder,
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing, and no rescue nigh.

O
Lord, my God, if I have thought
Or done this; if wickedness
Be in my hands; if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace;
Or to him have render'd less,
And not freed my foe for nought;

Let the enemy pursue my soul,
And overtake it; let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roll
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust; and there, outspread,
Lodge it with dishonour foul.

Rise, Jehovah, in thine ire,
Rouse thyself, amidst the rage
Of my foes, that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury assuage:
Judgement here thou didst engage
And command, which I desire.

So the assemblies of each nation
Will surround thee, seeking right;
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their sight.
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the world's foundation.

Judge me, Lord; be judge in this
According to my righteousness,
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness,
And their power that do amiss:

But the just establish fast,
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins. On God is cast
My defence, and in him lies,
In him, who, both just and wise,
Saves the upright of heart at last.

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended;
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, his bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute. Behold,
He travels big with vanity;
Trouble he hath conceived of old,
As in a womb; and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

He digg'd a pit, and delved it deep,
And fell into the pit he made:
His mischief, that due course doth keep,
Turns on his head; and his ill trade
Of violence will, undelay'd,
Fall on his crown with ruin steep.

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise,
And sing the name and deity
Of Jehovah, the Most High.

PSALM VIII. August 14, 1653.

O Jehovah, our Lord, how wonderous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!
So as above the heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest birth.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes,
To stint the enemy, and slack the avenger's brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose.

When I behold thy heavens, thy fingers' art;
The moon and stars which thou so bright hast set
In the pure firmament; then saith my heart,
O, what is man, that thou remember'st yet,

And think'st upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou visit'st, and of him art found?
Scarce to be less than gods, thou madest his lot;
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd.

O'er the works of thy hand thou madest him lord;
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet;
All flocks and herds, by thy commanding word;
All beasts, that in the field or forest meet;

Fowl of the heavens, and fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide, and know no dearth.
O Jehovah, our Lord, how wonderous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth!

April, 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Psalms done into metre, wherein all, but what is in a different character, are the very words of the text, translated from the original.

PSALM LXXX.

1. Thou, Shepherd, that dost Israel *keep*,
Give ear *in time of need*;
Who leadst like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Joseph's seed;
That sitt'st between the cherubs *bright*,
Between their wings outspread;
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.
2. In Ephraim's view and Benjamin's,
And in Manasses' sight,
Awake thy strength, come, and *be seen*
To save us *by thy might.*
3. Turn us again; *thy grace divine*
To us, O God, *vouchsafe*;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
4. Lord God of Hosts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare

Thy smoking wrath *and angry brow*
Against thy people's prayer?
5. Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears;
Their bread with tears they eat;
And makest them largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6. A strife thou makest us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe;
Among themselves they laugh, they play,
And flouts at us they throw.
7. Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
O God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.
8. A vine from Egypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine;
And drovest out nations, *proud and haut,*
To plant this *lovely* vine.
9. Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast;
That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land *at last.*
10. With her *green* shade that cover'd *all,*
The hills were *overspread;*
Her boughs as *high as* cedars tall
Advanced their lofty head.
11. Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12. Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence;

That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
13. The *tusked* boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.
14. Return now, God of Hosts; look down
From heaven, thy seat divine;
Behold *us, but without a frown;*
And visit this *thy* vine.
15. Visit this vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long;*
And the young branch, that for thyself
Thou hast made firm and strong.
16. But now it is consumed with fire,
And cut *with axes* down;
They perish at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17. Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid;*
Upon the son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.
18. So shall we not go back from thee
To ways of sin and shame:
Quicken us thou; then *gladly* we
Shall call upon thy name.
19. Return us, *and thy grace divine,*
Lord God of Hosts, *vouchsafe;*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSALM LXXXI.

1. To God our strength sing loud *and clear,*
Sing loud to God *our King;*
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear,*
Loud acclamations ring.
2. Prepare a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring;
The *cheerful* psaltery bring along,
And harp *with* pleasant *string.*
3. Blow, *as is wont,* in the new moon,
With trumpets' *lofty sound,*
The appointed time, the day whereon
Our solemn feast *comes round.*
4. This was a statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe;*
A law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not swerve.
5. This he a testimony ordain'd
In Joseph, *not to change,*
When as he pass'd through Egypt land;
The tongue I heard was strange.
6. From burden, *and from slavish toil,*
I set his shoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and miry soil,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
7. When trouble did thee sore assail,
On me then didst thou call;
And I to free thee *did not fail,*
And led thee out of thrall.
I answer'd thee in thunder deep,
With clouds encompass'd round;

I tried thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
8. Hear, O my people, *hearken well;*
I testify to thee,
Thou ancient stock of Israel,
If thou wilt list to me:
9. Throughout the land of thy abode
No alien god shall be;
Nor shalt thou to a foreign god
In honour bend thy knee.
10. I am the Lord thy God, which brought
Thee out of Egypt land;
Ask large enough, and I, *besought,*
Will grant thy full demand.
11. And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Israel, *whom I loved so dear,*
Misliked me for his choice.
12. Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandering mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd still,
Their own devices blind.
13. O, that my people would *be wise,*
To serve me *all their days!*
And, O, that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* ways!
14. Then would I soon bring down their foes,
That now so proudly rise;
And turn my hand against *all those,*
That are their enemies.
15. Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend;

But *they, his people, should remain;*
Their time should have no end:
16. And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfy them from the rock
With honey *for their meat.*

PSALM LXXXII.

1. God in the great assembly stands
Of kings and lordly states;
Among the gods, on both his hands,
He judges and debates.
2. How long will ye pervert the right
With judgement false and wrong,
Favouring the wicked *by your might,*
Who thence grow bold and strong?
3. Regard the weak and fatherless;
Dispatch the poor man's cause;
And raise the man in deep distress
By just and equal laws.
4. Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate
Of him *that help demands.*
5. They know not, nor will understand;
In darkness they walk on;
The earth's foundations all are moved,
And out of order gone.
6. I said that ye were gods, yea, all
The sons of God Most High;
7. But ye shall die like men, and fall,
As other princes *die.*

8. Rise, God; judge thou the earth *in might*,
This *wicked* earth redress;
For Thou art He who shall by right
The nations all possess.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1. Be not thou silent *now at length;*
O God; hold not thy peace;
Sit thou not still, O God of *strength*,
We cry, and do not cease.
2. For, lo, thy *furious* foes *now* swell,
And storm outrageously;
And they that hate thee, *proud and fell*,
Exalt their heads full high.
3. Against thy people they contrive
Their plots and counsels deep;
Them to ensnare they chiefly strive,
Whom thou dost hide and keep.
4. Come, let us cut them off, say they,
Till they no nation be;
That Israel's name for ever may
Be lost in memory.
5. For they consult with all their might;
And all, as one in mind,
Themselves against thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6. The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael,
Moab, with them of Hagar's blood,
That in the desert dwell;
7. Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*,
And *hateful* Amalek;

The Philistines, and they of Tyre,
Whose bounds the sea doth check.
8. With them *great* Ashur also bands,
And doth confirm the knot:
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the sons of Lot.
9. Do to them as to Midian *bold,*
That wasted all the coast;
To Sisera; and, as *is told,*
Thou didst to Jabin's *host,*
When, at the brook of Kishon *old,*
They were repulsed and slain,
10. At Endor quite cut off, and roll'd
As dung upon the plain.
11. As Zeb and Oreb evil sped,
So let their princes speed;
As Zeba and Zalmunna *bled,*
So let their princes *bleed.*
12. *For they amidst their pride* have said,
By right now shall we seize
God's houses, and *will now invade*
Their stately palaces.
13. My God, O, make them as a wheel;
No quiet let them find;
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel,*
Like stubble from the wind.
14. As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire,
Which on a sudden strays;
The *greedy* flame runs higher and higher,
Till all the mountains blaze;
15. So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase;

16. And, till they yield thee honour due,
Lord, fill with shame their face.
17. Ashamed and troubled let them be,
Troubled and shamed for ever;
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and 'scape it never.*
18. Then shall they know, that Thou, whose name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the Most High, *and Thou the same*
O'er all the earth *art One.*

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. How lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hosts, how dear
The *pleasant* tabernacles are,
Where thou dost dwell so near!
2. My soul doth long, and almost die,
Thy courts, O Lord, to see;
My heart and flesh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3. There ev'n the sparrow, *freed from wrong,*
Hath found a house of *rest;*
The swallow there, to lay her young,
Hath built her *brooding* nest:
Ev'n by thy altars, Lord of Hosts,
They find their safe abode;
And home they fly from round the coasts,
Toward thee, my King, my God.
4. Happy, who in thy house reside,
Where thee they ever praise!
5. Happy, whose strength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways!

6. They pass through Baca's *thirsty* vale,
That dry and barren ground;
As through a fruitful, watery dale,
Where springs and showers abound.
7. They journey on from strength to strength
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8. Lord God of Hosts, hear *now* my prayer;
O Jacob's God, give ear;
9. Thou God, our shield, look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear:*
10. For one day in thy courts *to be*
Is better, *and more blest,*
Than *in the joys of vanity*
A thousand days *at best.*
I, in the temple of my God,
Had rather keep a door;
Than dwell in tents, *and rich abode,*
With sin *for evermore.*
11. For God the Lord, both sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory *bright;*
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.
12. Lord *God* of Hosts, *that reign'st on high;*
That man is *truly* blest,
Who *only* on thee doth rely,
And in thee only rest.

PSALM LXXXV.

1. Thy land to favour graciously
Thou hast not, Lord, been slack;

Thou hast from *hard* captivity
Returned Jacob back:
2. The iniquity thou didst forgive
That wrought thy people woe;
And all their sin, *that did thee grieve*,
Hast hid *where none shall know.*
3. Thine anger all thou hadst removed,
And *calmly* didst return
From thy fierce wrath, which we had proved
Far worse than fire to burn.
4. God of our saving health and peace,
Turn us, and us restore;
Thine indignation cause to cease
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5. Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus?
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From age to age on us?
6. Wilt thou not turn, and *hear our voice*,
And us again revive;
That so thy people may rejoice,
By thee preserved alive?
7. Cause us to see thy goodness, Lord;
To us thy mercy shew;
Thy saving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8. *And now*, what God the Lord will speak,
I will *go straight and* hear;
For to his people he speaks peace,
And to his saints *full dear*,
To his dear saints, he will speak peace;
But let them never more

Return to folly, *but surcease*
To trespass as before.
9. Surely, to such as do him fear,
Salvation is at hand;
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our land.
10. Mercy and Truth, *that long were miss'd*,
Now *joyfully* are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd,
And hand in hand are set.
11. Truth from the earth, *like to a flower*,
Shall bud and blossom *then*;
And Justice, from her heavenly bower,
Look down *on mortal men.*
12. The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good;
Our land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13. Before him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger:
Then will he come, and not be slow;
His footsteps cannot err.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. Thy *gracious* ear, O Lord, incline;
O hear me, *I thee pray*;
For I am poor, and almost pine
With need, *and sad decay.*
2. Preserve my soul; for I have trod
Thy ways, and love the just:
Save thou thy servant, O my God,
Who *still* in thee doth trust.

3. Pity me, Lord, for daily thee
I call; 4. O, make rejoice
Thy servant's soul; for, Lord, to thee
I lift my soul *and voice:*
5. For thou art good; thou, Lord, art prone
To pardon; thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6. Unto my supplication, Lord,
Give ear, and to the cry
Of my *incessant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciously.
7. I, in the day of my distress,
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free access,*
And answer *what I pray'd.*
8. Like thee among the gods is none,
O Lord; nor any works,
Of all that other gods have done,
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9. The nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorify thy name:
10. For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done:
Thou, *in thy everlasting seat,*
Remainest God alone.
11. Teach me, O Lord, thy way *most right;*
I in thy truth will bide;
To fear thy name my heart unite;
So shall it never slide.

12. Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13. For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast freed my soul,
Ev'n from the lowest hell set free,
From deepest darkness foul.
14. O God, the proud against me rise,
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set.
15. But thou, Lord, art the God most mild,
Readiest thy grace to show,
Slow to be angry, and *art styled*
Most merciful, most true.
16. O, turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on;
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy handmaid's son.
17. Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *them* see,
And be ashamed; because thou, Lord,
Dost help and comfort me.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1. Among the holy mountains *high*
Is his foundation fast;
There seated is his sanctuary;
His temple there is placed.
2. Sion's *fair* gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*

Of Jacob's *land, though there be store,*
And all within his care.
3. City of God, most glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
4. I mention Egypt, *where proud kings*
Did our forefathers yoke.
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philistia *full of scorn;*
And Tyre, with Ethiop's *utmost ends:*
Lo, this man there was born:
5. But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last;*
This and this man was born in her;
High God shall fix her fast.
6. The Lord shall write it in a scroll
That ne'er shall be outworn,
When he the nations doth inroll;
That this man there was born.
7. Both they who sing, and they who dance,
With sacred songs, are there;
In thee *fresh brooks and soft streams glance,*
And all my fountains *clear.*

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1. Lord God, that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee *weep,*
Before thee *prostrate lie.*
2. Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend;
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
Thine ear with favour bend.

3. For, cloy'd with woes and trouble store,
Surcharged my soul doth lie;
My life, *at Death's uncheerful door*,
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4. Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit:
I am a man; but weak, alas!
And for that name unfit.
5. From life discharged, and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep*;
And like the slain in *bloody fight*,
That in the grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard;
Them, from thy hand deliver'd o'er,
Death's hideous house hath barr'd.
6. Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn.*
7. Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me;
Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
And all thy waves break me.
8. Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And makest me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9. Through sorrow and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead:
Lord, all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

10. Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the deceased arise,
And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11. Shall they thy loving kindness tell,
On whom the grave *hath hold?*
Or they, who in perdition *dwell,*
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
12. In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wonderous acts be known?
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13, But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
Ere yet my life be spent;
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie,*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14. Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,
15. That am already bruised, and shake
With terrour sent from thee?
Bruised, and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire;
While I thy terrours undergo,
Astonish'd with thine ire.
16. Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
Thy threatenings cut me through:
17. All day they round about me go;
Like waves they me pursue.
18. Lover and friend thou hast removed,
And sever'd from me far:
They *fly me now* whom I have loved,
And as in darkness are.

A PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXIV.*

This and the following Psalm were done by the author at fifteen years old.

When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son,
After long toil, their liberty had won;
And past from Pharian fields to Canaan land,
Led by the strength of the Almighty's hand;
Jehovah's wonders were in Israel shown,
His praise and glory was in Israel known.
That saw the troubled sea, and shivering fled,
And sought to hide his froth-becurled head
Low in the earth; Jordan's clear streams recoil,
As a faint host that hath received the foil.[1]
The high, huge-bellied mountains skip, like rams
Amongst their ewes; the little hills, like lambs.
Why fled the ocean? And why skipt the mountains?
Why turned Jordan toward his crystal fountains?
Shake, Earth; and at the presence be aghast
Of Him that ever was, and aye shall last;
That glassy floods from rugged rocks can crush,
And make soft rills from fiery flint-stones gush!

PSALM CXXXVI.

Let us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us blaze his name abroad,
For of gods he is the God:
  For his, &c.
O, let us his praises tell,
Who doth the wrathful tyrants quell:
  For his, &c.
Who, with his miracles, doth make
Amazed heaven and earth to shake:
  For his, &c.
Who, by his wisdom, did create
The painted heavens so full of state:
  For his, &c.
Who did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain:
  For his, &c.
Who, by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made world with light:
  For his, &c.
And caused the golden-tressed sun
All the day long his course to run:
  For his, &c.
The horned moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright:
  For his, &c.
He, with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of Egypt land:
  For his, &c.
And, in despite of Pharaoh fell,
He brought from thence his Israel:
  For his, &c.
The ruddy waves he cleft in twain
Of the Erythræan main:
  For his, &c.

The floods stood still, like walls of glass,
While the Hebrew bands did pass:
For his, &c.
But full soon they did devour
The tawny king with all his power:
For his, &c.
His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness:
For his, &c.
In bloody battle he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown:
For his, &c.
He foil'd bold Seon and his host,
That ruled the Amorrean coast:
For his, &c.
And large-limb'd Og he did subdue
With all his over-hardy crew:
For his, &c.
And, to his servant Israel,
He gave their land therein to dwell:
For his, &c.
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Beheld us in our misery:
For his, &c.
And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy:
For his, &c.
All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand supplies their need:
For his, &c.
Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty majesty and worth:
For his, &c.

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye :
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

NOTES ON TRANSLATIONS.

* Psalm i.—Metrical psalmody was much cultivated in this age of fanaticism. Milton's father is a composer of some of the tunes in Ravenscroft's Psalms.—T. Warton.

"A literal version of the Psalms may boldly be asserted impracticable; for, if it were not, a poet so great as Milton would not, even in his earliest youth, have proved himself so very little of a formidable rival, as he has done, to Thomas Sternhold." Mason's 'Essays on English Church Music,' 1795, p. 17.. In the last of these translations, however, as Mr. Warton observes, are some very poetical expressions.—Todd.

Psalm iii.—[1] Ver. 14. *My sustain.* The verb converted into a substantive.—Todd.

Psalm v.—[1] Ver. 26. *Sooth* is true.—T. Warton.

Psalm vi.—[1] Ver. 3. *Dejcct.* Dejected.—Todd.

* Psalm cxiv.—This and the following Psalm are Milton's earliest performances. The first he afterwards translated into Greek.—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 10. *As a faint host that hath received the foil.* "Foil" is defeat, a substantive used in the same sense by Harington in his 'Orlando Furioso,' and by Shakspeare repeatedly.—Todd.

JOANNIS MILTONI

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA;

QUORUM PLERAQUE INTRA ANNUM ÆTATIS VIGESIMUM CONSCRIPSIT.

Hæc quæ sequuntur de Auctore testimonia, tametsi ipse intelligebat non tam de se quam supra se esse dicta, eo quod præclaro ingenio viri, necnon amici, ita fere solent laudare, ut omnia suis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia, nimis cupide affingant; noluit tamen horum egregiam in se voluntatem non esse notam; cum alii præsertim ut id faceret magnopere suaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab se viribus amolitur, sibique quod plus æquo est non attributum esse mavult, judicium interim hominum eordatorum atque illustrium quin summo sibi honori ducat, negare non potest.

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium, Anglum:—

Ut mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, si pietas sic,
Non Anglus, verum hercle Angelus, ipse fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem, Anglum, triplici poeseos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetrusca, Epigramma Joannis Salsilli, Romani:—

Cede, Meles; cedat depressa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Tassum desinat usque loqui:
At Thamesis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

Græcia Mæonidem, jactet sibi Roma Maronem;
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem. Selvaggi.

Al Signor Gio. Miltoni, nobile Inglese.

ODE.

Ergimi all' Etra ò Clio
Perche di stelle intrecciero corona
Non più del Biondo Dio
La fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Diensi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeste virtù celesti pregi.

Non può del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l' oblio rapace,
Furar dalle memorie eccelso onore,
Su l' arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtù m' adatti, e ferirò la morte.

Del ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia resiede
Separata dal mondo,
Però che il suo valor l' umana eccede:
Questa feconda sà produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del sovruman tra noi.

Alla virtù sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli è sol gradita,
Perche in lei san trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e mostra in tanto
Con tua vera virtù, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal patrio lido
Spinse Zeusi l' industre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d'Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle più belle Idee trasse il più raro.

Così l'ape ingegnosa
Trae con industria il suo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla rosa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce suon diverse chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgesti a ricercar scienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedesti i regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi più degni

Fabro quasi divino
Sol virtù rintracciando il tuo pensiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il sentiero;
L'ottimo dal miglior dopo scegliea
Per fabbricarci' ogni virtu l' idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Tosco appreser l' arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,
Volesti ricercar per tuo tesoro,
E parlasti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuse Giove in vano,

Che per varie favelle
Di se stessa trofeo cadde su'l piano :
Ch' Ode oltr' all Anglia il suo più degno idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toscana, e Grecia, e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' à ingegni sovrumani
Troppo avaro tal' hor gli chiude, e serra,
Chiaromente conosci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l' ale,
Fermisi immoto, e in un fermin si gl' anni,
Che di virtù immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriosi a i danni ;
Che s' opre degne di poema o storia
Furon gia, l' hai presenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce cetra
Se vuoi ch' io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeste ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dirà che gl' e concesso
Per te suo cigno pareggiar l'ermesso.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento spiegar tuo merto alto e preclaro,
So che fatico indarno,
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo ;
Freno dunque la lingua, e ascolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo stupore.

Del Sig. Antonio Francini,
Gentilhuomo Fiorentino.

JOANNI MILTONI, LONDINENSI:

Juveni patria, virtutibus, eximio;

Viro, qui multa peregrinatione, studio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perspexit; ut novus Ulysses omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet:

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ sic reviviscunt, ut idiomata omnia sint in ejus laudibus infacunda; et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes et plausus populorum ab propria sapientia excitatos intelligat:

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporisque sensus ad admirationem commovent, et per ipsam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plausus hortantur, sed venustate* vocem laudatoribus adimunt:

Cui in memoria totus orbis; in intellectu sapientia; in voluntate ardor gloriæ; in ore eloquentia; harmonicos cœlestium sphærarum sonitus, astronomia duce, audienti; characteres mirabilium naturæ, per quos Dei magnitudo describitur, magistra philosophia, legenti; antiquitatum latebras, vetustatis excidia, eruditionis ambages, comite assidua auctorum lectione,

Exquirenti, restauranti, percurrenti:

At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi, in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non sufficiant, nec hominum stupor in laudandis satis est; reverentiæ et amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert CAROLUS DATUS, † Patricius Florentinus,

Tanto homini servus, tantæ virtutis amator.

* In the edition 1645, it stood "vastitate."

† Carlo Dati, one of Milton's literary friends at Florence. See 'Epitaph. Damon.' v. 137.—T. WARTON.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE LATIN VERSES.

MILTON is said to be the first Englishman, who, after the restoration of letters, wrote Latin verses with classic elegance: but we must at least except some of the hendecasyllables and epigrams of Leland, one of our first literary reformers, from this hasty determination.

In the Elegies, Ovid was professedly Milton's model for language and versification: they are not, however, a perpetual and uniform tissue of Ovidian phraseology. With Ovid in view, he has an original manner and character of his own, which exhibit a remarkable perspicuity of contexture, a native facility and fluency. Nor does his observation of Roman models oppress or destroy our great poet's inherent powers of invention and sentiment: I value these pieces as much for their fancy and genius, as for their style and expression.

That Ovid among the Latin poets was Milton's favourite, appears not only from his elegiac, but his hexametric poetry. The versification of our author's hexameters has yet a different structure from that of the 'Metamorphoses:' Milton's is more clear, intelligible, and flowing; less de-

sultory, less familiar, and less embarrassed with a frequent recurrence of periods: Ovid is at once rapid and abrupt: he wants dignity: he has too much conversation in his manner of telling a story. Prolixity of paragraph, and length of sentence, are peculiar to Milton: this is seen, not only in some of his exordial invocations in the 'Paradise Lost,' and in many of the religious addresses of a like cast in the Prose Works, but in his long verse. It is to be wished that, in his Latin compositions of all sorts, he had been more attentive to the simplicity of Lucretius, Virgil, and Tibullus.

Dr. Johnson, unjustly I think, prefers the Latin poetry of May and Cowley to that of Milton, and thinks May to be the first of the three. May is certainly a sonorous versifier, and was sufficiently accomplished in poetical declamation for the continuation of Lucan's 'Pharsalia:' but May is scarcely an author in point: his skill is in parody; and he was confined to the peculiarities of an archetype, which, it may be presumed, he thought excellent. As to Cowley, when compared with Milton, the same critic observes, "Milton is generally content to express the thoughts of the ancients in their language: Cowley, without much loss of purity or elegance, accommodates the diction of Rome to his own conceptions. The advantage seems to lie on the side of Cowley." But what are these conceptions? Metaphysical conceits; all the unnatural extravagances of his English poetry; such as will not bear to be clothed in the Latin language, much less are capable of admitting any degree of pure Latinity.

Milton's Latin poems may be justly considered as legitimate classical compositions, and are never disgraced with such language and such imagery: Cowley's Latinity, dictated by an irregular and unrestrained imagination, presents a mode of diction half Latin and half English. It is not so much that Cowley wanted a knowledge of the Latin style, but that he suffered that knowledge to be perverted and

corrupted by false and extravagant thoughts. Milton was a more perfect scholar than Cowley, and his mind was more deeply tinctured with the excellences of ancient literature: he was a more just thinker, and therefore a more just writer: in a word, he had more taste, and more poetry, and consequently more propriety. If a fondness for the Italian writers has sometimes infected his English poetry with false ornaments; his Latin verses, both in diction and sentiment, are at least free from those depravations.

Some of Milton's Latin poems were written in his first year at Cambridge, when he was only seventeen: they must be allowed to be very correct and manly performances for a youth of that age; and, considered in that view, they discover an extraordinary copiousness and command of ancient fable and history. I cannot but add, that Gray resembles Milton in many instances: among others, in their youth they were both strongly attached to the cultivation of Latin poetry.—T. Warton.

ELEGIARUM LIBER.

Eleg. I.—Ad Carolum Deodatum.*

Tandem, care, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
  Pertulit et voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit, occidua Devæ Cestrensis ab ora
  Vergivium[1] prono qua petit amne salum.
Multum, crede, juvat terras aluisse remotas
  Pectus amans nostri, tamque fidele caput,
Quodque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua sodalem
  Debet, at urbe brevi reddere jussa velit.
Me tenet urbs reflua quam Thamesis alluit unda,[2]
  Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
  Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbrasque negantia molles:
  Quam male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
  Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.

Si sit hoc exilium patrios adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et exilii conditione fruor.
O, utinam vates nunquam graviora tulisset
Ille Tomitano flebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam cessisset Homero,
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima, Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare liberà Musis,
Et totum rapiunt me, mea vita, libri:
Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pompa theatri,[3]
Et vocat ad plausus garrula scena suos.
Seu catus auditur senior, seu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut posita casside miles adest,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro;[4]
Sæpe vafer gnato succurrit servus amanti,
Et nasum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores,
Quid sit amor nescit; dum quoque nescit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furiosa Tragœdia sceptrum
Quassat, et effusis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, et specto, juvat et spectasse dolendo;
Interdum et lacrymis dulcis amaror inest:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, et abrupto flendus amore cadit;
Seu ferus e tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor,
Conscia funereo pectora torre movens:[5]
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, seu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit incestos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque sub tecto semper, nec in urbe, latemus;
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt.

Nos quoque lucus habet vicina consitus ulmo,
Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.[6]
Sæpius hic, blandas spirantia sidera flammas,
Virgineos videas præteriisse choros.
Ah, quoties dignæ stupui miracula formæ,
Quæ possit senium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah, quoties vidi superantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces, quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via!
Et decus eximium frontis, tremulosque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor!
Pellacesque genas, ad quas hyacinthina sordet
Purpura, et ipse tui floris, Adoni, rubor!
Cedite, laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite, Achæmeniæ turrita fronte puellæ,
Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon;[7]
Vos etiam, Danaæ fasces submittite nymphæ,
Et vos, Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus:
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa[8] columnas
Jactet, et Ausoniis plena theatra stolis.
Gloria virginibus debetur prima Britannis;
Extera, sat tibi sit, fœmina, posse sequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis, Londinum, structa colonis,
Turrigerum late conspicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formosi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo scintillant astra sereno,
Endymioneæ turba ministra deæ,
Quot tibi, conspicuæ formaque auroque, puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias.

Creditur huc geminis venisse invecta columbis
  Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus;
Huic Cnidon, et riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
  Huic Paphon, et roseam posthabitura Cypron.
Ast ego, dum pueri sinit indulgentia cæci,
  Mœnia quam subito linquere fausta paro;
Et vitare procul malefidæ infamia Circes
  Atria, divini Molyos usus ope.
Stat quoque juncosas Cami remeare paludes,
  Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
  Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

ELEG. II.—In Obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigiensis.*

Anno Ætatis 17.

Te, qui, conspicuus baculo fulgente, solebas
  Palladium toties ore ciere gregem;[1]
Ultima præconum, præconem te quoque sæva
  Mors rapit, officio nec fàvet ipsa suo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis,
  Sub quibus accipimus delituisse Jovem;
O dignus tamen Hæmonio juvenescere succo,
  Dignus in Æsonios vivere posse dies;
Dignus, quem Stygiis medica revocaret ab undis
  Arte Coronides, sæpe rogante dea.
Tu si jussus eras acies accire togatas,
  Et celer a Phœbo nuntius ire tuo;
Talis[2] in Iliaca stabat Cyllenius aula
  Alipes, ætherea missus ab arce Patris:

Talis et Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
  Rettulit Atridæ jussa severa ducis.
Magna sepulcrorum regina,[3] satelles Averni,
  Sæva nimis Musis, Palladi sæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ;[4]
  Turba quidem est telis ista petenda tuis.
Vestibus hunc igitur pullis, Academia, luge,
  Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.[5]
Fundat et ipsa modos querebunda Elegëia tristes,
  Personet et totis nænia mœsta scholis.

ELEG. III.—In Obitum Præsulis Wintoniensis.*

Anno Ætatis 17.

Mœstus eram, et tacitus, nullo comitante, sedebam;
  Hærebantque animo tristia plura meo:
Protinus, en! subiit funestæ cædis imago,
  Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo;[1]
Dum procerum ingressa est splendentes marmore turres
  Dira sepulcrali Mors metuenda face;
Pulsavitque aurp gravidos et jaspide muros,
  Nec metuit satrapum sternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis,[2] fratrisque verendi
  Intempestivis ossa cremata rogis:
Et memini heroum, quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
  Flevit et amissos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipue luxi, dignissime Præsul,
  Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, et tristi sic ore querebar:—
  " Mors fera, Tartareo diva secunda Jovi,

Nonne satis quod sylva tuas persentiat iras,
Et quod in herbosos jus tibi detur agros?
Quodque afflata tuo marcescant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, et pulchræ Cypridi sacra rosa?
Nec sinis, ut semper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapsus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi succumbit, liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis, quamlibet augur, avis;
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia sylvis;
Et quot alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum sit concessa potestas,
Quid juvat humana tingere cæde manus;
Nobileque in pectus certas acuisse sagittas,
Semideamque animam sede fugasse sua?"
Talia dum lacrymans alto sub pectore volvo,
Roscidus occiduis Hesperus exit aquis,
Et Tartessiaco[3] submerserat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab Eoo littore mensus iter:
Nec mora, membra cavo posui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque soporque meos:
Cum mihi visus eram lato spatiarier agro;
Heu! nequit ingenium visa referre meum.
Illic punicea radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga sole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Vestitu nituit multicolore solum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.[4]
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea campos,
Ditior Hesperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura sub innumeris humida nata rosis.

Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
  Luciferi regis fingitur esse domus.
Ipse racemiferis dum densas vitibus umbras,
  Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce! mihi subito Præsul Wintonius astat;
  Siderеum nitido fulsit in ore jubar;
Vestis ad auratos defluxit candida talos;
  Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput:
Dumque senex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
  Intremuit læto florea terra sono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœlestia pennis,
  Pura triumphali personat æthra tuba.
Quisque novum amplexu comitem cantuque salutat,
  Hosque aliquis placido misit ab ore sonos:—
"Nate, veni, et patrii felix cape gaudia regni;
  Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca."[5]
Dixit, et aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ;
  At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleia pellice somnos:
  Talia contingant somnia sæpe mihi!

ELEG. IV.—Ad THOMAM JUNIUM, preceptorem suum, apud mercatores Anglicos, Hamburgæ agentes, pastoris munere fungentem.*

Anno Ætatis 18.

Curre per immensum subito, mea litera, pontum;
  I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros;
Segnes rumpe moras, et nil, precor, obstet eunti,
  Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.

Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
  Æolon, et virides sollicitabo deos,
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida nymphis,
  Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
  Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore viri;[1]
Aut queis Triptolemus[2] Scythicas devenit in oras,
  Gratus Eleusina missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi Germanas flavere videbis arenas,
  Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hama,[3]
  Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
  Præsul, Christicolas pascere doctus oves:
Ille quidem est animæ plusquam pars altera nostræ;
  Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi! quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti,
  Me faciunt alia parte carere mei!
Carior ille mihi, quam tu, doctissime Graium,
  Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat;[4]
Quamque Stagyrites[5] generoso magnus alumno,
  Quem peperit Libyco Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius heros[6]
  Myrmidonum regi, talis et ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios, illo præeunte, recessus
  Lustrabam, et bifidi sacra vireta jugi;
Pieriosque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
  Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter viderat arietis Æthon,[7]
  Induxitque auro lanea terga novo;

Bisque novo terram sparsisti, Chlori, senilem
Gramine, bisque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum;
Quam sit opus monitis, res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora cara suo;
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri Biblia sacra Dei;
Cœlestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque, paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:—
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis,
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat et hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris a lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit?
Arguitur tardus merito, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modo da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti;
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue leo.

Sæpe sarissiferi[8] crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces:
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat et iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor;
Nam vaga Fama refert, (heu, nuntia vera malorum!)
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis;
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.[9]
Te circum late campos populatur Enyo,
Et sata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat;
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem;
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos;
Perpetuoque comans jam deflorescit oliva,
Fugit et ærisonam diva perosa tubam,
Fugit, io! terris, et jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen interea belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo;[10]
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates,
Sede peregrina quæris egenus opem.[11]
Patria, dura parens, et saxis sævior albis,
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui;
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus,
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum?
Et sinis, ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique,
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem, Stygiis quæ vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternaque animæ digna perire fame!

Haud aliter vatcs terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit, atque tuas, Sidoni dira,[12] manus:
Talis et, horrisono lacceratus membra flagello,[13]
Paulus ab Æmathia pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piscosæque ipsum Gergessæ civis Iësum
Finibus ingratus jussit abire suis.
At tu sume animos; nec spes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor ossa metus.
Sis etenim quamvis fulgentibus obsitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem;
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuspis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipse Dei radiante sub ægide tutus;
Ille tibi custos, et pugil ille tibi:
Ille, Sionææ qui tot sub mœnibus arcis
Assyrios fudit nocte silente viros;
Inque fugam vertit quos in Samaritadas oras
Misit ab antiquis prisca Damascus agris;
Terruit et densas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara sonat,
Cornea pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenosam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentum,
Et strepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virum.
Et tu[14] (quod superest miseris) sperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala;
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,[15]
Atque iterum patrios posse videre lares.

ELEG. V.—In Adventum Veris.

Anno Ætatis 20.*

In se perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros vere tepente novos;
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque soluta gelu dulce virescit humus.
Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?
Munere veris adest, iterumque vigescit ab illo,
(Quis putet?) atque aliquod jam sibi poscit opus.
Castalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen somnia nocte ferunt;
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, et sonitus me sacer intus agit.
Delius ipse venit, video Peneïde lauro
Implicitos crines; Delius ipse venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo;
Perque umbras, perque antra feror, penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora deum;
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande sonat distento spiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid sacer iste furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint isto reddita dona modo.
Jam, Philomela, tuos, foliis adoperta novellis,
Instituis modulos, dum silet omne nemus:
Urbe ego, tu sylva, simul incipiamus utrique,
Et simul adventum veris uterque canat.

Veris, io! redière vices; celebremus honores
Veris, et hoc subeat Musa perennis opus.
Jam sol, Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad Arctöas aurea lora plagas.
Est breve noctis iter, brevis est mora noctis opacæ,
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa suis:
Jamque Lycaonius, plaustrum cœleste, Boötes
Non longa sequitur fessus ut ante viâ;
Nunc etiam solitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant sidera rara polo:
Nam dolus, et cædes, et vis cum nocte recessit,
Neve Giganteum Di timuere scelus.
Forte aliquis scopuli recubans in vertice pastor,
Roscida cum primo sole rubescit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certe caruisti nocte puella,
Phœbe, tua, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta suas repetit silvas, phaœtramque resumit
Cynthia, luciferas ut videt alta rosas;
Et, tenues ponens radios, gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
"Desere," Phœbus ait, "thalamos, Aurora, seniles;
Quid juvat effœto procubuisse toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba;
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet."
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit invisam Tellus rediviva senectam,
Et cupit amplexus, Phœbe, subire tuos;
Et cupit, et digna est: quid enim formosius illa,
Pandit ut omniferos luxuriosa sinus,

Atque Arabum spirat messes, et ab ore venusto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma rosis!
Ecce! coronatur sacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos,
Floribus et visa est posse placere suis.
Floribus effusos ut erat redimita capillos,
*Tænario placuit diva Sicana deo.
Aspice, Phœbe; tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitasque movent flamina verna preces:
Cinnamea Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer ala,
Blanditiasque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec sine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poscit egena toros;
Alma salutiferum medicos tibi gramen in usus
Præbet, et hinc titulos adjuvat ipsa tuos:
Quod, si te pretium, si te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus sæpe coemptus amor)
Illa tibi ostentat quascunque sub æquore vasto,
Et superinjectis montibus, abdit opes.
Ah, quoties, cum tu clivoso fessus Olympo
In vespertinas præcipitaris aquas,
"Cur te," inquit, "cursu languentem, Phœbe, diurno
Hesperiis recipit cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tartesside lympha?
Dia quid immundo perluis ora salo?
Frigora, Phœbe, mea melius captabis in umbra;
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelida veniet tibi somnus in herba;
Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo:

Quaque jaces, circum mulcebit lene susurrans
  Aura per humentes corpora fusa rosas:
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semeleia fata,
  Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo:
Cum tu, Phœbe, tuo sapientius uteris igni;[3]
  Huc ades, et gremio lumina pone meo."
Sic Tellus lasciva suos suspirat amores;
  Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt:
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
  Languentesque fovet solis ab igne faces:
Insonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
  Triste micant ferro tela corusca novo:
Jamque vel invictam tentat superasse Dianam,
  Quæque sedet sacro Vesta pudica foco.
Ipsa senescentem reparat Venus annua formam,
  Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe! per urbes;
  Littus, Io Hymen! et cavæ saxa sonant.
Cultior ille venit, tunicaque decentior apta,
  Puniceum redolet vestis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens, ad amœni gaudia veris,
  Virgineos auro cincta puella sinus:
Votum est cuique suum, votum est tamen omnibus unum,
  Ut sibi, quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum:
Nunc quoque septena modulatur arundine pastor,
  Et sua, quæ jungat, carmina Phyllis habet.
Navita nocturno placat sua sidera cantu,
  Delphinasque leves ad vada summa vocat:
Jupiter ipse alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
  Convocat et famulos ad sua festa deos:
Nunc etiam Satyri, cum sera crepuscula surgunt,
  Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro;

Sylvanusque sua cyparissi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque deus, semideusque caper:
Quæque sub arboribus Dryades latuere vetustis,
Per juga, per solos exspatiantur agros.
Per sata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan;
Vix Cybele mater, vix sibi tuta Ceres;
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Consulit in trepidos dum sibi nympha pedes;
Jamque latet, latitansque cupit male tecta videri;
Et fugit, et fugiens pervelit ipsa capi.
Di quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere sylvas,
Et sua quisque sibi numina lucus habet:
Et sua quisque diu sibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea, Di, precor, ite domo.
Te referant miseris, te, Jupiter, aurea terris
Sæcla; quid ad nimbos aspera tela redis?
Tu saltem lente rapidos age, Phœbe, jugales,
Qua potes, et sensim tempora veris eant;
Brumaque productas tarde ferat hispida noctes,
Ingruat et nostro serior umbra polo.

ELEG. VI.—Ad CAROLUM DEODATUM ruri commorantem, qui cum Idibus Decemb. scripsisset, et sua carmina excusari postulasset si solito minus essent bona, quod inter lautitias, quibus erat ab amicis exceptus, haud satis felicem operam Musis dare se posse affirmabat, hoc habuit responsum:—

Mitto tibi sanam non pleno ventre salutem,
Qua tu, distento, forte carere potes.
At tua quid nostram prolectat Musa Camœnam,
Nec sinit optatas posse sequi tenebras?
Carmine scire velis quam te redamemque colamque;
Crede mihi, vix hoc carmine scire queas:

Nam neque nostèr amor modulis includitur arctis.
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipse pedes.
Quam bene solennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrem,
Festaque cœlifugam quæ coluerè deum,
Deliciasque refers, hiberni gaudia ruris,
Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!
Quid quereris refugam vino dapibusque poesin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, carmina Bacchus amat:
Nec puduit Phœbum virides gestasse corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præposuisse suæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus, Euœ!
Mista Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naso Corallæis mala carmina misit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ, non sata vitis erat.
Quid nisi vina, rosasque, racemiferumque Lyæum,
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Muſa modis?
Pindaricosque inflat numeros Teumessius Euan,[2]
Et redolet sumtum pagina quæque merum;
Dum gravis everso currus crepat axe supinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvère fuscus eques.
Quadrimoque madens lyricen Romanus Iaccho,
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoso mensa paratu
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Massica fœcundam despumant pocula venam,
Fundis et ex ipso condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fusumque per intima Phœbum
Corda; favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum, tam dulcia carmina per te,
Numine composito, tres peperisse deos.

Nunc quoque Thressa tibi[3] cælatò barbitos auro
Insonat, arguta molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,[4]
Virgineos tremula quæ regat arte pedes.
Illa tuas saltem teneant spectacula Musas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi, dum psallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos festa chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora serpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat ossa calor;
Perque puellares oculos, digitumque sonantem,
Irruet in totos lapsa Thalia sinus.
Namque Elegia levis multorum cura deorum est,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa suos;
Liber adest elegis, Eratoque, Ceresque, Venusque,
Et cum purpurea matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius et veteri commaduisse mero.
At qui bella refert,[5] et adulto sub Jove cœlum,
Heroasque pios, semideosque duces,
Et nunc sancta canit superum consulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane;
Ille quidem parce, Samii pro more magistri,
Vivat, et innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque e puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic scelerisque vacans, et casta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, et sine labe manus:
Qualis, veste nitens sacra, et lustralibus undis,
Surgis ad infensos, augur, iture deos.
Hoc ritu vixisse ferunt post rapta sagacem
Lumina Tiresian, Ogygiumque Linon,

Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, senemque
Orpheon, edomitis sola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, sic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per monstrificam Perseiæ Phœbados aulam,[6]
Et vada fœmineis insidiosa sonis;
Perque tuas, rex ime, domos, ubi sanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuisse greges.
Dis etenim sacer est vates, divumque sacerdos;
Spirat et occultum pectus, et ora, Jovem.
At tu, siquid agam, scitabere, (si modo saltem
Esse putas tanti noscere siquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœlesti semine Regem,
Faustaque sacratis sæcula pacta libris;
Vagitumque Dei, et stabulantem paupere tecto,
Qui suprema suo cum Patre regna colit;
Stelliparumque polum, modulantesque æthere turmas,
Et subito elisos ad sua fana deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Christi natalibus illa,
Illa sub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis;[7]
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis instar eris.

ELEG. VII.—Anno Ætatis 19.

Nondum, blanda, tuas leges, Amathusia, noram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, sagittas,
Atque tuum sprevi, maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu, puer, imbelles, dixi, transfige columbas;
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci:
Aut de passeribus timidos age, parve, triumphos;
Hæc sunt militiæ digna tropæa tuæ.

In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes ista pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, neque enim deus ullus ad iras
Promptior, et duplici jam ferus igne calet.
Ver erat, et summæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi, Maie, diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.[1]
Astat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis;
Prodidit astantem mota pharetra deum:
Prodidit et facies, et dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero dignum et Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miscet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut, qui formosas pellexit ad oscula nymphas,
Thiodamantæus Naide raptus Hylas.
Addideratque iras, sed et has decuisse putares;
Addideratque truces, nec sine felle, minas:
Et,—"Miser, exemplo sapuisses tutius," inquit:
"Nunc, mea quid possit dextera, testis eris:
Inter et expertos vires numerabere nostras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipse ego, si nescis, strato Pythone superbum
Edomui Phœbum, cessit et ille mihi;
Et quoties meminit Peneidos, ipse fatetur
Certius et gravius tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritius arcum,
Qui post terga solet vincere, Parthus eques:
Cydoniusque mihi[2] cedit venator, et ille[3]
Inscius uxori qui necis auctor erat.
Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,[4]
Herculeæque manus, Herculeusque comes.

Jupiter ipse licet sua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri spicula nostra Jovis.
Cætera, quæ dubitas, melius mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi:
Nec te, stulte, tuæ poterunt defendere Musæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem."[5]
Dixit; et, aurato quatiens mucrone sagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille sinus.
At mihi risuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat:
Et modo qua nostri spatiantur in urbe Quirites,
Et modo villarum proxima rura placent.
Turba[6] frequens, facieque simillima turba dearum,
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias;
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruscat:
Fallor? An et radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet?
Hæc ego non fugi spectacula grata severus;
Impetus et quo me fert juvenilis, agor;
Lumina luminibus male providus obvia misi,
Neve oculos potui continuisse meos.
Unam forte aliis supereminuisse notabam;
Principium nostri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipsa videri,
Sic regina deum conspicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus et hos nobis texuit ante dolos:
Nec procul ipse vafer latuit, multæque sagittæ,
Et facis a tergo grande pependit onus:
Nec mora; nunc ciliis hæsit, nunc virginis ori;
Exsilit hinc labiis, insidet inde genis:
Et quascunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi! mille locis pectus inerme ferit.

Protinus insoliti subierunt corda furores;
Uror amans intus, flammaque totus eram.
Interea, misero quæ jam mihi sola placebat,
Ablata est oculis, non reditura,[7] meis.
Ast ego progredior tacite querebundus, et excors,
Et dubius volui sæpe referre pedem.
Findor, et hæc remanet: sequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tam subito gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amissum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Lemniacos præcipitata focos:
Talis et abreptum solem respexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, et luctu victus? Amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve sequi.
O, utinam, spectare semel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, et coram tristia verba loqui!
Forsitan et duro non est adamante creata,
Forte nec ad nostras surdeat illa preces!
Crede mihi, nullus sic infeliciter arsit;
Ponar in exemplo primus et unus ego.
Parce, precor, teneri cum sis deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus, O! certe est mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate dea, jaculis, nec minus igne, potens:
Et tua fumabunt nostris altaria donis,
Solus et in superis tu mihi summus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores;
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans:[8]
Tu modo da facilis, posthæc mea siqua futura est,
Cuspis amaturos figat ut una duos.

Hæc ego,[2] mente olim læva, studioque supino,
Nequitiæ posui vana tropæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum sic me malus impulit error,
Indocilisque ætas prava magistra fuit;
Donec Socraticos umbrosa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admissum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus, extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora nostra gelu;
Unde suis frigus metuit puer ipse sagittis,
Et Diomedeam vim timet ipsa Venus.*

NOTES ON ELEGIARUM LIBER.

* Eleg. 1.—Charles Deodate was one of Milton's most intimate friends: he was an excellent scholar, and practised physic in Cheshire. He was educated with our author at St. Paul's school; and from thence was sent to Trinity college, Oxford, where he was entered February 7, 1621, at thirteen years of age. He was a fellow-collegian there with Alexander Gill, another of Milton's intimate friends, who was successively usher and master of St. Paul's school. Deodate has a copy of Alcaics extant in an Oxford collection on the death of Camden, called 'Camdeni Insignia.' He left the college, when he was á gentleman-commoner, in 1628, having taken the degree of master of arts. Toland says, that he had in his possession two Greek letters, very well written, from Deodate to Milton. Two of Milton's familiar Latin letters, in the utmost freedom of friendship, are to Deodate: both dated from London, 1637. But the best, certainly the most pleasing evidences of their intimacy, and of Deodate's admirable character, are our author's first and sixth Elegies, the fourth Sonnet, and the 'Epitaphium Damonis:' and it is highly probable, that Deodate is the "simple shepherd lad," in 'Comus,' who is skilled in plants, and loved to hear Thyrsis sing, v. 619. seq. He

died in the year 1638. This Elegy was written about the year 1627, in answer to a letter out of Cheshire from Deodate.—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 4. *Vergivium.* The Irish sea.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 9. *Me tenet urbs refluæ quam Thamesis alluit unda.* To have pointed out London, by only calling it the city washed by the Thames, would have been a general and a trite allusion: but this allusion, by being combined with the peculiar circumstance of the reflux of the tide, becomes new, poetical, and appropriated. The adjective *refluæ* is at once descriptive and distinctive. Ovid has "refluum mare," 'Metam.' vii. 267.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 27. *Excipit hinc fessum sinuosi pomya theatri,* &c. The theatre, as Mr. Warton observes, seems to have been a favourite amusement of Milton's youth. See 'L'Allegro,' v. 131.—Todd.

[4] Ver. 31.

Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro.

He probably means the play of 'Ignoramus.'—T. Warton.

[5] Ver. 41—44. By the youth, in the first couplet, he perhaps intends Shakspeare's 'Romeo;' in the second, either 'Hamlet,' or 'Richard III.' He then draws his illustrations from the ancient tragedians. The allusions, however, to Shakspeare's incidents do not exactly correspond. In the first instance, Romeo was not torn from joys "untasted:" although "puer" and "abrupto amore" are much in point. The allusions are loose, or resulting from memory, or not intended to tally minutely.—T. Warton.

[6] Ver. 50. *Atque suburbani nobilis umbra loci.* Some country house of Milton's father very near London is here intended, of which we have now no notices.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 66. *Et quot Susa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.* Susa, anciently a capital city of Susiana in Persia, conquered by Cyrus. Xerxes marched from this city, to enslave Greece. It is now called Souster. Ninos is a city of Assyria, built by Ninus: Memnon, a hero of the Iliad, had a palace there, and was the builder of Susa. Milton is alluding to oriental beauty. In the next couplet, he challenges the ladies of ancient Greece, Troy, and Rome.—T. WARTON.

[8] Ver. 69. *Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Musa,* &c. The poet has a retrospect to a long passage in Ovid, who is here called "Tarpëia Musa," either because he had a house adjoining to the Capitol, or by way of distinction, that he was the Tarpeian, the genuine Roman Muse.—T. WARTON.

The learnêd Lord Monboddo pronounces this Elegy to be equal to any thing of the "elegiac kind, to be found in Ovid, or even in Tibullus."—T. WARTON.

* ELEG. II.—The person here commemorated, is Richard Ridding, one of the university-beadles, and a master of arts of St. John's college, Cambridge. He signed a testamentary codicil, September 23, 1626, proved the eighth of November following.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 2. It was a custom at Cambridge, lately disused, for one of the beadles to make proclamation of convocations in every college. This is still in use at Oxford.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 13. *Talis,* &c. These allusions are proofs of our author's early familiarity with Homer.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 17. *Magna sepulcrorum regina.* A sublime poetical appellation for Death; and much in the manner of his English poetry.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 19. *Pondus inutile terræ.* Homer, 'Il.' xviii. 104.—Jos. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 22. *Et madeant lacrymis nigra feretra tuis.* Here seems to be an allusion to the custom of affixing verses on the pall, formerly perhaps more generally observed at Cambridge. "Lacrymis tuis" are the funeral poems, as "tear" is in 'Lycidas,' v. 14.—TODD.

This Elegy, with the next on the death of bishop Andrewes, the Odes on the death of professor Goslyn and bishop Felton, and the Poem on the fifth of November, are very correct and manly performances for a boy of seventeen. This was our author's first year at Cambridge. They discover a great fund and command of ancient literature.—T. WARTON.

[*] ELEG. III.—Lancelot Andrewes, bishop of Winchester, had been originally master of Pembroke-hall in Cambridge; but long before Milton's time. He died at Winchester-house in Southwark, Sept. 21, 1626.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 4. *Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina solo.* A very severe plague now raged in London and the neighbourhood, of which 35,417 persons are said to have died.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 9. *Tunc memini clarique ducis,* &c. I am kindly informed by Sir David Dalrymple,—"The two generals here mentioned, who died in 1626, were the two champions of the Queen of Bohemia; the Duke of Brunswick, and

Count Mansfelt: 'Frater' means a sworn brother in arms, according to the military cant of those days. The next couplet respects the death of Henry Earl of Oxford, who died not long before." Henry, Earl of Oxford, Shakspeare's patron, died at the siege of Breda in 1625.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 33. *Et Tartessiaco*, &c. Ovid, 'Metam.' xiv. 416:—"Presserat occiduus Tartessia littora Phœbus." "Tartessiacus" occurs in Martial, 'Epigr.' ix. 46. We are to understand the straits of Hercules, or the Atlantic ocean.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 43.

Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephyro Chloris amata levi.

Eden is compared to the Homeric garden of Alcinous, 'Paradise Lost,' b. v. 341. b. ix. 439. Chloris is Flora, who, according to ancient fable, was beloved by Zephyr. Hence our author is to be explained, 'Paradise Lost,' b. v. 16:—

Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.

T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 64. *Semper abhinc duro, nate, labore vaca.* Rev. xiv. 18:—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."—Jos. WARTON.

Milton, as he grew old in puritanism, must have looked back with disgust and remorse on the panegyric of this performance, as on one of the sins of his youth, inexperience, and orthodoxy; for he had here celebrated, not only a bishop, but a bishop who supported the dignity and constitution of the church of England in their most extensive latitude; the distinguished favourite of Elizabeth

and James, and the defender of regal prerogative.—T. Warton.

Eleg. iv.—Thomas Young, now pastor of the church of English merchants at Hamburg, was Milton's private preceptor, before he was sent to St. Paul's school. Aubrey, in his manuscript Life, calls him, "a puritan in Essex, who cutt his haire short." Under such an instructor, Milton probably first imbibed the principles of puritanism: but whatever were Young's religious instructions, our author professes to have received from this learned master his first introduction to the study of poetry, v. 29.

This Thomas Young, who appears to have returned to England in or before the year 1628, was Dr. Thomas Young, a member of the Assembly of Divines, where he was a constant attendant, and one of the authors of the book called 'Smectymnuus,' defended by Milton; and who, from a London preachership in Duke's-place, was preferred by the parliament to the mastership of Jesus College in Cambridge: Neale's 'Hist. Pur.' iii. 122, 39. Clarke, a calvinistic biographer, attests that he was "a man of great learning, of much prudence and piety, and of great ability and fidelity in the work of the ministry,"—'Lives,' p. 194.—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 10. "Take the swift car of Medea, in which she fled from her husband."—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 11. *Aut quels Triptolemus*, &c. Triptolemus was carried from Eleusis in Greece, into Scythia, and the most uncultivated regions of the globe, on winged serpents, to teach mankind the use of wheat.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 15. *Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hama.* Krantzius, a Gothic geographer, says, that the city of Hamburg in Saxony took its name from Hama, a puissant Saxon champion, who was killed on the spot where that city stands

by Starchater, a Danish giant. The "Cimbrica clava" is the club of the Dane. In describing Hamburg, this romantic tale could not escape Milton.—T. Warton.

[4] Ver. 23. Dearer than Socrates to Alcibiades, who was the son of Clinias, and has this appellation in Ovid's 'Ibis,' —"Cliniadæque modo," &c. v. 635. Alcibiades, the son of Clinias, was anciently descended from Eurysaces, a son of the Telamonian Ajax.—T. Warton.

[5] Ver. 25. Aristotle, preceptor to Alexander the Great. —T. Warton.

[6] Ver. 27. *Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius heros.* Phœnix, the son of Amyntor, and Chiron, both instructors of Achilles. The instances are, of the love of scholars to their masters, in ancient history.—T. Warton.

[7] Ver. 33. Two years and one month; in which had passed three vernal equinoxes, two springs and two winters. Young, we may then suppose, went abroad in February, 1623, when Milton was about fifteen. But compare their prose correspondence, where Milton says, "quod autem plusquam triennio nunquam ad te scripserim."—T. Warton.

[8] Ver. 65. *Sæpe sarissiferi.* From the Macedonian "sarissa," or "pike;" whence soldiers were called "sarissophori." See Liv. ix. 19. And Ovid, 'Met.' xii. 466.—Todd.

[9] Ver. 74. *Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.* About the year 1626, when this Elegy was written, the imperialists, under general Tilly, were often encountered by Christian, Duke of Brunswick, and the Dukes of Saxony, particularly Duke William of Saxe Weimar, and the Duke of Saxe Lauenburg, in Lower Saxony, of which Hamburg, where

Young resided, is the capital. See v. 77. Germany in general, either by invasion or interior commotions, was a scene of the most bloody war, from the year 1618 till later than 1640. Gustavus Adolphus conquered the greater part of Germany about 1631.—T. WARTON.

[10] Ver. 84. *Vivis et ignoto solus inopsque solo.* These circumstances, added to others, leave us strongly to suspect that Young was a nonconformist, and probably compelled to quit England on account of his religious opinions and practice. He seems to have been driven back to England, by the war in the Netherlands, not long after this Elegy was written.—T. WARTON.

[11] Ver. 86. *Sede peregrina quæris egenus opem.* Before and after 1630, many English ministers, puritanically affected, left their cures, and settled in Holland, where they became pastors of separate congregations: when matters took another turn in England, they returned, and were rewarded for their unconforming obstinacy in the new presbyterian establishment.—T. WARTON.

[12] Ver. 100. *Sidoni dira.* Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, was the daughter of Ethbaal, king of the Sidonians. "Sidoni" is a vocative, from Sidonis, often applied by Ovid to Europa, the daughter of Agenor, king of Syria.—T. WARTON.

[13] Ver. 101.

Talis et, horrisono lacératus membra flagello, &c.

Whipping and imprisonment were among the punishments of the arbitrary star-chamber, the threats "regis Achabi," which Young fled to avoid.—T. WARTON.

[14] Ver. 123. *Et tu (quod superest),* &c. For many ob-

vious reasons, *At tu* is likely to be the true reading.—T. Warton.

[15] Ver. 125. This wish, as we have seen, came to pass. He returned; and, when at length his party became superior, he was rewarded with appointments of opulence and honour.—T. Warton.

* Eleg. v.—In point of poetry, sentiment, selection of imagery, facility of versification, and Latinity, this Elegy, written by a boy, is far superior to one of Buchanan's on the same subject, intitled 'Maiæ Calendæ.'—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 6. *Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest?* See v. 23. There is a notion that Milton could write verses only in the spring or summer, which perhaps is countenanced by these passages: but what poetical mind does not feel an expansion or invigoration at the return of the spring;—at that renovation of the face of nature, with which every mind is in some degree affected?—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 51. *Te manet Æolides*, &c. Cephalus, with whom Aurora fell in love as she saw him hunting on Mount Hymettus. And Cephalus is "the Attick boy," with whom Aurora was accustomed to hunt, 'Il Pens.' v. 124.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 93. More wisely than when you lent your chariot to Phaeton, and when I was consumed "by the excess of your heat." He alludes to the speech or complaint of Tellus, in the story of Phaeton. See 'Metam.' ii. 272.—T. Warton.

Eleg. vi.—[1] Ver. 12.

Haustaque per lepidos Gallica musta focos!

Deodate had sent Milton a copy of verses, in which he described the festivities of Christmas.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 23. *Teumesius Euan.* Teumesus is a mountain of Bœotia, the district in which Thebes was situated; and its inhabitants were called Teumesii. Milton here puzzles his readers with minute and unnecessary learning. The meaning of the line is this:—"The Theban god Bacchus inspires the numbers of his congenial Pindar, the Theban poet."—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 37. *Nunc quoque Thressa tibi,* &c. The Thracian harp. Orpheus was of Thrace.—T. Warton.

[4] Ver. 39. *Auditurque chelys suspensa tapetia circum,* &c. Mr. Warton has observed, that here is a reference to the mode of furnishing halls or state-apartments with tapestry, which had not ceased in Milton's time. Compare 'Comus,' v. 324.—Todd.

[5] Ver. 55. *At qui bella refert,* &c. Ovid, Anacreon, Pindar, and Horace indulged in convivial festivity; and this also is an indulgence which must be allowed to the professed writer of elegies and odes: but the epic poet, who has a more serious and important task, must live sparingly, according to the dictates of Pythagoras. Milton's panegyrics on temperance both in eating and drinking, resulting from his own practice, are frequent.—T. Warton.

[6] Ver. 73. *Et per monstrificam Perseïæ Phœbados aulam.* Circe was the daughter of the Sun, and, as some say, of Hecate.—T. Warton.

[7] Ver. 89.

Te quoque pressa manent patriis meditata cicutis.

His English 'Ode on the Nativity.' This he means to

submit to Deodate's inspection. "You shall next have some of my English poetry."

The transitions and connexions of this Elegy are conducted with the skill and address of a master, and form a train of allusions and digressions productive of fine sentiment and poetry. From a trifling and unimportant circumstance, the reader is gradually led to great and lofty imagery. —T. WARTON.

ELEG. VII.—[1] Ver. 15.

At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem,
Nec matutinum sustinuere jubar.

Here is the elegance of poetical expression: but he really complains of the weakness of his eyes, which began early. He has "light unsufferable,"—'Ode Nativ.' v. 8.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 37. *Cydoniusque mihi*, &c. Perhaps indefinitely, as the "Parthus eques," just before. The Cydonians were famous for hunting, which implies archery. If a person is here intended, he is most probably Hippolytus. Cydon was a city of Crete. But then he is mentioned here as an archer. Virgil ranks the Cydonians with the Parthians for their skill in the bow, 'Æn.' xii. 852.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ibid. *Et ille*, &c. Cephalus, who unknowingly shot his wife Procris.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 39. *Est etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion.* Orion was also a famous hunter.—T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 46. *Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.* "No medicine will avail you: not even the serpent, which Phœbus sent to Rome to cure the city of a pestilence." Ovid, 'Metam.' xv. 742.—T. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 53. *Turba*, &c. In Milton's youth, the fashionable places of walking in London were Hyde-Park, and Gray's-Inn Walks.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 76. *Non reditura.* He saw the unknown lady, who had thus won his heart, but once. The fervor of his love is inimitably expressed in the following lines.—TODD.

[8] Ver. 99.

Deme meos tandem, verum nec deme, furores;
Nescio cur, miser est suaviter omnis amans.

There never was a more beautiful description of the irresolution of love. He wishes to have his woe removed, but recalls his wish; preferring the sweet misery of those who love. Thus Eloisa wavers, in Pope's fine poem:—

Unequal task! a passion to resign,
For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost, as mine.

TODD.

[9] Page 277. ver. 1. *Hæc ego*, &c. These lines are an epilogistic palinode to the last Elegy. The Socratic doctrines of the shady Academe soon broke the bonds of beauty: in other words, his return to the university. They were probably written when the Latin poems were prepared for the press in 1645.—T. WARTON.

EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

I.—In Proditionem Bombardicam.

Cum simul in regem nuper satrapasque Britannos
Ausus es infandum, perfide Fauxe, nefas,
Fallor? An et mitis voluisti ex parte videri,
Et pensare mala cum pietate scelus?
Scilicet hos alti missurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru, flammivoïsque rotis:
Qualiter ille, feris caput inviolabile Parcis,
Liquit Iördanios turbine raptus agros.

II.—In eandem.

Siccine tentasti cœlo donasse Iacobum,
Quæ septemgemino, Bellua, monte lates?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce, precor, donis insidiosa tuis.
Ille quidem sine te consortia serus adivit
Astra, nec inferni pulveris usus ope.
Sic potius fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana deos:
Namque hac aut alia nisi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi, cœli vix bene scandet iter.

III.—In eandem.

Purgatorem animæ derisit Iäcobus ignem,
  Et sine quo superum non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trina monstrum Latiale corona,
  Movit et horrificum cornua dena minax.
" Et nec inultus," ait, " temnes mea sacra, Britanne :
  Supplicium, spreta relligione, dabis :
Et, si stelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
  Non nisi per flammas triste patebit iter."
O, quam funesto cecinisti proxima vero,
  Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura suis !
Nam prope Tartareo sublime rotatus ab igni,
  Ibat ad æthereas, umbra perusta, plagas.

IV.—In eandem.

Quem modo Roma suis devoverat impia diris,
  Et Styge damnarat, Tænarioque sinu ;
Hunc, vice mutata, jam tollere gestit ad astra,
  Et cupit ad superos evehere usque deos.

V.—In Inventorem Bombardæ.

Iapetionidem laudavit cæca vetustas,
  Qui tulit ætheream solis ab axe facem ;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
  Et trifidum fulmen, surripuisse Jovi.

VI.—Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.*

Angelus unicuique suus, sic credite gentes,
  Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.

Quid mirum, Leonora, tibi si gloria major?
Nam tua præsentem vox sonat ipsa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certe mens tertia cœli,
Per tua secreto guttura serpit agens;
Serpit agens, facilisque docet mortalia corda
Sensim immortali assuescere posse sono.
Quod si cuncta quidem Deus est, per cunctaque fusus,
In te una loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

VII.—Ad eandem.

Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora[1] poetam,
Cujus ab insano cessit amore furens.
Ah! miser ille tuo quanto felicius ævo
Perditus, et propter te, Leonora, foret!
Et te Pieria sensisset voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ!
Quamvis Dircæo torsisset lumina Pentheo[2]
Sævior, aut totus desipuisset iners;
Tu tamen errantes cæca vertigine sensus
Voce eadem poteras composuisse tua;
Et poteras, ægro spirans sub corde, quietem
Flexanimo cantu restituisse sibi.

VIII.—Ad eandem.

Credula quid liquidam Sirena, Neapoli, jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes[1] fana Achelöiados;
Littoreamque tua defunctam Naida ripa,
Corpora Chalcidico sacra dedisse rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, et amœna Tibridis unda
Mutavit rauci murmura Pausilipi.[2]
Illic, Romulidum studiis ornata secundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque deos.

IX.—In Salmasii Hundredam.*

Quis expedivit Salmasio suam Hundredam,
Picamque docuit verba nostra conari?
Magister artis venter, et Jacobæi
Centum, exulantis viscera marsupii regis.[1]
Quod si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,
Ipse, Antichristi qui modo primatum Papæ
Minatus uno est dissipare sufflatu,
Cantabit ultro Cardinalitium melos.[2]

X.—In Salmasium.*

Gaudete scombri, et quicquid est piscium salo,
Qui frigida hyeme incolitis algentes freta!
Vestrum misertus ille Salmasius, eques
Bonus, amicire nuditatem cogitat;
Chartæque largus, apparat papyrinos
Vobis cucullos, præferentes Claudii
Insignia, nomenque et decus, Salmasii:[1]
Gestetis ut per omne cetarium forum
Equitis clientes, scriniis mungentium
Cubito[2] virorum, et capsulis, gratissimos.

XI.—In Morum.*

Galli ex concubitu gravidam te, Pontia, Mori,
Quis bene moratam, morigeramque, neget?

XII.—Apologus de Rustico et Hero.*

Rusticus ex malo sapidissima poma quotannis
Legit, et urbano lecta dedit domino:
Hinc, incredibili fructus dulcedine captus,
Malum ipsam in proprias transtulit areolas.

Hactenus illa ferax, sed longo debilis ævo,
Mota solo assueto, protinus aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit domino, spe lusus inani,
Damnavit celeres in sua damna manus;
Atque ait, "Heu quanto satius fuit illa coloni,
Parva licet, grato dona tulisse animo!
Possem ego avaritiam frænare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi et fœtus, et ipse parens."

XIII. — Ad CHRISTINAM Suecorum Reginam, nomine CROMWELLI.*

Bellipotens virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero:
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitor,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.*
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbra;
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces.

NOTES ON EPIGRAMMATUM LIBER.

EPIG. II.—[1] Ver. 2. *Quæ septemgemino, Bellua*, &c. The Pope, called, in the theological language of the times, "The Beast."—T. WARTON.

* EPIG. VI.—Adriana of Mantua, for her beauty surnamed the Fair, and her daughter Leonora Baroni, the lady whom Milton celebrates in these three Latin Epigrams, were esteemed by their contemporaries the finest singers in the world. When Milton was at Rome, he was introduced to the concerts of cardinal Barberini, where he heard Leonora sing and her mother play. It was the fashion for all the ingenious strangers, who visited Rome, to leave some verses on Leonora.—T. WARTON.

EPIG. VII.—[1] Ver. 1. *Altera Torquatum cepit Leonora.* This allusion to Tasso's Leonora, and the turn which it takes, are inimitably beautiful.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 7. For the story of Pentheus, a king of Thebes, see Euripides's 'Bacchæ,' where he sees two suns, &c. v. 916. But Milton, in "torsisset lumina," alludes to the rage of Pentheus in Ovid, 'Metam.' iii. 557:—

> Aspicit hunc oculis Pentheus, quos ira tremendos
> Fecerat. T. WARTON.

EPIG. VIII.—[1] Ver. 2. Parthenope's tomb was at Naples: she was one of the sirens.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 6. *Pausilipi.* The grotto of Pausilipo, which Milton no doubt had visited with delight.—TODD.

* EPIG. IX.—This Epigram is in Milton's 'Defensio' against Salmasius; in the translation of which by Richard Washington, published in 1692, the Epigram is thus anglicised, p. 187:—

> Who taught Salmasius, that French chattering pye,
> To aim at English, and Hundreds cry?
> The starving rascal, flush'd with just a hundred
> English Jacobusses, Hundreds blunder'd:
> An outlaw'd king's last stock.—A hundred more
> Would make him pimp for the antichristian whore;
> And in Rome's praise employ his poison'd breath,
> Who threaten'd once to stink the pope to death.
>
> T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 4. King Charles II., now in exile, and sheltered in Holland, gave Salmasius, who was a professor at Leyden, one hundred Jacobuses to write his defence, 1649. Wood asserts that Salmasius had no reward for his book: he says, that at Leyden, the king sent Dr. Morley, afterwards bishop, to the apologist, with his thanks, "but not with a purse of gold, as John Milton the impudent lyer reported,"—'Athen. Oxon.' ii. 770.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 8. This Epigram, as Mr. Warton observes, is an imitation of part of the Prologue to Persius's Satires.—TODD.

* EPIG. X.—This is in the 'Defensio Secunda.' It is introduced with the following ridicule on Morus, the subject of the next Epigram, for having predicted the wonders to be worked by Salmasius's new edition, or rather reply:—

"Tu igitur, ut pisciculus ille anteambulo, præcurris balænam Salmasium." Mr. Steevens observes, that this is an idea analogous to Falstaff's—"Here do I walk before thee," &c. although reversed as to the imagery.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 7. Mr. Warton observes, that Milton here sneers at a circumstance which was true: Salmasius was really of an ancient and noble family.—TODD.

[2] Ver. 9. "Cubito mungentium," a cant appellation among the Romans for fishmongers.—T. WARTON.

Christina, queen of Sweden, among other learned men who fed her vanity, had invited Salmasius to her court, where he wrote his 'Defensio.' She had pestered him with Latin letters seven pages long, and told him she would set out for Holland to fetch him, if he did not come. When he arrived, he was often indisposed on account of the coldness of the climate; and on these occasions, the queen would herself call on him in a morning; and, locking the door of his apartment, used to light his fire, give him breakfast, and stay with him some hours. This behaviour gave rise to scandalous stories, and our critic's wife grew jealous. It is seemingly a slander, what was first thrown out in the 'Mercurius Politicus,' that Christina, when Salmasius had published his work, dismissed him with contempt, as a parasite and an advocate of tyranny: but the case was, to say nothing that Christina loved both to be flattered and to tyrannise, Salmasius had now been long preparing to return to Holland, to fulfil his engagements with the university of Leyden: she offered him large rewards and appointments to remain in Sweden, and greatly regretted his departure; and on his death, very shortly afterwards, she wrote his widow a letter in French, full of concern for his loss, and respect for his memory. Such, however, was Christina's levity, or hypocrisy, or caprice, that it is possible she might

have acted inconsistently in some parts of this business.—T. WARTON.

* EPIG. XI.—From Milton's 'Defensio Secunda,' and his 'Responsio' to Morus's Supplement. This distich was occasioned by a report, that Morus had debauched a favourite waiting-maid of the wife of Salmasius, Milton's antagonist.—T. WARTON.

* EPIG. XII.—This piece first appeared in the edition, 1673.—TODD.

* EPIG. XIII.—These lines are simple and sinewy. They present Cromwell in a new and pleasing light, and throw an air of amiable dignity on his rough and obstinate character. They are too great a compliment to Christina, who was contemptible both as a queen and a woman. The uncrowned Cromwell had no reason to approach a princess with so much reverence, who had renounced her crown. The frolics of other whimsical modern queens have been often only romantic: the pranks of Christina had neither elegance nor even decency to deserve so candid an appellation. An ample and lively picture of her court, politics, religion, intrigues, rambles, and masquerades, is to be gathered from Thurloe's 'State Papers.'—T. WARTON.

I have quoted the English version of Milton's epigram to Christina: it appeared as follows, in Toland's Life of the poet, fol. 1698, p. 39:—

> Bright martial maid, queen of the frozen zone!
> The northern pole supports thy shining throne:
> Behold what furrows age and steel can plow;
> The helmet's weight oppress'd this wrinkled brow.
> Through fate's untrodden paths I move; my hands
> Still act my freeborn people's bold commands:
> Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns,
> Nor are these looks always severe to crowns. TODD.

SILVARUM LIBER.

PSALM CXIV.

Ἰσραὴλ ὅτε παιδὲς, ὅτ' ἀγλαὰ φῦλ' Ἰακώβου
Αἰγύπτιον λίπε δῆμον, ἀπεχθέα, βαρβαρόφωνον,
Δὴ τότε μούνον ἔην ὅσιον γένος υἷες Ἰοῦδα·
Ἐν δὲ Θεὸς λαοῖσι μέγα κρείων βασίλευεν.
Εἶδε, καὶ ἐντροπάδην φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησε θάλασσα
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ, ὀδ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθη
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνης ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν.
Ἐκ δ' ὄρεα σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέοντο,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ.
Βαιότεραι δ' ἅμα πάσαι ἀνασκίρτησαν ἐρίπναι,
Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες.
Τίπτε σύ', αἰνὰ θάλασσα, πέλωρ φύγαδ' ἐῤῥώησας
Κύματι εἰλυμένη ῥοθίῳ; τί δ' ἄρ' ἐστυφελίχθης
Ἰρὸς Ἰορδάνη ποτὶ ἀργυροειδέα πηγήν;
Τίπτ', ὄρεα, σκαρθμοῖσιν ἀπειρέσια κλονέεσθε,
Ὡς κριοὶ σφριγόωντες ἐϋτραφερῷ ἐν ἀλωῇ;
Βαιότεραι τί δ' ἀρ' ὔμμες ἀνασκιρτήσατ', ἐρίπναι,

Οἷα παραὶ σύριγγι φίλῃ ὑπὸ μητέρι ἄρνες;
Σείεο, γαῖα, τρέουσα Θεὸν μεγάλ' ἐκτυπέοντα,
Γαῖα, Θεὸν τρεῖουσ' ὕπατον σέβας Ἰσσακίδαο,
Ὅς τε καὶ ἐκ σπιλάδων ποταμοὺς χέε μορμύροντας,
Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ δακρυοέσσης.

Philosophus ad regem quendam, qui eum ignotum et insontem inter reos forte captum inscius damnaverat, τὴν ἐπὶ θανάτῳ πορευόμενος, hæc subito misit:—

Ὦ ἄνα, εἰ ὀλέσῃς με τὸν ἔννομον, οὐδέ τιν' ἀνδρῶν
Δεινὸν ὅλως δράσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴσθι κάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μαψιδίως δ' ἀρ' ἔπειτα τεὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀδυρῇ,
Τοιόν δ' ἐκ πόλιος περιώννυμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσσας.

In Effigiei ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλέπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφου.

In Obitum Procancellarii, Medici.*

Anno Ætatis 17.

Parere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iapeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocarit flebilis, heu! moræ

Tentantur incassum, dolique ;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules,
Nessi venenatus cruore,
Æmathia jacuisset Oeta :
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis [1] peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum [2] verba Hecateia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali [3] soror usa virga.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentum, ignotaque gramina ;
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon [4]
Eurypyli cecidisset hasta :
Læsisset et nec te, Philyreie, [5]
Sagitta Echidnæ perlita sanguine ;
Nec tela te [6] fulmenque avitum,
Cæse puer genetricis alvo :
Tuque, O, alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloria ;
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua,
Irata, cum te viderit artibus,

Succoque pollenti, tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra, precor, tua
Molli quiescant cespite, et ex tuo
Crescant rosæ calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina;
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In Quintum Novembris.*

Anno Ætatis 17.

Jam pius extrema veniens Iäcobus ab arcto,
Teucrigenas populos, lateque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit; jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo, felix divesque, sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus et hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros:
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat et invictas in mutua viscera gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace:
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus;

Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat; ceu Caspia tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub illuni, et somno nictantibus astris:
Talibus infestat populos Summanus[1] et urbes,
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, et terra deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles;
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem,
Æquore tranato, furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Trojæ.
At simul hanc, opibusque et festa pace beatam,
Aspicit, et pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem nomina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem suspiria rupit
Tartareos ignes et luridum olentia sulphur;
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clausus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monstrosus ab ore Typhœus.
Ignescunt oculi, stridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuspide cuspis.
Atque,—"Pererrato solum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni," dixit; "gens hæc mihi sola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, nostraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea si quicquam tentamina possunt,
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta."
Hactenus; et piceis liquido natat aëre pennis:
Qua volat, adversi præcursant agmine venti,
Densantur nubes, et crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinosas velox superaverat Alpes,
Et tenet Ausoniæ fines; a parte sinistra
Nimbifer Apenninus erat, priscique Sabini,

Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, necnon
Te furtiva, Tibris, Thetidi videt oscula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ consistit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam sera crepuscula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur [2] totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificosque deos portat, scapulisque virorum
Evehitur; præeunt submisso poplite reges,
Et mendicantum series longissima fratrum; [3]
Cereaque in manibus gestant funalia cæci,
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes:
Templa dein multis subeunt lucentia tædis,
(Vesper erat sacer iste Petro) fremitusque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, et inane locorum.
Qualiter exultat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Asopus in undis,
Et procul ipse cava responsat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem solenni more peractis,
Nox senis amplexus Erebi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipitesque impellit equos stimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemque ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, et hirsutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres,
Ingreditur thalamos, neque enim secretus adulter
Producit steriles molli sine pellice noctes;
At vix compositos somnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque silentum,
Prædatorque hominum, falsa sub imagine tectus
Astitit; assumtis micuerunt tempora canis;

Barba sinus promissa tegit; cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum vestis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raso; et, ne quicquam desit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo[4]
Tetra vagabatur solus per lustra ferarum,
Silvestrique tulit genti pia verba salutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Libycosque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu,
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces:—
"Dormis, nate? Etiamne tuos sopor opprimit artus?
Immemor, O, fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram, venerande, tuam, diademaque triplex,
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata sub axe;
Dumque pharetrati spernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age; surge, piger, Latius quem Cæsar adorat,
Cui reserata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, et fastus frange procaces;
Sacrilegique sciant, tua quid maledictio possit,
Et quid Apostolicæ possit custodia clavis;
Et memor Hesperiæ disjectam ulciscere classem,
Mersaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probrosæ,
Thermodoontëa nuper regnante puella.[5]
At tu si tenero mavis torpescere lecto,
Crescentesque negas hosti contundere vires;
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroso milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:

Relliquias veterum franget, flammique cremabit;
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant soleis dare basia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis et aperto Marte lacesses;
Irritus ille labor: tu callidus utere fraude:
Quælibet hæreticis disponere retia fas est.
Jamque ad consilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, et procerum de stirpe creatos,
Grandævosque patres, trabea canisque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conspergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, qua convenere, sub imis.
Protinus ipse igitur, quoscunque habet Anglia fidos,
Propositi, factique, mone: quisquamne tuorum
Audebit summi non jussa facessere Papæ?
Perculsosque metu subito, casuque stupentes,
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel sævus Iberus.
Sæcula sic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,[6]
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et, nequid timeas, divos divasque secundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina fastis."
Dixit; et, adscitos ponens malefidus amictus,
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam rosea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Vestit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mœstaque, adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati,
Irrigat ambrosiis montana cacumina guttis:
Cum somnos pepulit stellatæ janitor aulæ,
Nocturnos visus et somnia grata revolvens.
Est locus æterna septus caligine noctis,

Vasta ruinosi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi spelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis,
Effera quos uno peperit Discordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent, præruptaque saxa,
Ossa inhumata virum, et trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic Dolus intortis semper sedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, et stimulis armata Calumnia, fauces,
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur,
Et Timor, exsanguisque locum circumvolat Horror;
Perpetuoque leves per muta silentia Manes
Exululant, tellus et sanguine conscia stagnat.
Ipsi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, et Prodotes; nulloque sequente per antrum,
Antrum horrens, scopulosum, atrum feralibus umbris,
Diffugiunt[7] sontes, et retro lumina vortunt:
Hos pugiles Romæ per sæcula longa fideles
Evocat antistes Babylonius,[8] atque ita fatur:—
"Finibus occiduis circumfusum incolit æquor
Gens exosa mihi: prudens Natura negavit
Indignam penitus nostro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, sic jubeo, celeri contendite gressu,
Tartareoque leves diffluentur pulvere in auras
Et rex et pariter satrapæ, scelerata propago:
Et, quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ,
Consilii socios adhibete, operisque ministros."
Finierat; rigidi cupide paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Despicit ætherea Dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perversæ ridet conamina turbæ;

Atque sui causam populi volet ipse tueri.
Esse ferunt spatium, qua distat ab Aside terra
Fertilis Europe, et spectat Mareotidas undas;[9]
Hic turris posita est Titanidos[10] ardua Famæ,
Ærea, lata, sonans, rutilis vicinior astris
Quam superimpositum vel Athos vel Pelion Ossæ.
Mille fores aditusque patent, totidemque fenestræ,
Amplaque per tenues translucent atria muros: 170
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata susurros;
Qualiter instrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muscarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æstivum cœli petit ardua culmen. 180
Ipsa quidem summa sedet ultrix matris in arce;
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis sonitum exiguum trahit, atque levissima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot, Aristoride, servator inique juvencæ 185
Isidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia somno,
Lumina subjectas late spectantia terras.
Istis illa solet loca luce carentia sæpe
Perlustrare, etiam radianti impervia soli: 190
Millenisque loquax auditaque visaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria; veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis sermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a nostro meruisti carmine laudes,
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum, 195
Nobis digna cani, nec te memorasse pigebit
Carmine tam longo; servati scilicet Angli
Officiis, vaga diva, tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus, æternos motu qui temperat ignes,

Fulmine præmisso alloquitur, terraque tremente:
"Fama, siles? An te latet impia Papistarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meosque Britannos,
Et nova sceptrigero cædes meditata Iacobo?"
Nec plura; illa statim sensit mandata Tonantis,
Et, satis ante fugax, stridentes induit alas,
Induit et variis exilia corpora plumis:
Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram."
Nec mora: jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum est cursu celeres prævertere nubes:
Jam ventos, jam solis equos, post terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas, solito de more, per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura, spargit:
Mox arguta dolos, et detestabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, necnon facta horrida dictu,
Auctoresque addit sceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Insidiis loca structa silet; stupuere relatis
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effœtique senes pariter; tantæque ruinæ
Sensus ad ætatem subito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miserescit ab alto
Ætherius Pater, et crudelibus obstitit ausis
Papicolum; cæpti pœnas raptantur ad aeres:
At pia thura Deo, et grati solvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoque Novembris
Nulla dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

In Obitum Præsulis Eliensis.* Anno Ætatis 17.

Adhuc madentes rore squalebant genæ,
Et sicca nondum lumina

Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant saliis,
  Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœsta caro justa persolvi rogo
  Wintoniensis Præsulis;
Cum centilinguis Fama, pro! semper mali
  Cladisque vera nuntia,
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
  Populosque Neptuno satos,
Cessisse morti, et ferreis sororibus,
  Te, generis humani decus,
Qui rex sacrorum illa fuisti in insula
  Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.[1]
Tunc inquietum pectus ira protinus
  Ebulliebat, fervida,
Tumulis potentem sæpe devovens deam:
  Nec vota Naso in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore;
  Graiusque yates[2] parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus est dolum,
  Sponsamque Neobulen suam.
At, ecce! diras ipse dum fundo graves,
  Et imprecor neci necem,
Audisse tales videor attonitus sonos
  Leni, sub aura, flamine:
"Cæcos furores pone; pone vitream
  Bilemque, et irritas minas:
Quid temere violas non nocenda numina,
  Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non est, ut arbitraris elusus miser,
  Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebove patre creta, sive Erinnye,
  Vastove nata sub Chao:

Ast illa, cœlo missa stellato, Dei
Messes ubique colligit;
Animasque mole carnea reconditas
In lucem et auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem,
Themidos Jovisque filiæ;
Et sempiterni ducit ad vultus Patris:
At justa raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuosa Tartari,
Sedesque subterraneas."
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatilesque faustus inter milites
Ad astra sublimis feror;
Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum senex,
Auriga currus ignei.
Non me Boötis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidolosi Scorpionis brachia;
Non ensis, Orion, tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi solis globum,
Longeque sub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat suos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum siderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem sæpe miratus novam;
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum est Olympi, et regiam crystallinam, et
Stratum smaragdis atrium.
Sed hic tacebo; nam quis effari queat,
Oriundus humano patre,

Amœnitates illius loci? Mihi
Sat est in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati Senium.*

Heu, quam perpetuis erroribus acta fatiscit
Avia mens hominum, tenebrisque immersa profundis
Œdipodioniam volvit sub pectore noctem!
Quæ vesana suis metiri facta deorum
Audet, et incisas leges adamante perenni
Assimilare suis, nulloque solubile sæclo
Consilium fati perituris alligat horis!
Ergone marcescet sulcantibus obsita rugis
Naturæ facies, et rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum sterilescet ab ævo?
Et, sé fassa senem, male certis passibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? Num tetra vetustas,
Annorumque æterna fames, squalorque, situsque,
Sidera vexabunt? An et insatiabile Tempus
Esuriet cœlum, rapietque in viscera patrem?
Heu, potuitne suas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munisse nefas, et Temporis isto
Exemisse malo, gyrosque dedisse perennes?
Ergo erit ut quandoque sono dilapsa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, superaque ut Olympius aula
Decidat, horribilisque retecta Gorgone Pallas;
Qualis in Ægæam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata sacro cecidit de limine cœli?
Tu quoque, Phœbe, tui casus imitabere nati;
Præcipiti curru, subitaque ferere ruina
Pronus, et extincta fumabit lampade Nereus,

Et dabit attonito feralia sibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulsis sedibus Hæmi
Dissultabit apex, imoque allisa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraunia Ditem,
In superos quibus usus erat, fraternaque bella.
At Pater Omnipotens, fundatis fortius astris,
Consuluit rerum summæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine summo
Singula perpetuum jussit servare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapsu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat et ambitos socia vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud solito Saturnus, et acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat cristata casside Mavors.
Floridus æternum Phœbus juvenile coruscat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone deus; sed semper amica
Luce potens, eadem currit per signa rotarum.
Surgit odoratis pariter formosus ab Indis,
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo,
Mane vocans, et serus agens in pascua cœli;
Temporis et gemino dispertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, solitoque fragore
Lurida perculsas jaculantur fulmina rupes:
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit et armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, spiratque hyemem, nimbosque volutat.
Utque solet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, et rauca circumstrepit æquora concha
Oceani tubicen, nec vasta mole minorem
Ægæona ferunt dorso Balearica cete.
Sed neque, Terra, tibi sæcli vigor ille vetusti

Priscus abest, servatque suum Narcissus odorem,
Et puer ille suum tenet, et puer ille, decorem,
Phœbe, tuusque, et, Cypri, tuus;' nec ditior olim
Terra datum sceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conscia, vel sub aquis gemmas. Sic denique in ævum
Ibit cunctarum series justissima rerum;
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, late
Circumplexa polos, et vasti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Aristoteles intellexit.*

Dicite, sacrorum præsides nemorum deæ;
Tuque, O, noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenso procul
Antro recumbis, otiosa Æternitas,
Monumenta servans, et ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique fastos, atque ephemeridas deum;
Quis ille primus, cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unusque et universus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ'
Interna proles insidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura sit communior,
Tamen seorsus extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo stringitur spatio loci:
Seu sempiternus ille siderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimumve terris incolit lunæ globum:
Sive, inter animas corpus adituras sedens,
Obliviosas torpet ad Lethes aquas:

Sive in remota forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et diis tremendus erigit celsum caput,
Atlante major portitore siderum.
Non, cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit,[2]
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu;
Non hunc silente nocte Plëiones nepos[3]
Vatum sagaci præpes ostendit choro;
Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius,[4] licet
Longos vetusti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priscumque Belon, inclytumque Osiridem;
Non ille, trino gloriosus nomine,
Ter magnus Hermes,[5] ut sit arcani sciens,
Talem reliquit Isidis cultoribus.
At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus,[6]
(Hæc monstra si tu primus induxti scholis)
Jam jam poetas, urbis exules tuæ,
Revocabis, ipse fabulator maximus;
Aut institutor ipse migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.*

Nunc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut, tenues oblita sonos, audacibus alis
Surgat in officium venerandi Musa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum, pater optime, carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus; nec novimus ipsi
Aptius a nobis quæ possint munera donis
Respondëre tuis, quamvis nec maxima possint
Respondere tuis, nedum ut par gratia donis
Esse queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.

Sed tamen hæc nostros ostendit pagina census,
Et quod habemus opum charta numeravimus ista,
Quæ mihi sunt nullæ, nisi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi semoto somni peperere sub antro,
Et nemoris laureta sacri Parnassides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum despice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, et semina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethëæ retinens vestigia flammæ.
Carmen amant superi, tremebundaque Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divosque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duro Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine sepositi retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades,[1] et tremulæ pallentes ora Sibyllæ:
Carmina sacrificus sollennes pangit ad aras;
Aurea seu æternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cum fata sagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Consulit, et tepidis Parcam scrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam, patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ stabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis;
Dulcia suavilòquo sociantes carmina plectro,
Astra quibus, geminique poli convexa, sonabunt.
Spiritus et rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque sidereis intercinit ipse choreis
Immortale melos, et inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compescit sibila Serpens,
Demissoque ferox gladio mansuescit Orion;
Stellarum nec sentit onus Maurusius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare solebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vastæque immensa vorago

Nota gulæ, et modico spumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum, de more sedens festa ad convivia vates,
Æsculea intonsos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque gesta canebat,
Et chaos, et positi late fundamina mundi,
Reptantesque deos, et alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætnæo quæsitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum sensusque vacans, numerique loquacis?
Silvestres decet iste choros, non Orphea, cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios, et quercubus addidit aures,
Carmine, non cithara; simulacraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas: habet has a carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge, precor, sacras contemnere Musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta, quarum ipse peritus
Munere, mille sonos numeros componis ad aptos;
Millibus et vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii merito sis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, si me genuisse poetam
Contigerit, caro si tam prope sanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, studiumque affine, sequamur?
Ipse volens Phœbus se dispertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti;
Dividuumque deum, genitorque puerque, tenemus.
Tu tamen ut simules teneras odisse Camœnas,
Non odisse reor; neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditaque gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures;
Sed, magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,

Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum, Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ,
Phœbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.
Officium cari taceo commune parentis;
Me poscunt majora: tuo, pater optime, sumtu,
Cum mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, et quæ Jovis ora decebant
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere suasisti quos jactat Gallia flores;
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, barbaricos testatus voce tumultus;
Quæque Palæstinus loquitur mysteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, subjectaque cœlo
Terra parens, terræque et cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid et unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te nosse licet, per te, si nosse libebit:
Dinotaque venit spectanda scientia nube,
Nudaque conspicuos inclinat ad oscula vultus,
Ni fugisse velim, ni sit libasse molestum.
I nunc, confer opes, quisquis malesanus avitas
Austriaci gazas, Perüanaque regna, præoptas.
Quæ potuit majora pater tribuisse, vel ipse
Jupiter, excepto, donasset et omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis et tuta fuissent,
Publica qui juveni commisit lumina nato,
Atque Hyperionios currus, et fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiata luce tiaram.
Ergo ego, jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebo;
Jamque nec obscurus populo miscebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos vestigia nostra profanos.
Este procul, vigiles curæ; procul este, querelæ.

Invidiæque acies transverso tortilis hirquo;
Sæva nec anguiferos extende, calumnia, rictus:
In me triste nihil, fœdissima turba, potestis,
Nec vestri sum juris ego; securaque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar sublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, care pater, postquam non æqua merenti
Posse referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorasse satis, repetitaque munera grato
Percensere animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O nostri, juvenilia carmina, lusus,
Si modo perpetuos sperare audebitis annos,
Et domini superesse rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec spisso rapient oblivia nigra sub Orco;
Forsitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, sero servabitis ævo.

Ad Salsillum, Poetam Romanum, ægrotantem.

Scazontes.

O Musa, gressum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes incessu,
Nec sentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quam cum decentes flava Dëiope[1] suras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum;
Adesdum, et hæc sis verba pauca Salsillo
Refer, Camœna nostra cui tantum est cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immerito divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hisce qui suum linquens nidum,
Polique tractum, pessimus ubi ventorum,
Insanientis impotensque pulmonis,
Pernix anhela sub Jove exercet flabra,
Venit feraces Itali soli ad glebas,

Visum superba cognitas urbes fama,
Virosque, doctæque indolem juventutis.
Tibi optat idem hic fausta multa, Salsille,
Habitumque fesso corpori penitus sanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infestat renes,
Præcordiisque fixa damnosum spirat;
Nec id pepercit impia, quod tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divum munus,[2] O Salus, Hebes
Germana! Tuque, Phœbe, morborum terror,
Pythone cæso, sive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus sacerdos est.
Querceta Fauni, vosque rore vinoso
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri sedes,
Siquid salubre vallibus frondet vestris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille, caris redditus rursum Musis,
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipse inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,
Suam reclivis semper Ægeriam spectans.
Tumidusque et ipse Tibris, hinc delinitus,
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum;
Nec in sepulcris ibit obsessum reges,
Nimium sinistro laxus irruens loro;
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Adusque curvi salsa regna Portumni.

MANSUS.*

Joannes Baptista Mansus, Marchio Villensis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum studio, necnon et bellica virtute, apud Italos clarus in primis est; ad quem

Tassi Dialogus extat de Amicitia scriptus; erat enim Tassi amicissimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus 'Gerusalemme Conquistata,' lib. 20.

> Fra cavalier magnanimi, è cortesi,
> Risplende il Manso.

Is auctorem Neapoli commorantem summa benevolentia prosecutus est, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia: ad hunc itaque hospes ille, antequam ab ea urbe discederet, ut ne ingratum se ostenderet, hoc carmen misit:—

Hæc quoque, Manse, tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi, Manse, choro notissime Phœbi;
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo est dignatus honore,
Post Galli cineres, et Mecænatis Hetrusci.
Tu quoque, si nostræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter laurosque sedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Tasso
Junxit, et æternis inscripsit nomina chartis:
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inscia Musa Marinum
Tradidit; ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum,[1]
Dum canit[2] Assyrios divum prolixus amores;
Mollis et Ausonias stupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi soli debita vates
Ossa, tibi soli, supremaque vota reliquit:
Nec Manes pietas tua cara fefellit amici:
Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.[3]
Nec satis hoc visum est in utrumque, et nec pia cessant
Officia in tumulo; cupis integros rapere Orco,
Qua potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:

Amborum genus, et varia sub sorte peractam
Describis vitam, moresque, et dona Minervæ;
Æmulus illius, Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.[4]
Ergo ego te, Clius et magni nomine Phœbi,
Manse pater, jubeo longum salvere per ævum,
Missus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aspernabere Musam,
Quæ nuper gelida vix enutrita sub Arcto,
Imprudens Italas ausa est volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in nostro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obscuras noctis sensisse per umbras,
Qua Thamesis[5] late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines:
Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.[6]
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Qua plaga septeno mundi sulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longa sub nocte Boöten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes spicas, et lutea mala canistris,
Halantemque crocum, perhibet nisi vana vetustas,
Misimus, et lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
Gens Druides antiqua, sacris operata deorum,
Heroum laudes, imitandaque gesta, canebant;
Hinc quoties festo cingunt altaria cantu,
Delo in herbosa, Graiæ de more puellæ,
Carminibus lætis memorant Corineida Loxo,[7]
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicoma Hecaërge,
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate senex, ergo, quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, et nomen celebrabitur ingens,

Claraque perpetui succrescet fama Marini:
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies, plausumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum sponte tuos habitasse penates
Cynthius, et famulas venisse ad limina Musas:
At non sponte domum tamen idem,* et regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ, cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden susceperat hospes:
Tantum ubi clamosos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile mansueti cessit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter saltus, frondosaque tecta,
Peneium prope rivum: ibi sæpe sub ilice nigra,
Ad citharæ strepitum, blanda prece victus amici,
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa suo, barathro nec fixa sub imo
Saxa stetere loco; nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec sentit solitas, immania pondera, silvas;
Emotæque suis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculosi carmine lynces.
Dis dilecte senex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Nascentem, et miti lustrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantisque nepos; neque enim, nisi carus ab ortu
Dis superis, poterit magno favisse poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento sub flore senectus
Vernat, et Æsonios lucratur vivida fusos;
Nondum deciduos servans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, et adultum mentis acumen.
O, mihi si mea sors talem concedat amicum,
Phœbæos decorasse viros qui tam bene norit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,*

Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem! 81
Aut dicam invictæ sociali fœdere mensæ[10]
Magnanimos heroas; et, O, modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges!
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permensus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque satur, cineri sua jura relinquam, 86
Ille mihi lecto madidis astaret ocellis;
Astanti sat erit si dicam, sim tibi curæ;
Ille meos artus, liventi morte solutos,
Curaret parva componi molliter urna: 90
Forsitan et nostros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Paphia myrti aut Parnasside lauri
Fronde comas; at ego secura pace quiescam.
Tum quoque, si qua fides, si præmia certa bonorum,
Ipse ego cœlicolum semotus in æthera divum, 95
Quo labor et mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus,
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo,
Quantum fata sinunt; et, tota mente serenum
Ridens, purpureo suffundar lumine vultus,
Et simul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo. 100

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.*

ARGUMENTUM.

Thyrsis et Damon, ejusdem viciniæ pastores, eadem studia secuti, a puericia amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causa profectus peregre de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Demum postea reversus, et rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub persona hic intelligitur Carolus

Deodatus, ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio, doctrina, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

Himerides nymphæ,[1] (nam vos et Daphnin, et Hylan,
Et plorata diu meministis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thamesina per oppida carmen;
Quas miser effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrsis,
Et quibus assiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fontesque vagos, nemorumque recessus;
Dum sibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque altam
Luctibus exemit noctem, loca sola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi surgebat culmus arista,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea messes,
Ex quo summa dies tulerat Damona sub umbras,
Necdum aderat Thyrsis;[2] pastorem scilicet illum
Dulcis amor Musæ Tusca retinebat in urbe:
Ast ubi mens expleta domum, pecorisque relicti
Cura vocat, simul assueta seditque sub ulmo;
Tum vero amissum tum denique sentit amicum,
Cœpit et immensum sic exonerare dolorem:—
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Postquam te immiti rapuerunt funere, Damon!
Siccine nos linquis, tua sic sine nomine virtus
Ibit, et obscuris numero sociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virga qui dividit aurea,
Ista velit, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne silentum.

Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certe, nisi me lupus ante videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere sepulcro,
Constabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter pastores: illi tibi vota secundo
Solvere post Daphnin, post Daphnin dicere laudes,
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit;
Si quid id est, priscamque fidem coluisse, piumque,
Palladiasque artes, sociumque habuisse canorum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia, Damon;
At mihi quid tandem fiet modo? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu sæpe solebas
Frigoribus duris, et per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido sub sole, siti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminus ire leones,
Aut avidos terrere lupos præsepibus altis;
Quis fando sopire diem, cantuque, solebit?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster
Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.

Aut æstate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æsculea somnum capit abditus umbra,
Et repetunt sub aquis sibi nota sedilia nymphæ,
Pastoresque latent, stertit sub sepe colonus;
Quis mihi blanditiasque tuas, quis tum mihi risus,
Cecropiosque sales referet, cultosque lepores? 56
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam solus agros, jam pascua solus oberro,
Sicubi ramosæ densantur vallibus umbræ;
Hic serum expecto; supra caput imber et Eurus
Triste sonant, fractæque agitata crepuscula silvæ. 61
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu, quam culta mihi prius arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, et ipsa situ seges alta fatiscit!
Innuba neglecto marcescit et uva racemo, 65
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet; at illæ
Mœrent, inque suum convertunt ora magistrum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad coylos vocat, Alphesibœus ad ornos,
Ad salices Ægon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas;
"Hic gelidi fontes, hic illita gramina musco, 71
Hic Zephyri, hic placidas interstrepit arbutus undas:"
Ista canunt surdo; frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopsus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat,
(Et callebat avium linguas et sidera Mopsus) 76

"Thyrsi, quid hoc?" dixit, "quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te male fascinat astrum:
Saturni grave sæpe fuit pastoribus astrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, et, "Quid te, Thyrsi, futurum est?
Quid tibi vis?" aiunt; "non hæc solet esse juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultusque severi:
Illa choros, lususque leves, et semper amorem
Jure petit: bis ille miser qui serus amavit."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopeque, et filia Baucidis Ægle,
Doeta modos, citharæque sciens, sed perdita fastu;
Venit Idumanii[a] Chloris vicina fluenti:
Nil me blandiciæ, nil me solantia verba,
Nil me, si quid adest, movet, aut spes ulla futuri.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quam similes ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi secum sibi lege sodales!
Nec magis hunc alio quisquam secernit amicum
De grege; sic densi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirsuti paribus junguntur onagri:
Lex eadem pelagi; deserto in littore Proteus
Agmina phocarum numerat, vilisque volucrum
Passer habet semper quicum sit, et omnia circum
Farra libens volitat, sero sua tecta revisens;
Quem si sors leto objecit, seu milvus adunco

Fata tulit rostro, seu stravit arundine fossor,
Protinus ille alium socio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, et diris exercita fatis
Gens homines, aliena animis, et pectore discors;
Vix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si sors dederit tandem non aspera votis,
Illum inopina dies, qua non speraveris hora,
Surripit, æternum linquens in sæcula damnum.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras,
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivosam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidisse sepultam,
(Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viseret olim,
Tityrus ipse suas et oves et rura reliquit)
Ut te tam dulci possem caruisse sodale!
Possem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot silvas, tot saxa tibi, fluviosque sonantes!
Ah, certe extremum licuisset tangere dextram,
Et bene compositos placide morientis ocellos,
Et dixisse, "Vale; nostri memor ibis ad astra."
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam vestri nunquam meminisse pigebit,
Pastores Tusci, Musis operata juventus;
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; et Tuscus tu quoque, Damon,
Antiqua genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O, ego quantus eram, gelidi cum stratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, qua mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc summas carpere myrtos,

Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam!
Ipse etiam tentare ausus sum; nec, puto, multum
Displicui; nam sunt et apud me munera vestra,
Fiscellæ, calathique, et cerea vincla cicutæ:
Quin et nostra suas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, et Francinus:[6] erant et vocibus ambo
Et studiis noti; Lydorum sanguinis ambo.[6]
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dictabat roscida luna,
Dum solus teneros claudebam cratibus hædos.
Ah, quoties dixi, cum te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon;
Vimina nunc texit, varios sibi quod sit in usus!
Et quæ tum facili sperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, et præsentia finxi:
"Heus, bone! numquid agis? nisi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? et arguta paulum recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?[7]
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos,[8]
Helleborumque, humilesque crocos, foliumque hyacinthi,
Quasque habet ista palus herbas, artesque medentum."
Ah, pereant herbæ, pereant artesque medentum,
Gramina, postquam ipsi nil profecere magistro!
Ipse etiam, nam nescio quid mihi grande sonabat[9]
Fistula; ab undecima jam lux est altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis;
Dissiluere tamen rupta compage, nec ultra

Ferre graves potuere sonos: dubito quoque ne sim
Turgidulus, tamen et referam; vos, cedite, silvæ.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipse ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, et Pandrasidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennumque Arviragumque duces, priscumque Belinum,
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum sub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo, fatali fraude, Iögernen,
Mendaces vultus, assumtaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O, mihi tum si vita supersit,
Tu procul annosa pendebis, fistula, pinu,
Multum oblita mihi; aut patriis mutata Camœnis
Brittonicum strides; quid enim? omnia non licet uni,
Non sperasse uni licet omnia: mi satis ampla
Merces, et mihi grande decus, (sim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penitusque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Usa, et potor Alauni,
Vorticibusque frequens Abra, et nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thamesis meus ante omnes, et fusca metallis
Tamara, et extremis me discant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impasti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi servabam lenta sub cortice lauri,
Hæc, et plura simul; tum quæ mihi pocula Mansus,
Mansus, Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ,

Bina dedit,[11] mirum artis opus, mirandus et ipse,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento :
In medio rubri maris unda, et odoriferum ver,
Littora longa Arabum, et sudantes balsama silvæ :
Has inter phœnix, divina avis, unica terris,
Cæruleum fulgens diversicoloribus alis,
Auroram vitreis surgentem respicit undis :
Parte alia polus omnipatens, et magnus Olympus :
Quis putet ? hic quoque Amor, pictæque in nube pharetræ,
Arma corusca faces, et spicula tincta pyropo ;
Nec tenues animas, pectusque ignobile vulgi,
Hinc ferit ; at, circum flammantia lumina torquens,
Semper in erectum spargit sua tela per orbes
Impiger, et pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus :
Hinc mentes ardere sacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit spes lubrica, Damon ;
Tu quoque in his certe es ; nam quo tua dulcis abiret
Sanctaque simplicitas, nam quo tua candida virtus ?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæsivisse sub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultra :
Ite procul, lacrymæ ; purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum ;
Heroumque animas inter, divosque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices, et gaudia potat
Ore sacro. Quin tu, cœli post jura recepta,
Dexter ades, placidusque fave quicunque vocaris

Seu tu noster çris Damon, sive æquior audis
Diodatus; quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ norint, silvisque vocabere Damon.
Quod tibi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quod nulla tori libata voluptas;
En, etiam tibi virginei servantur honores:[12]
Ipse, caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætaque frondentis gestans umbracula palmæ,
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreisque furit lyra mixta beatis,
Festa Sionæo bacchantur et orgia thyrso.

Jan. 23, 1646.

AD JOANNEM ROUSIUM, OXONIENSIS ACADEMIÆ BIBLIOTHECARIUM,*

De libro Poematum amisso, quem ille sibi denuo mitti postulabat, ut cum aliis nostris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidemque Antistrophis, una demum Epodo clausis; quas, tametsi omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis ubique colis exacte respondeant, ita tamen secuimus, commodæ legendi potius, quam ad antiquos concinendi modos rationem spectantes. Alioquin hoc genus rectius fortasse dici monostrophicum debuerat. Metra partim sunt κατὰ σχέσιν, partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt, spondæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod idem in secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

Gemelle cultu simplici gaudens liber, *strophe* 1.
Fronde licet gemina,
Munditieque nitens non operosa;
Quem manus attulit

Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii poetæ;
Dum vagus Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta lusit,
Insons populi,[2] barbitoque devius
Indulsit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio[3]
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, et humum vix tetigit pede:
Quis te, parve liber, quis te fratribus *antistrophe* 1.
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu missus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obsecrante amico,
Illustre tendebas iter
Thamesis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyasusque sacer,
Orbi notus per immersos
Temporum lapsus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum?
Modo quis deus, aut editus deo, *strophe* 2.
Pristinam gentis miseratus indolem,
(Si satis noxas luimus priores,
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,[4]
Almaque revocet studia sanctus,
Et relegatas sine sede Musas
Jam pæne totis finibus Angligenum;
Immundasque volucres,
Unguibus imminentes,
Figat Apollinea pharetra,
Phineamque abigat pestem procul amne P[illegible]?

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet mala *antistrophe* 2.
Fide, vel oscitantia,
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat specus,
Seu qua te latebra, forsan unde vili
Callo tereris institoris insulsi,
Lætare felix: en, iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget, posse profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique superam
In Jovis aulam, remige penna:
Nam te Roüsius sui *strophe* 3.
Optat peculi, numeroque justo
Sibi pollicitum queritur abesse;
Rogatque venias ille, cujus inclyta
Sunt data virum monumenta curæ:
Teque adytis etiam sacris
Voluit reponi, quibus et ipse præsidet,
Æternorum operum custos fidelis;
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quam cui præfuit Ion,[5]
Clarus Erechtheides,
Opulenta dei per templa parentis;
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica;
Ion, Actæa genitus Creusa.
Ergo, tu visere lucos *antistrophe* 3.
Musarum ibis amœnos;
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum,
Oxonia quam valle colit,
Delo posthabita,
Bifidoque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egregiam tu quoque sortem

Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legeris inter alta nomina
Auctorum, Graiæ simul et Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, et verum decus.
Vos tandem, haud vacui mei labores, *epodos.*
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam sero placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidia requiem, sedesque beatas,
Quas bonus Hermes,
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi;
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, atque longe
Turba legentum prava facesset:
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas,
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit. integro sinu.
Tum, livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet,
Roüsio favente.

NOTES ON SILVARUM LIBER.

* Psalm cxiv.—Milton sent this translation to his friend Alexander Gill, in return for an elegant copy of hendecasyllables.—T. Warton.

* In Obitum Procancellarii.—This Ode is on the death of Dr. John Goslyn, master of Caius college, and king's professor of medicine at Cambridge; who died while a second time vice-chancellor of that university, in October, 1626. Milton was now seventeen.—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 15. *Quem larva Pelidis*, &c. Sarpedon, who was slain by Patroclus, disguised in the armour of Achilles. At his death his father wept a shower of blood. See Iliad xvi.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 17. *Si triste fatum*, &c. "If enchantments could have stopped death, Circe, the mother of Telegonus by Ulysses, would have still lived; and Medea, the sister of Ægialus or Absyrtus, with her magical rod." Telegonus killed his father Ulysses, and is the same who is called "parricida" by Horace.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 20. Absyrtus is called "Ægialius" by Justin, Hist. lib. xlii. cap. 3. speaking of Jason and Æetes:—

"Filiam ejus Medeam abduxerat, et filium Ægialium interfecerat."—TODD.

[4] Ver. 23. *Machaon.* Machaon, the son of Æsculapius, one of the Grecian leaders at the siege of Troy, and a physician, was killed by Eurypylus.—T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 25. *Philyreie,* &c. Chiron, the son of Philyra, a preceptor in medicine, was incurably wounded by Hercules, with a dart dipped in the poisonous blood of the serpent of Lerna.—T. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 27. *Nec tela te,* &c. Æsculapius, who was cut out of his mother's womb by his father Apollo. Jupiter struck him dead with lightning, for restoring Hippolytus to life.—T. WARTON.

[*] IN QUINTUM NOVEMBRIS.—I have formerly remarked, that, this little poem, as containing a council, conspiracy, and expedition of Satan, may be considered as an early and promising prolusion of Milton's genius to the 'Paradise Lost.'—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 23. *Summanus.* "Summanus" is an obsolete and uncommon name for Pluto, or the god of ghosts and night, "summus Manium," which Milton most probably had from Ovid, 'Fast.' vi. 731.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 55. *Cum circumgreditur,* &c. He describes the procession of the pope to St. Peter's church at Rome, on the eve of St. Peter's day.—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 58. The orders of mendicant friars.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 84. *Cannabeo lumbos constrinxit fune salaces,*
Tarda fenestratis figens vestigia calceis.
Talis, uti fama est, vasta Franciscus eremo, &c.

Francis Xavier, called 'the Apostle of the Indians,' whom he was sent to convert, about the year 1542, by Ignatius Loyola: he encountered a variety of perils in the eastern deserts, which he traversed in a short black gown of canvass or sackcloth. At Goa, the people observing that his shoes were patched or worn out, offered him new: but such was his mortification, that he could not be persuaded "ut veteres calceos permutaret novis," &c. Here we have Milton's "calcei fenestrati." Among his many pretended miracles, it is one, that, during this extraordinary progress, he preached to the lions and other beasts of the wilderness. But an unknown correspondent has thrown new light on the whole of the context. "The passage has properly nothing to do with the Jesuit S. Francis Xavier. The 'fenestrati calcei' are the sandals, or soles, tied on the foot by straps, or thongs of leather, crossed, or lattice-wise, which are usually worn by the Franciscan friars."—T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 105. *Thermodonti̇ca nuper regnanti puella.* The Amazon, queen Elizabeth. She is admirably characterised: "Audetque viris concurrere virgo." Ovid has "Thermodontiacus," Metam. ix. 189.; and see ibid. xii. 611.—T. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 127. The times of queen Mary, when popery was restored.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 154. *Diffugiunt.* There is great poetry and strength of imagination in supposing that Murder and Treason often fly as alarmed from the inmost recesses of their own horrid cavern, looking back, and thinking themselves pursued.—T. WARTON.

[8] Ver. 156. *Evocat antistes Babylonius*, &c. The pope, "the whore of Babylon."—T. WARTON.

[9] Ver. 171. *Mareotidas undas.* Mareotis is a large lake in Egypt, connected by many small channels with the Nile: —T. WARTON.

[10] Ver. 172. *Titanidos.* Ovid has "Titanida Circen," Met. xiv. 376. Fame is the sister of Cacus and Enceladus, two of the Titans, 'Æn.' iv. 179.—T. WARTON.

[11] Ver. 207.

Dextra tubam gestat Temesæo ex ære sonoram.

Temese is a city on the coast of the Tyrrhene sea, famous for its brass.—T. WARTON.

[*] IN OBITUM PRÆSULIS ELIENSIS.—Nicholas Felton, bishop of Ely, died October 5, 1626, not many days after bishop Andrewes, before celebrated: he had been also master of Pembroke-hall, as well as bishop Andrewes; and bishop of Bristol: he was nominated to the see of Lichfield, but was translated to that of Ely in 1618—19. He is said to have been a pious, learned, and judicious man.—TODD.

[1] Ver. 14. *Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.* Ely, so called from its abundance of eels.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 20. Archilochus, who killed Lycambes by the severity of his iambics. Lycambes had espoused his daughter Neobule to Archilochus, and afterwards gave her to another.—T. WARTON.

[*] NATURAM NON PATI SENIUM.—This was an academical exercise, written in 1628, to oblige one of the fellows of Christ's college, who having laid aside the levities of poetry for the gravity and solidity of prose, imposed the boyish task on Milton, now about nineteen years old.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 63. Hyacinth the favourite boy of Phœbus, Adonis of Venus: both, like Narcissus, converted into flowers.—T. Warton.

This poem is replete with fanciful and ingenious allusions: it has also a vigour of expression, a dignity of sentiment, and elevation of thought, rarely found in very young writers.—T. Warton.

* De Idea Platonica. I find this poem inserted at full length, as a specimen of unintelligible metaphysics, in a scarce little book of universal burlesque, much in the manner of Tom Brown, seemingly published about the year 1715, and intitled 'An Essay towards the Theory of the intelligible world intuitively considered.'—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 11. *Haud ille Palladis gemellus innuba*, &c. "This aboriginal man, the twin-brother of the virgin Pallas, does not remain in the brain of Jupiter where he was generated; but, although partaking of man's common nature, still exists somewhere by himself, in a state of singleness and abstraction, and in a determinate place. Whether among the stars," &c.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 25. Tiresias of Thebes.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 27. *Plëiones nepos.* Mercury.—T. Warton.

[4] Ver. 29. *Non hunc sacerdos novit Assyrius.* Sanchoniathon, the eldest of the profane historians.—T. Warton.

[5] Ver. 82. *Trino gloriosus nomine,*
Ter magnus Hermes.

Hermes Trismegistus, an Egyptian philosopher, who lived soon after Moses, as Mr. Warton observes:

"Thrice-great Hermes,"—'Il. Pens.' v. 88. Suidas says he was so called, because he was a philosopher, a priest, and a king.—TODD.

[6] Ver. 35. *At tu, perenne ruris Academi decus*, &c. "You, Plato, who expelled the poets from your republic, must now bid them return," &c. Plato and his followers communicated their notions by emblems, fables, symbols, parables, allegories, and a variety of mystical representations.—T. WARTON.

[*] AD PATREM.—According to Aubrey's manuscript 'Life of Milton,' Milton's father, although a scrivener, was not apprenticed to that trade: he says he was bred a scholar, and of Christ-church Oxford, and that he took to trade in consequence of being disinherited: Milton was therefore writing to his father in a language which he understood. Aubrey adds, that he was very ingenious, and delighted in music, in which he instructed his son John; that he died about 1647, and was interred in Cripplegate-church, from his house in Barbican.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 25. *Phœbades.* The priestesses of Apollo's temple at Delphi, who always delivered their oracles in verse.—T. WARTON.

Such productions of true genius, with a natural and noble consciousness anticipating its own immortality, are seldom found to fail.—T. WARTON.

[*] AD SALSILLUM.—Giovanni Salsilli had complimented Milton at Rome in a Latin tetrastich, for his Greek, Latin, and Italian poetry: Milton, in return, sent these elegant Scazontes to Salsilli when indisposed.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 4. *Quam cum decentes flava Dïope*, &c. As the Muses sung about the altar of Jupiter, in 'Il Penseroso,' v. 47.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 23. *O dulce divum munus*, &c. I know not any finer modern Latin lyric poetry, than from this verse to the end. The close, which is digressional, but naturally rises from the subject, is perfectly antique.—T. WARTON.

* MANSUS.—At Naples Milton was introduced to Giovanni Battista Manso, Marquis of Villa, and at leaving Naples sent him this poem. He was a nobleman of distinguished rank and fortune, had supported a military character with high reputation, of unblemished morals, a polite scholar, a celebrated writer, and a universal patron. It was among his chief honours, that he had been the friend of Tasso: and this circumstance, above all others, must have made Milton ambitious of his acquaintance. He is not only complimented by name in the twentieth canto of the 'Gerusalemme,' but Tasso addressed his 'Dialogue on Friendship' to Manso. He died in 1645, aged eighty-four.—T. WARTON.

[1] Ver. 10. *Ille tuum dici se gaudet alumnum.* Marino cultivated poetry in the academy of the Otiosi, of which Manso was one of the founders. Hither he was sent by the Muse, who was "non inscia," not ignorant of his poetical abilities and inclinations, &c. for at first, against his will, his father had put him to the law.—T. WARTON.

[2] Ver. 11. *Dum canit*, &c. The allusion is to Marino's poem 'Il Adone.'—T. WARTON.

[3] Ver. 16. *Vidimus arridentem operoso ex ære poetam.* Marino's monument at Naples, erected by Manso. Marino died at Naples in 1625, aged fifty-six.—T. WARTON.

[4] Ver. 22. *Mycalen qui natus ad altam*
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.

Plutarch, who wrote the 'Life of Homer.' He was a

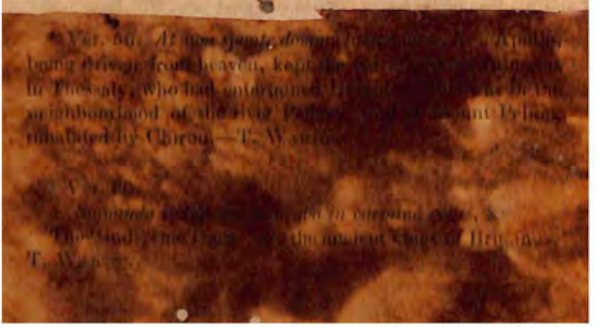
native of Bœotia, where Mycale is a mountain.—T. Warton.

The learned translator of this poem into English verse, the Rev. Joseph Stirling, observes that Herodotus is here intended; and that Mr. Warton is mistaken in supposing Milton to allude to Plutarch: for, he adds, "a mountain of the name of Mycale in Bœotia will not be found either in Pausanias or Strabo: Mycale was in Asia Minor, the country of Herodotus. The epithet 'facundus,' which Mr. Warton admires, is particularly applicable to the father of history; but I doubt whether it would be allowed to Plutarch on the banks of the Ilissus, though he is rich in biographical and moral reflections."—Todd.

[5] Ver. 32. *Qua Thamesis*, &c. Spenser.—Hurd.

[6] Ver. 34. *Quin et in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.* "Like me too, Chaucer travelled into Italy." In Spenser's 'Pastorals,' Chaucer is constantly called Tityrus.—T. Warton.

[7] Ver. 46. Our author converts the three Hyperborean nymphs, who sent fruits to Apollo in Delos, into British goddesses.—T. Warton.



[10] Ver. 82. *Sociali fœdere mensæ*, &c. The knights, or associated champions, of King Arthur's round table, as Mr. Warton observes.—Todd.

* Epitaphium Damonis.—Charles Deodate's father, Theodore, was born at Geneva, of an Italian family, in 1574. He came young into England, where he married an English lady of good birth and fortune: he was a doctor in physic; and, in 1609, appears to have been physician to Prince Henry and the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards queen of Bohemia. He lived then at Brentford, where he performed a wonderful cure by phlebotomy; as appears by his own narrative of the case, in a letter dated 1629. One of his descendants, Mons. Anton. Josuè Diodati, who has honoured me with some of these notices, is now the learned librarian of the republic of Geneva. Theodore's brother, Giovanni Deodati, was an eminent theologist of Geneva; with whom Milton, in consequence of his connexion with Charles, contracted a friendship during his abode at Geneva, and whose annotations on the Bible were translated into English by the puritans. The family left Italy on account of religion.—T. Warton.

[1] Ver. 1. *Himerides nymphæ*. Himera is the famous bucolic river of Theocritus, who sung the death of Daphnis, and the loss of Hylas. Bion, in the next line, was lamented by Moschus.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 12. Thyrsis, or Milton, was now at Florence.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 96. The river Chelmer in Essex is called "Idumanum fluentum," near its influx into Blackwater-bay. Ptolemy calls this bay "portus Idumanius."—T. Warton.

[4] Ver. 128. *Lucumonis ab urbe*, Lucca, or Lucca, an

ancient city of Tuscany, was founded by Lucumon, an Hetruscan king.—T. WARTON.

[5] Ver. 137. *Et Dâtis, et Francinus.* Carlo Dati of Florence, with whom Milton corresponded after his return to England.—T. WARTON.

[6] Ver. 138. *Lydorum sanguinis ambo.* Of the most ancient Tuscan families. The Lydians brought a colony into Italy, whence came the Tuscans.—T. WARTON.

[7] Ver. 149.

Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Cassibelauni?

The river Colne flows through Buckinghamshire and Hertfordshire, in Milton's neighbourhood. By "jugera Cassibelauni," we are to understand Verulam, or St. Albans, called the town of Cassibelan, an ancient British king. Milton's appellations are often conveyed by the poetry of ancient fable.—T. WARTON.

[8] Ver. 150.

Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, succos.

Deodate is the shepherd-lad in 'Comus,' ver. 619, &c. —T. WARTON.

[9] Ver. 155. He hints his design of quitting pastoral, and

tion of two real cups thus richly ornamented, which Milton received as presents from Manso at Naples; or perhaps this is an allegorical description of some of Manso's favours. —T. Warton.

[12] Ver. 214. *En, etiam tibi virginei servantur honores.* Deodate and Lycidas were both unmarried.—T. Warton.

Dr. Johnson observes, that this poem is "written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life:" yet there are some new and natural country images, and the common topics are often recommended by a novelty of elegant expression. The pastoral form is a fault of the poet's times. It contains also some passages which wander far beyond the bounds of bucolic song, and are in his own original style of the more sublime poetry. Milton cannot be a shepherd long: his own native powers often break forth, and cannot bear the assumed disguise.—T. Warton.

* Ad Joannem Rousium.—John Rouse, or Russe, master of arts, fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, was elected chief librarian of the Bodleian, May 9, 1620. He died in April, 1652, and was buried in the chapel of his college. He lived on terms of the most intimate friendship with G. J. Vossius; by whom he was highly valued and respected for his learning and activity in promoting literary undertakings. Not only on account of his friendship with Milton, which appears to have subsisted in 1637, but because he retained his librarianship and fellowship during part of Cromwell's usurpation, we may suppose Rouse to have been puritanically inclined.—T. Warton.

Wood informs us, that Fairfax, Cromwell, &c. having been admitted to the degree of doctor of civil law, went, after the ceremony, to the Bodleian library, where they were received with a speech by the keeper Rouse, who pre-

vented the plundering of Bodley's chest. He bequeathed twenty pounds to the library.—Todd.

[1] Ver. 2. *Fronde licet gemina*, &c. By "Fronde gemina," we are to understand, metaphorically, the "twofold leaf," the poems both English and Latin, of which the volume consisted. So the Bodleian manuscript, and printed copies: but *fronte* is perhaps a better reading.—T. Warton.

[2] Ver. 9. *Insons populi.* Guiltless as yet of engaging in the popular disputes of these turbulent times.—T. Warton.

[3] Ver. 10. *Mox itidem pectine Daunio.* His Italian Sonnets.—T. Warton.

[4] Ver. 29. *Tollat nefandos civium tumultus*, &c. I fear Milton is here complaining of evils which his own principles contributed either to produce or promote: but his illustrations are so beautiful, that we forget his politics in his poetry. In reflecting, however, on those evils, I cannot entirely impute their origin to a growing spirit of popular faction: if there was anarchy on one part, there was tyranny on the other: the dispute was a conflict "between governors, who ruled by will, not by law; and subjects, who would not suffer the law itself to control their [illegible]." Dalgay's Sermons, p. 65.—T. Warton.

[illegible] Ver. 50. *Quam vis frequit[illegible]* [illegible] long the treasure of the Delphic temple, abounding in riches.—T. Warton.

[The following information, kindly communicated to the publisher by Sir James Lawrence, a lineal descendant of the subject of Milton's panegyric, though too late for insertion in pp. 140, 141. of this volume, is yet too interesting and important to be withheld from the reader.]

SONNET XX.—[1] Ver. 1.

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son, &c.

Henry Lawrence, of whose family and descent a long account is inserted in the 'Gent. Mag.' for July 1815, was the eldest son of Sir John Lawrence, of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire, by Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Ralph Waller, Esq., of Clerkenwell, of the Beaconsfield family, who took to her second husband Robert Bathurst of Lecklade, and was the mother of Sir Edward Bathurst, created a baronet 1643. He was educated at Emmanuel-college, and [illegible] Westmorland in the Long Parliament: having [illegible] land, he published at Amsterdam, in 1646, [illegible] 'Of our Communion and Warre with Angels,' and [illegible] 'Of Baptism.' He afterwards represented [illegible] was a lord of the other house; and after the [illegible] Richard Cromwell, continued president of the [illegible]. He married Ame, daughter of that inveterate [illegible] the house of Stuart, Sir Edward Peyton, of [illegible] Cambridgeshire, Bart., by whom he had seven [illegible] daughters. He died in 1664, and was buried [illegible] Margaret's Hertfordshire.

[illegible], the eldest, was the "virtuous son;" for in a [illegible], printed 1660, called 'The Receipts and

Disbursements of the Committee of Safety,' we find,—"Item, reimbursed to the said Lord Lawrence several sums of money, which his eldest son had squandered away on poets and dedications to his ingenuity, to the value of five hundred pounds more. Item, paid for three great saddles for the Lord Lawrence's son, and for provender for his lofty steeds, ever since the Protector's political death, five hundred pounds. Item, paid for a pound of May butter made of a cow's milk that fed on Hermon hill, given to the said Lady Lawrence for pious uses, 37*l.* 16*s.*" Henry died 1679. His son, Sir Edward Lawrence of St. Ives, was created a baronet in January, 1749, and died in May following. Martha, one of the president's daughters, married Richard, Earl of Barrymore, and was mother to his successor, Lawrence, Earl of Barrymore. John Lawrence, a younger son, left England with James Bradshaw, a nephew of the judge, and settled in Jamaica, where James Bradshaw, after having been president of the Assembly, died 1699; and John Lawrence, who died 1690, was great great-grandfather to the present Sir James Lawrence, Knight of Malta.

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